

SERMONS

BY

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

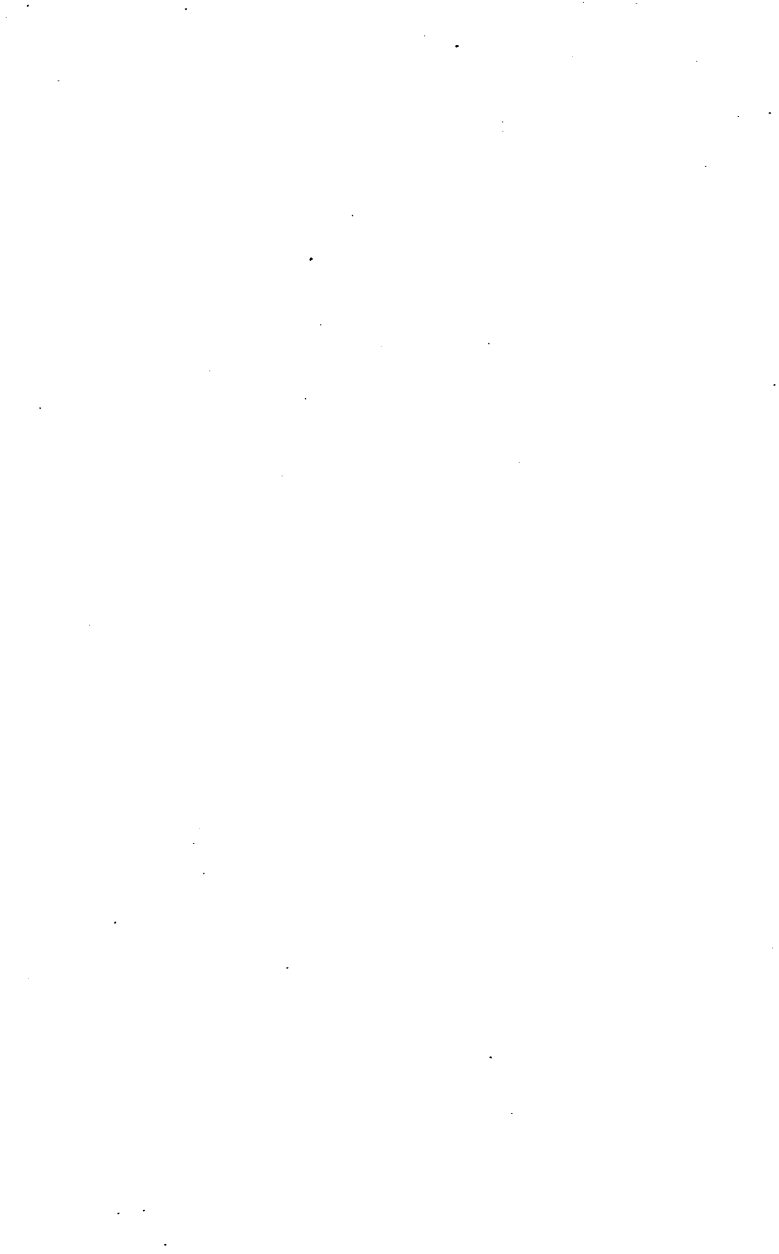
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SERMONS

BY

T. DE WITT TALMAGE,

AUTHOR OF

"CRUMBS SWEEPED UP," "THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY,"

"FIRST SERIES OF SERMONS," ETC.

DELIVERED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THERE is no man standing in either the American or English pulpit to-day more thoroughly discussed than Rev. Mr. Talmage, whose sermons appear in this volume. No American clergyman at Mr. Talmage's age has gained such celebrity, or been so thoroughly read—his audience as numerous in Europe as in the United States. We feel, therefore, that many thousands will be glad to see the following biographical sketch:

Thomas De Witt Talmage was born in the county of Somerset, in the village of Boundbrook, in New Jersey, on the 7th day of January, in the year 1832. He was the youngest of twelve children, comprising five girls and seven boys, and, like nearly all great preachers of whom the record is preserved, was the child of parents as marked for the sterling qualities of their characters as for the simplicity and depth of their piety. His father, the late David T. Talmage, who attained the remarkable age of eighty-three years, possessed almost phenomenal judgment and firmness, uniting those traits which attain their highest expression under American institutions—constant communion with nature, habits of self-support and self-reflection, and a thorough trust in God. Throughout his long career, he came to be the natural counselor, leader, and exemplar to the people among whom he lived in matters alike secular and religious; and no lay Christian in New Jersey exerted upon the Church a deeper, more uniform, and habitually quiet effect for good, for advance, and for the things which made for peace. The honorable successes which industry, integrity, and the application of common sense to common things work out, were not denied him; nor was a fair degree of official distinction. The relation in which he stands to the career of his most eminent son is summed up when it is stated that he was a man of blameless life, profound discretion, much intelligence, unaffected gentleness, and a richness of spiritual experience which made his life an exponent of the powers of the world to come.

“Happy,” says an old English author, “is the woman who has no biography.” Be that as it may, it is certain that the women who have done most for the race and the truth are those who have escaped record by es-

caping observation. They are secure from special chronicle alike by their modesty and their multitude. To this rule there is no exception, unless one or more of their posterity become the statesman, the warrior, the poet, or the preacher of a generation. Then does the world find or fancy in the course of the son the normal growth of the seed planted by the mother's prayers, sustained by her example, and nourished by the blessing of Heaven upon her faith. Such a conclusion would be no hallucination in the case of our subject. His mother, Catharine Talmage, was in every respect a helpmeet for her husband. Peculiar strength of character marked him. Peculiar sweetness of character distinguished her. She diffused throughout her family the aroma of a meek and quiet spirit. Her trust was of that sort which did not know that doubt existed as its antithesis. Her gentle humanities were ever dispensed within the circle of her influence. Where sickness came, she preceded the physician; where sorrow came, the preacher of consolation arriving, found her there before him. Suffering drew her as the flowers draw the sun. "Her life was" not "a psalm;" it was an offertory. Looking well to the ways of her household, taking up the cross of motherhood only to dedicate her all to her children, and all of them to her God, in any community less intelligent than that of which she was the Dorcas and Lydia, by any religion less enlightened than Protestantism, she would have been canonized as a saint. As it is, the histories and traditions of a township are largely occupied with the recital of her charities; and the memories of her life and deeds, which added to the noblest qualities of the woman the most pronounced evidences of the Christian matron. The child of Christian parents, and the child of old age, our subject has always reflected in his ministerial life a reliance as unquestioning as simple upon the power of old-fashioned religion, and a peculiar susceptibility in his sermons and pastoral labors to the feelings and infirmities of those whose heads are white unto the harvest of time. It seemed a matter of course to his parents that he would follow his three brothers into the ministry. They never doubted that he would, but they left the vindication of their belief to the hand of Providence working through the years. They were not disappointed in their hope, though the earlier preferences and longings of their son seemed to tend in quite another direction. From boyhood and throughout his youth always inclining toward a professional career, he purposed to make that profession the law. Not ignoring that manifestation, nor abating a jot of their own desire for and confidence in a contrary result, De Witt's parents, as a first requisite to his success in any calling, determined to endow him with the ever-available, indispensable capital of a thorough education. His observation kept pace with his acquisition, and his bodily vigor, to-day so phenomenal, kept pace with both. He was a marvel of eccentricities from childhood. We might fill out our pages with the first

indications and demonstrations which were in little the promise of distinction and great power for good afterward.

But we are writing of a man, and not of a boy. It is enough to say that from the first he was remarkable for enthusiasm in mental labor; for an audacious devotion to those branches of it for which he felt the most fondness and fitness; for a vocabulary of extreme simplicity, directness, and brevity; for powers of memory and description of the highest order; for a habit of divining his way to right conclusions, without the tardy processes of proof; for a tendency to reach the heart through illustrations, rather than to harrow the head with arguments; for an entire absence of self-consciousness; and for a disposition of sweetness, and light, and ideal honorableness. That we may not be suspected of sketching a prig rather than a human being, we will merely say that if New Jersey contained a merrier, more mischievous lad, one more constitutionally restive under shams, dullness, and stupid precedents, one more active in field, or more roguish in school and church, then that human being suffered premature collapse, and was cut off in the flower of his tricks and his teens.

Prepared by the usual course of study for college, Mr. Talmage chose for his *alma mater* the University of New York. He passed through that excellent institution, not with the maximum of merit marking men who are the chief figures on examination-days, and ciphers ever after to the end of the chapter. But his tropical imagination, the confidential relationship established between himself and human nature, his prodigious but simple powers of expression, his possession of the dramatic in high degree in thought and manner, and his inherent love for the pure in morals, and for the ideally excellent in life, rendered him the distinguishing expectation and feature of class and composition days. As a *belle-lettre* scholar, a professor of the university tells us Talmage has had no equal in all the students who have ever graduated from that institution. On graduation-day, when he delivered his speech at Niblo's Garden, the effect was electric and overwhelming; the most part of the audience rising to their feet, under the spell of his brilliant, original, mirthful, and pathetic utterances. Journalist, poet, pleader, politician, or reformer he might become, and to any of these rôles were his powers signally adapted. In favor of his becoming a preacher were the prayers of his parents, and the fact that his abilities would attain their highest usefulness and strength in the advocacy of eternal and fundamental, not temporary and tentative truths. The purpose of the Deity was soon made manifest, and found to be ordered in consonance with the highest human hopes in the case.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Talmage became a Christian. After all, though it was in answer to parental prayers from his birth, and in pursuance of a family custom among the sons to which the youngest was to be no excep-

tion, De Witt met his duty and his destiny not without phenomenal struggle, and not without tragical battles with doubts, ambition, temptation, and a self-distrustfulness almost unparalleled. The devil has always waged most intense war with the Lord for his crown-jewels, and wages it never so violently (or vainly) as at the moment those jewels receive the setting of grace. With the turning of the tide of Talmage's life came the mortification and regret of time lost, and the vilest consciousness of the imperative obligations to redeem the time that remained. He prepared himself for the ministry at the New Brunswick Seminary. Here he discarded and neglected no modern appliance technically taught of preaching as an art, and from the first exhibited many of the attributes of mind and heart which have since given him world-wide celebrity.

We trace Mr. Talmage through what we are bound to consider three not unimportant but preparatory ministries. For three years at Belleville, New Jersey; for three at Syracuse, in New York; for seven in Philadelphia, Mr. Talmage labored to the great profit and prosperity of congregations, and to the gradual and increasing knowledge of what work, when God should open to him the opportunity, it was in his power best to accomplish. Those charges, in historical order and sequence, are to be considered as merely incidental and educational. They obviously laid the foundation for, and paved the path to, his present great work. Yet they were prolific of memorable successes and lessons.

At Belleville it is right to record that Mr. Talmage broke the ice of preaching, and first tasted of the sweetness of commending Christ to men. He there found out a commonplace, but not always observed fact, that the way to preach is just to preach. Not to write treatises, not to declaim, not to strike a balance between the sins it is safe to denounce and those it is politic to ignore. That cultivated country congregation was an admirable school. Not unlikely the pew taught the pulpit in ways the former wot not of. It was there that young Talmage not only "became introduced to himself," but it was also there that he bid at the start "a last farewell" to every resolution, except to count himself as dirt and accursed if he knew any thing among them save Christ and him crucified. Preaching in itself was the task there taught him. City preaching was the talent he made into five at Syracuse. Metropolitan preaching—to other preaching what sunlight is to moonlight—was the talent he made into ten in Philadelphia, where he received more than his own in the usury of souls. In each of the churches antecedent likenesses of fact obtained. They had all enjoyed an experience of delightful, and decorous, and audience-diminishing dullness. They slept as Peter on the house-top, and dared to dream that the four-cornered sheets of opportunity let down to them from heaven contained that which was common and unclean. It was not a

rest, but a revolution, they reaped in Mr. Talmage. He developed their spiritual energies so thoroughly that they were at first shocked, and then fired to mighty zeal by glorious revivals. Conversions ceased to be anomalous. Communion no longer placidly passed without disturbance from an awakened world demanding a seat, by right of repentance and universal promise and invitation, at the table. These congregations normally followed on one another. Syracuse was a larger Belleville, and Philadelphia was a greatly amplified Syracuse. By that fate which waits on power, and compels it to be first at the front, and makes its seat, wherever taken, the head of the table, Mr. Talmage placed the churches he ministered to in the van of energy, achievement, and world-conquering. Prosperity, thorough religious democracy, periodical increase in numbers, and the development of each member into a thorough worker, were the results he effected and the legacies he left among those parishes that prepared him for and presented him to his present one.

Baxter will always recall Kidderminster; Knox and Chalmers, Edinburgh; M'Cheyne, Dundee. Similarly with Dr. Talmage's life-work will Brooklyn be always associated. There he found his real field—field which as thoroughly fitted him as he it, field which exactly answered his faculties, and which exactly neutralized the local lets he had elsewhere perforce suffered. Talmage, the Free Tabernacle, and the Lay College, are now institutions in Christendom, and the first is always considered whenever and wherever the second and third are referred to. He the cause, they the effects. The story of the beginning and progress of all three in the City of Churches is a story, in the telling of which facts, however simply narrated, well-nigh as thoroughly transcend credibility as they surpass precedent. The order of time will be found the order of circumstance in the case.

While preaching to enormous congregations in Philadelphia a little over three years ago, and while apparently settled and provided for as to all his future, Mr. Talmage was disturbed by, and quite put in a strait betwixt, three calls. Had he been born with a call, his situation could not have been more unpleasant. He was wanted in Chicago, San Francisco, and Brooklyn. He was in Philadelphia, and most profoundly admired, and indulged the single aspiration of the defunct Confederacy: all he asked was to be let alone. As agreeable a church, sustained by as faithful and congenial a people, in as pleasant a city as any under the sun, held him with hooks of steel and ties of love. Interest, duty, and future seemed to concur to hold him there. Chicago and San Francisco bid and bragged against one another by mail, and telegraph, and delegation. Brooklyn pleaded with stricken rather than beaming countenance, and urged what he could do for her far more than what she could do for him. Her promise was couched in the simple statement: "She would do what she could." The Central Presbyterian Church, then halting between the alterna-

tive of total dissolution or gradual disintegration, between quick suicide and slow consumption, almost despairingly, and with almost inexcusable sauciness, resolved to try to live, to try to grow. One thing in Philadelphia the soul of Mr. Talmage had desired and could not obtain. He wanted his church to be as free as the salvation he preached. For reasons related to the habits of the society, and the fees in some pews, that aspiration could not be realized. Neither did Chicago nor San Francisco, in their offers, hold out any chance for a free church at once. On that point Mr. Talmage informed himself by quiet inquiry. The same course revealed to him that in Brooklyn no obstacles lay in the way of his desire, always assuming that he could persuade the people, after coming, to essay and fairly test the experiment. This one possibility of a free church in a short time, more than any thing else, induced the doctor to accept the call to what was then the Central Presbyterian Church. The call was unanimous, but it was not overwhelmingly formidable. Nineteen members—all the voting force of the church—occupied as much paper as possible in affixing their names to the request. They despised the day of small things in their autographs. The spirit and calligraphy of John Hancock inspired them to prominent penmanship, as they signed what proved to be a declaration of independence against stagnation in their case.

For fifteen months, Mr. Talmage preached in the old church to congregations which filled the edifice beyond the doors, and which, in any thing like mild weather, thronged the fronting street as well. The pew rentals—as things then went—swelled to great proportions, and would have stood indefinite increase. It only required an annual auction and a judicious pressure of the premium principle to render the church a veritable chapel of ease to all but the souls of earnest men. The time came to strike, and the blow fell. Mr. Talmage, in a single meeting, persuaded by his appeal, a theretofore unanimously adverse board of trustees into a unanimous decision to sell the church, and to erect a Free Tabernacle, holding hundreds for the tens the church accommodated. He formally and by document resigned his salary of seven thousand dollars, and told his trustees they need pay him no salary at all, unless the free plan allowed it. He would trust in God for his livelihood. His self-abnegation and faith in the undertaking were the final arguments that carried. A single sermon fused all the people into unity on the same subject. The church was sold, as was thought. God had another purpose for it, of which more in the proper place. The plan of the building—ground being opportunely secured adjoining the old church—was the next thing. Trustees and pastor, and elders and leading men of the society, put themselves into communication with the most eminent architects. None of them caught the idea wanted, or if any of them did, they ran away from it with a rapidity only equal to the hesitancy with which they crept up to it. “I want

a building to hold four thousand people on one floor. The pews must command an equally clear view of the platform; pulpit, I want none. They must all form semi-circles converging from that platform, and must gradually rise, so as to give those far off as good a chance to see and hear as those near by. Amphitheatrical must be the form. An immense family gathering round a fire-place must be the ideal. Make it that way, make it as little like a church as possible, so the people not used to sacred edifices will feel welcome, and you will make your fortune." That is what the preacher said to the architects. The success with which they did not assimilate the idea was only inferior to the tenacity with which he adhered to it. At last a young architect had a happy thought. He asked the pastor to sketch out the idea. He did, on a scrap of paper. The architect slightly amplified it on an envelope on his knee. He was given till that night to re-amplify the drawing into plans. He did so, and the pastor's idea, finally realized by the graphic pencil of the architect, was adopted on sight.

In four months from that date the result was seen. It was the Tabernacle. Its ground-plan can be illustrated in brief. Let the reader imagine a horse-shoe so large as to inclose within its sides nearly half an acre of ground. Let an inclination of from four to six feet be given to that horse-shoe, the lowest part being the two ends of the sides. Within that half an acre draw lines curving with boundaries of the shoe. Bridge the opening at the ends with a platform. Let the lines be pews full of people—half an acre of them. Put a man on the platform, and an immense organ behind him. That is the ground-floor of the Tabernacle.

The system of free seats is an essential part of this institution. The seats are free, just as inter-State trade is free—that is, they are subject to no duty, tariff, rental, charge, bonus, or premium, whatever. They are also free as a man's house is; free to himself and to his family. Instead of massing the thousands as a mob and dispersing them in the wilderness of space—as the ten tribes were—the rule in the Tabernacle is to assign the seats freely and permanently to families, in the plain manner of priority of application assuring priority of choice. By this means the home feeling is preserved, the family solidarity is guaranteed. Classification of the multitudes on the church books, each pew-number standing against the name and residence of a member, renders systematic pastoral work entirely possible and organizable. No other plan would serve under the circumstances. This free plan has had its vindication in the entire success of the voluntary mode of giving it necessitated. The mode pursued whereby to maintain the home feeling, and to keep families intact in the church, has overcome the difficulties elsewhere met with, of supporting the Gospel by the chance contributions of a scattered, desultory mob.

These pews are held in perpetuity by occupants and their descendants. The congregation has fallen in love with the plan, and would have no other. Insensibly, but most powerfully, this truly democratic domestic policy is in keeping with, and largely affects, and is affected by, the very simple, yet impressive mode of worship in the church. As a programme, the mode of worship there could not be more direct and unceremonial. As a spectacle, there could be nothing more imposing than that mode in action. All of the thousands sit within an equal view, and have an equal view. The acoustic qualities of the auditorium are perfect. Every word in whispered cadence from the platform can be heard as distinctly as the loudest tones. The order of service is like unto that in all wholly non-liturgical Protestant churches. The first thing done is to sing *the* doxology. The mighty organ, the one that was made for the Boston Jubilee, and made over again for the Tabernacle, plays immortal "Old Hundred," graphically enough to syllable every word to the ear. A precentor stands on the platform. The people rise *en masse*, and then God is praised, from whom all blessings flow—praised, it really sounds and seems, by all creatures here below. In volume, the singing has been not inaptly, but rather singularly called, a new Long Island Sound. In culture, expressiveness, and adaptation of tone to sentiment, the organ and the people harmonize most finely. The best possibilities of congregational singing are their realities. Then follows the Lord's Prayer, and after it the reading of the Scripture lesson, and that the pastor expounds, illustrates, enforces, as he proceeds. His remarks are distinguished by freshness, fervor, most incisive appositeness, and an affluence of imagery, as well as by a continuous quantity of keen practical common sense, that makes the Scripture-reading the string on which many sermons in epitome are hung. The reading of the Scriptures is as marked a feature as the sermon, and the effect unlike any thing we have ever seen in church. Some grand old hymn, may be "Rock of Ages," "A Charge to Keep I have," or "Show Pity, Lord," or some other grand classic of the Church, is then sung by every body. Mr. Talmage will have all sing. On one occasion he said, as he gave out the second hymn, "My brethren, if I thought you would sing this hymn no better than you did the first, I would go into the side room and wait till you get through. Let it be the grandest song this side of heaven." The prayer succeeds, in which the pastor carries his own wants and those of his people, his country, and the church, straight to the throne. The graphicness of it is the intense recital of human needs. The fervor of it is the supreme appreciation of Divine fullness. The simplicity of it is the child-like certainty of answer then and there. The vehemence of it is the awful consciousness of souls unsaved and unconcerned. The triumph of it is a literal loss of self in the overpowering realization of Christ's love and boundless bounty and beauty. Another hymn, all singing

as if the gates above were opened for those within to catch the song of those below; and then the sermon. Of the sermons of Mr. Talmage, the contents of this book speak for themselves. They are printed exactly in the words delivered. They are all always extempore. What precision, excision, memory, directness, and study they reveal need not be stated. They are more condensed than theorems, as rounded, pointed, and polished as essays, yet extemporaneous, and their preservation dependent on reporters' pencil.

The qualities of Mr. Talmage's oratory combine the best of two schools: the colloquial and the dramatic. Not that he has subjected himself to the teaching of those schools. Orators are born. Speakers are made. His only aim is to have something to say, and to say it. The manner must manage itself. That manner, without levying on art, consciously, fully complies with it. The colloquialism of his oratory is in his extemporary expression. That is as familiar as the words of men to men, crammed full of Saxon, and as direct as a blow from the shoulder. Much that is dramatic also marks his discourse. That will be made plain by a perusal of his sermons. His descriptions are pre-Raphaelistic. He is in love with nature, and instinct with human nature. His appeals are moved on the highest plane of revelation to the highest consideration of human duty, human interest, and human safety. He is intensely sympathetic in nature, intensely ardent in conviction, intensely earnest in his conception of man's estate and God's goodness, and justice, too, as absolute as his goodness. All of which makes him intensely dramatic. His manner mates with his nature. It is each sermon in action. He conscripts voice, eyes, hands, his entire body, into the service of the illustration of the truth. Gestures are the accompaniment of what he says. As the preacher stands out before the immense throng, without scrap of notes or even a table before him, the effect produced can not be understood by those who have never seen it. The solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience would not breathe again, are oftentimes painful.

Mr. Talmage's voice is peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, arousing, subduing effects, such as characterize no preacher on either side the Atlantic. In his power to grapple an audience and master it from text to peroration, he has no equal. Yet he has been much misrepresented and caricatured by those who have not heard him. No unprejudiced man hearing him can doubt that he is in red-hot earnest, and that his eccentricities are natural. He makes no reply to what is said against his preaching, but goes on proclaiming the old-fashioned Gospel of justification by faith in Christ; preaching it, however, in his own way, and with entire disregard of all conventionalities. When he shall have passed through the period of criticism and misrepresentation that await every new-comer, and every powerful original nature, then the world will acknowledge it.

He is fearless in saying what he thinks. While the controversy about allowing black people in the cars in Philadelphia was raging, Mr. Talmage said to a great congregation: "That feeling of caste belongs to its father, the devil. I am happy in the horse-car whether beside me there be a ragged man, a fop, a well-dressed man, or a black man." Then he stopped and looked about the church, saying nothing for full thirty seconds, when he resumed, and said, "I was waiting for some weak brother to get up in indignation and leave the church." The effect may be imagined.

The sermons average forty minutes in delivery. They would be longer if they were not so good. The usual prayer, another hymn, and the benediction conclude the service. The audience rises as those who have been under a spell. The thousands file out to their homes. The streets both ways are a panorama of people. Stand at a given point and listen. You will find them all talking about the sermon. Mr. Talmage has never delivered a sermon in Brooklyn yet which God has not blessed to the salvation of souls.

The average number admitted at each communion has been over thirty-five. Very like unto the preaching-service is the Friday evening lecture-service. Therein, however, the brethren take part. The two sermons and one lecture each week are published in full in *The Methodist* and *The Interior*, respectively, in America, and in four papers in England and Scotland. This makes a congregation of two continents. The Harpers are the publishers in America of the sermons in book form. But all his books—"Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Modern Society," as well as his sermons, are republished in Europe, and widely scattered.

What are the results of the preaching, so far, of this remarkable man? One result, the restoration of sermons to their place in hebdomadal and book literature, has just been indicated. The Tabernacle, with its thousands, is another. The Tabernacle building, in the revolution it has worked in church architecture, is another. Thirty tabernacles, less in size necessarily, but otherwise identical, are now built or being built in America, all within a year after the enlargement of the original structure. Another result, more innovative and fundamental, is "The Tabernacle Lay College."

The "old church," as intimated, wouldn't stay sold. It came back on the hands of the society, through the default of the quasi-purchasers. An admirable property in itself, it provoked and suggested use. That use was found in the evolution of an idea of a free lay culture and training for practical Christian work. Such an idea had for years lain, not dormant, but growing in Mr. Talmage's mind. He resolved to form and found a college which would freely do for lay Christian men and women, just what the seminaries do for the clergy, barring dead languages. It was desired to have nothing dead about the institution. Alone Mr. Talmage unfolded his idea to such

men as William E. Dodge, Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, Chancellor Crosby, Rev. Drs. Stevens, Ormiston, William M. Taylor, Dowling, and a score of others, and to such laymen as Gasherie and Josiah De Witt, George H. Stuart, Joseph C. Hutchison, and their kind. The idea had inchoately been in the minds or aspirations of not a few of them for years. They had never whipped it into even mental shape. They dedicated it to the next century. Once proposed to them, the plan roused an almost Crusader enthusiasm. The persons referred to and very many others, at once agreed to become lecturers. A permanent resident Professorate was established. The students from New York, from adjoining and from remote cities and States, came together to the number of half a thousand. Organization was effected immediately. Teaching and drilling at once ensued. The lectures began and have continued without a failure. Many students, and more lecturers and teachers, have been added to the college during this, its second year. The buildings and facilities existed at hand in the former church of the Tabernacle folk. Every subject on which laymen are called to bear witness for Christ—every duty of a didactic, polemic, or humane sort, they are called to do for and toward their brethren and the world—is in the college taught alike by experts in exposition and instruction, and by experts in the art of doing good. Already the under-graduates are at work. They began and maintained last season twenty-seven preaching stations in Brooklyn, and the students from other places did the same where they lived. The college has not merely initiated, it is now forwarding toward perfect organization, a power in the evangelization of cities that tells extraordinarily. It grows as it goes, and Providence has raised it up funds and friends exactly where and when needed. Of the potency of this agency in this and cognate forms, as a Christianizing force, no estimate would be an exaggeration, no expectation would be too large. The clergy of all denominations have welcomed the college as an enduring, self-feeding reservoir of collateral and constant reinforcements to them. They talk confidently now of converting the world, the missing link, that which harnessed the pew to the pulpit, having been found. Had a benign force vaulted out of the saddle of natural law, and jumped astride of the Church to ride it to revolution and conquest, the joy and hope of the live men, and the scare of the unburied dead men, would not have been greater. Of the college Rev. Mr. Talmage is president. Mr. Talmage is everywhere known as a lecturer, and the highest prices are paid for his services, but he declines fifty invitations where he accepts one. He will for two hours keep his audience in the lecture-hall in excitement, going from tenderest pathos to the most boisterous and rollicksome mirth. His resources of mimicry are boundless.

He is in person a little above medium height, has a deep blue eye, and sandy complexion. His face, in parlor as well as in pulpit, is mobile to the

last degree—expressive of not only the difference between the grandest emotions of the heart, but of the most delicate shades of feeling. He has a warmth of manner and a rush of conversational power which make young and old immediately at home with him. In private life he has more the appearance of an easy, off-hand merchant than of a clergyman. His dress there, as indeed in the pulpit, is exceedingly plain, but always neat and gentlemanly.

We have set forth some of this man's peculiarities, and also the results which have begun to bloom from a ministry of a little more than three years. They are earnest of the things that yet shall be, by the continued blessing of God. Still a young man, with tireless energy, and faultless health, and expanding opportunity, the career of the clergyman whose sermons we present may be said to have only commenced. The Master has given to few men such felicity and success in doing his work. Certainly the spirit in which that work has been done is the spirit of utter consecration in which these accompanying sermons are conceived. Certainly, the modes and institutions through which and into which that work has expressed itself, are worthy the attention of the Church at large, in its study of how to affect the world at large. Great genius and originality, freedom, training, energy, and common sense are the secular forces imported into the Talmagean methods of religious reform. To them are allied the higher spiritual attributes of consecration, self-disregard, a faith as absolute as ideal fatalism, a quenchless hope, a thorough consciousness of the special interposition of God in behalf of his cause and his children, and a resolution to make religion commensurate in its appeals with all the circumstances of man, and as simple and beautiful in its ministries as it was in the days when the lilies, the birds, the flocks, and the rills were texts, and the raising of the dead, the giving of sight to the blind, and the restoration of the halt and the deaf, were the events of pastoral visit

SERMONS.

FISHING TOO NEAR SHORE.

“Launch out into the deep.”—*Luke v., 4.*

CHRIST, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting his staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes, in Rome and in Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve book-worms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead, he takes a group of men who had never made a speech, never taken a lesson in *belles-lettres*, never been sick enough to make them look delicate—their hands broad, clumsy, and hard-knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of ratlines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempest wrestled men into gymnasts. The opening work of the Church was rough work. Christ did not want twelve invalids hanging about him, complaining all the time how badly they felt. He leaves the delicate students at Jerusalem and Rome for their mothers and aunts to take care of, and goes down to the sea-shore, and out of the toughest material makes an apostleship. The minis-

try need more corporeal vigor than any other class. Fine minds and good intentions are important, but there must be physical force to back them. The intellectual mill-wheel may be well built and the grist good, but there must be enough blood in the mill-race to turn the one and to grind the other.

He chose fishermen, also, because they were used to hard knocks. The man who can not stand assault is not fit for the ministry. It always has been and always will be rough work; and the man who, at every censure or caricature, sits down to cry, had better be at some other work. It is no place for ecclesiastical doll-babies. A man who can not preach because he has forgotten his manuscript or lost his spectacles ought not to preach at all. Heaven deliver the Church from a ministry that preach in kid gloves, and from sermons in black morocco covers! These fishermen were rough and ready. They had been in the severest of all colleges. When they were knocked over by the main boom of the ship, they entered the "Sophomore;" when washed off by a great wave, they entered the "Junior;" when floating for two-days, without food or drink, on a plank, they came to the "Senior;" and, when, at last, their ship dashed on the beach in a midnight hurricane, they graduated with the first honor.

My text finds Jesus on shipboard with one of these bronzed men—Simon by name. This fisherman had been sweeping his net in shoal water. "Push out," says Christ; "what is the use of hugging the shore in this boat? Here is a lake twelve miles long and six wide, and it is all populated—just waiting for the sweep of your net. *Launch out into the deep.*"

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon is as appropri-

ate for you and for me. We are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God and Christian experience. We think that the boat will be upset, or that we can not "clew down the mizzen top-sail," and our cowardice makes us poor fishermen. I think I hear the voice of Christ commanding us, as he did Simon, on that day when bright Galilee set in among the green hills of Palestine, like water flashing in an emerald cup: "*Launch out into the deep.*"

This divine counsel comes, first, to all those who are paddling in *the margin of Bible research*. My father read the Bible through three times after he was eighty years of age, and without spectacles; not for the mere purpose of saying he had been through it so often, but for his eternal profit. John Colby, the brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after he was eighty-four years of age, in order that he might become acquainted with the Scriptures. There is no book in the world that demands so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of Christian men get no more than ankle-deep. They think it is a good sign not to venture too far. They never ask *how* or *why*; and if they see some Christian becoming inquisitive about the deep things of God, they say: "Be careful; you had better not go out so far from shore." My answer is: The farther you go from shore the better, if you have the right kind of ship. If you have mere worldly philosophy for the hulk, and pride for a sail, and self-conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft, the farther you go the better; and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs, Christ will still command: "*Launch out into the deep.*" Ask some such question as "Who is God?" and

go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amidst the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal threshing-floor; amidst the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amidst the flying chariots of the Golden City. Ask *who Jesus is*, and keep on asking it of every Bible lily, of every raven, of every star, of every crazed brain cured, of every blind man come to sunlight, of every coin in a fish's mouth, of every loaf that got to be five loaves, of every wrathful sea pacified, of every pulseless arm stretched forth in gratulation; ask it of his mother, of Augustus, of Herod, of the Syrophœnician woman, of the damsel that woke up from the death-sleep; of Joseph, who had him buried; of the angel posted as sentinel at his tomb; of the dumb earth, that shook, and groaned, and thundered when he died.

A missionary in France offered a Bible in an humble dwelling. The man took it, tore out a dozen pages, and with them began to light his pipe. Some years after the missionary happened in the same house. The family had just lost their son in the Crimean war, and his Bible had been sent back home. The missionary took it up, and saw that it was the very same Bible that he had left in the house, and from which the leaves had been torn. The dying soldier had written on one of the leaves of the Bible: "Rejected and scoffed at, but finally believed in and saved." The Bible may be used to light the pipe of witticism by some, but for us it is a staff in life, a pillow in death, and our joy for eternity.

Walk all up and down this Bible domain! Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies, and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs, until you meet the evan-

gelists. Rummage and ransack, as children who are not satisfied when they come to a new house, until they know what is in every room, and into what every door opens. Open every jewel-casket. Examine the sky-lights. Forever be asking questions. Put to a higher use than was intended the Oriental proverb: "Hold all the skirts of thy mantle extended when Heaven is raining gold."

Passing from Bonn to Coblenz on the Rhine, the scenery is comparatively tame. But from Coblenz to Mayence it is enchanting. You sit on deck, and feel as if this last flash of beauty must exhaust the scene; but in a moment there is a turn of the river, which covers up the former view with more luxuriant vineyards, and more defiant castles, and bolder bluffs, vine-wreathed, and grapes so ripe that, if the hills be touched, they would bleed their rich life away into the bowls of Bingen and Hockheimer. Here and there, there are streams of water melting into the river, like smaller joys swallowed in the bosom of a great gladness. And when night begins to throw its black mantle over the shoulder of the hills, and you are approaching disembarkation at Mayence, the lights along the shore fairly bewitch the scene with their beauty, giving one a thrill that he feels but once, yet that lasts him forever. So this river of God's word is not a straight stream, but a winding splendor—at every turn new wonders to attract, still riper vintage pressing to the brink, and crowded with castles of strength (Stolzenfels and Johannisberger as nothing compared with the strong tower into which the righteous run and are saved), and our disembarkation at last, in the evening, amidst the lights that gleam from the shore of heaven. The trouble is that the vast majority of Bible voyagers stop at Coblenz, where the chief glories begin.

The sea of God's word is not like Gennesaret, twelve miles by six, but boundless; and in any one direction you can sail on forever. Why, then, confine yourself to a short psalm, or to a few verses of an epistle? The largest fish are not near the shore. Hoist all sail to the winds of heaven. Take hold of both oars, and pull away. Be like some of the whalers that go off from New Bedford or Portsmouth, to be gone for two or three years. Yea, calculate on a lifetime voyage. You do not want to land until you land in heaven. Sail away, oh ye mariners, for eternity! *Launch out into the deep.*

The text is appropriate to all *Christians of shallow experience*. Doubts and fears have in our day been almost elected to the parliament of Christian graces. Some consider it a bad sign not to have any doubts. Doubts and fears are not signs of health, but festers and carbuncles. You have a valuable house or farm. It is suggested that the title is not good. You employ counsel. You have the deeds examined. You search the record for mortgages, judgments, and liens. You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of the State, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter! Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day nor night, until you can read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

Christian character is to come up to higher standards. We have now to hunt through our library to find one Robert M'Cheyne, or one Edward Payson, or one Harlan Page. The time will come when we will find half a dozen of them sitting in the same seat with us. The grace of God can make a great deal better men than those I have

mentioned. Christians seem afraid they will get heterodox by going too far. They do not believe in Christian perfection. There is no danger of your being perfect for some time yet. I will keep watch, and give you notice in time, if you get too near perfection for the safety of your theology. One-half of you Christians are simply stuck in the mud. Why not cut loose from every thing but God? Give not to him that formal petition made up of "O's" — "O Lord!" this, and "O Lord!" that. When people are cold, and have nothing to say to God, they strew their prayers with "O's!" and "Forever and ever, Amen," and things to fill up. Tell God what you want, with the feeling that he is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings. With a sharp blade cut away your past half-and-half Christian life, and with new determination, and new plans, and new expectations, *launch out into the deep.*

The text is appropriate to all who *are engaged in Christian work.* The Church of God has been fishing along the shore. We set our net in a good, calm place, and in sight of a fine chapel, and we go down every Sunday to see if the fish have been wise enough to come into our net. We might learn something from that boy with his hook and line. He throws his line from the bridge: no fish. He sits down on a log: no fish. He stands in the sunlight and casts the line: but no fish. He goes up by the mill-dam, and stands behind the bank, where the fish can not see him, and he has hardly dropped the hook before the cork

goes under. The fish come to him as fast as he can throw them ashore. In other words, in our Christian work, why do we not go where *the fish are*? It is not so easy to catch souls in church, for they know that we are trying to take them. If you can throw your line out into the world where they are not expecting you, they will be captured. Is it fair to take men by such stratagem? Yes. I would like to cheat five thousand souls into the kingdom. Our Tabernacle Free College, within one year, will be doing the work of many churches. The students set their net last night on the back streets, and will set it every night this week in many destitute places; and soon we shall have a hundred lay preachers, proclaiming the Gospel day by day, and week by week, and three or four hundred Christians prepared for other styles of Christian work. If a man does not appreciate that work, he is stupid beyond all arousal.

The whole policy of the Church of God is to be changed. Instead of chiefly looking after the few who have become Christians, our chief efforts will be for those outside. If, after a man is converted, he can not take care of himself, I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat him on the back, and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch him so that he does not get into a draught of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a great mass of helpless, inane professors, who are doing nothing for themselves or for others, who want us to stop and nurse them! They are so troubled with doubt as to whether they are Christians or not. The doubt is settled. They are *not* Christians. The best we can do with these fish is to throw them back into the stream, and go after them again with the Gospel net.

“Go into all the world and preach the Gospel,” says Christ; into the factory, the engine-house, the club-room, into the houses of the sick, into the dark lane, into the damp cellar, into the cold garret, into the dismal prison. Let every man, woman, and child in Brooklyn, New York, and London know that Jesus died, and that the gate of heaven is wide open. (With the Bible in one pocket, and the hymn-book in another pocket, and a loaf of bread under your arm—*launch out into the great deep* of this world’s wretchedness.

The text is appropriate *to all the unforgiven*. Every sinner in this house would come to God if he thought that he might come just as he is. People talk as though the pardon of God were a narrow river, like the Kennebec or the Thames, and that their sin draws too much water to enter it. No; it is not a river, nor a bay, but a sea. I should like to persuade you to launch out into the great deep of God’s mercy. I am a merchant. I have bought a cargo of spices in India. I have, through a bill of exchange, paid for the whole cargo. You are a ship-captain. I give you the orders, and say: “Bring me those spices.” You land in India. You go to the trader and say, “Here are the orders;” and you find every thing all right. You do not stop to pay the money yourself. It is not your business to pay it. The arrangements were made before you started. So, Christ purchases your pardon. He puts the papers, or the promises, into your hand. Is it wise to stop and say, “I can not pay for my redemption?” God does not ask you to pay. Relying on what has been done, *launch out into the deep*.

The Bible promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and

all your sorrows. The round table of King Arthur and his knights had room for only thirteen banqueters ; but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

Do not sail coast-wise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh for the mid-sea of God's mercy ! " Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to that eighty-year-old transgressor as to this maiden. Though your sins were blood-red, they shall be snow-white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad ? The high-water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. " The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." Do you say that your heart is hard ? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long-continued ? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black ? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson can not slay ? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror can not take ? Is there any sin this Redeemer can not pardon ?

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet, and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror ; but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightier trumpet of the Gospel to my lips, and I blow it three times. Blast the first—" *Whosoever will,*

let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God; and that more to him than the anthems of heaven, more to him than the throne on which he sits, more to him than are the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door-latch of his Father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor from the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvellous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the buildings around it. Standing in that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of one hundred and fifty feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing.

How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of penitence and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth!

THE WINGS OF THE ALMIGHTY.

“The Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.”—*Ruth* ii., 12.

SCENE: An Oriental harvest-field. Grain standing. Grain in swaths. Grain in sheaves. At the side of the field, a white tent in which to take the nooning, jars of vinegar or of sour wine to quench the thirst of the hot working-people. Swarthy men striking their sickles into the rustling barley. Others twisting the bands for the sheaves, putting one end of the band under the arm, and with the free arm and foot collecting the sheaf. Sun-burned women picking up the stray straws and bringing them to the binders. Boaz, a fine-looking Oriental, gray-bearded and bright-faced, the owner of the field, looking on, and estimating the value of the grain and calculating so many ephas to the acre; and, with his large, sympathetic heart, pitying the overtaken workmen and the women, with faces white enough to faint, in the hot noonday sun. But there is one woman who especially attracts the man's attention. She is soon to be with him the joint owner of the field. She has come from a distant land for the sole purpose of being kind to an aged woman. I know not what her features were; but when the Lord God sets behind a woman's face the lamp of courage, and faith, and self-sacrifice, there comes out a glory independent of features. She is to be the ancestress of Jesus Christ. Boaz, the owner of the field, as soon as he understands that it is Ruth, accosts her with the blessing: “A full reward be

given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Christ compares himself to a hen gathering the chickens under her wings. In Deuteronomy, God is represented as an eagle stirring up her nest. In a great many places in the Psalms, David makes ornithological allusions; while my text mentions the *wings* of God, under which a poor, weary soul had come to trust.

I ask your attention, therefore, this morning, while, taking the suggestion of my text, I speak to you in all simplicity and love of the *wings of the Almighty*.

First: I remark that they were *swift* wings under which Ruth had come to trust. There is nothing in all the handiwork of God more curious than a bird's wing. You have been surprised, sometimes, to see how far it could fly with one stroke of the wing; and, when it has food in prospect, or when it is affrighted, the pulsations of the bird's wing are unimaginable for velocity. The English lords used to pride themselves on the speed of their falcons. These birds, when trained, had in them the dart of the lightning. How swift were the carrier-pigeons in the time of Anthony and at the siege of Jerusalem! Wonderful speed! A carrier-pigeon was thrown up at Rouen and came down at Ghent—ninety miles off—in one hour. The carrier-pigeons were the telegraphs of the olden time. Swallows have been shot in our latitude having the undigested rice of Georgia swamps in their crops, showing that they had come four hundred miles in six hours. It has been estimated that, in the ten years of a swallow's life, it flies far enough to have gone around the world eighty-nine times, so great is its velocity. And so the wings of the Almighty, spoken of in the text, are *swift* wings. They

are swift when they drop upon a foe, and swift when they come to help God's friends. If a father and his son be walking by the way and the child goes too near a precipice, how long does it take for the father to deliver the child from danger? Longer than it takes God to swoop for the rescue of his children. The fact is that you can not get away from the care of God. If you take the steamship, or the swift rail-train, he is all the time along with you. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold! thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there thy hand shall hold me."

The Arabian gazelle is swift as the wind. If it gets but one glimpse of the hunter, it puts many crags between. Solomon, four or five times, compares Christ to an Arabian gazelle (calling it by another name) when he says: "*My beloved is like a roe.*" The difference is, that the roe speeds the other way; Jesus speeds this. Who but Christ could have been quick enough to help Peter, when the water-pavement broke? Who but Christ could have been quick enough to help the Duke of Argyle, when, in his dying moment, he cried: "Good cheer! I could die like a Roman, but I mean to die like a Christian. Come away gentlemen. He who goes first, goes cleanest?" I had a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when the ammunition had given out at Antietam; and he saw the train from Harrisburg, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down toward the battle-field. He said that it stopped not for any crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up

for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all. So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we must have help immediately or perish. The grace that comes too late is no grace at all. What you and I want is a God —now. Oh! is it not blessed to think that God is always in such quick pursuit of his dear children? When a sinner seeks pardon, or a baffled soul needs help, swifter than thrush's wing, swifter than swallow's wing, swifter than ptarmigan's wing, swifter than flamingoe's wing, swifter than eagle's wing, are *the wings of the Almighty*.

I remark further, carrying out the idea of my text, that the wings under which Ruth had come to trust were very *broad* wings. There have been eagles shot on the Rocky Mountains with wings that were seven feet from tip to tip. When the king of the air sits on the crag, the wings are spread over all the eaglets in the eyrie, and when the eagle starts from the rock, the shadow is like the spreading of a storm cloud. So the wings of God are *broad* wings. Ruth had been under those wings in her infantile days; in the days of her happy girlhood in Moab; in the day when she gave her hand to Mahlon, in her first marriage; in the day when she wept over his grave; in the day when she trudged out into the wilderness of poverty; in the day when she picked up the few straws of barley dropped by ancient custom in the way of the poor.

Oh! yes, the wings of God are *broad* wings. They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and he puts the other over our grave. Yes, my dear friends, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest. Sometimes it is a very

hard nest, like that of the eagle, spread on the rock, with ragged moss and rough sticks, but still it is a nest; and, although it may be very hard under us, over us are the wings of the Almighty. There sometimes comes a period in one's life when he feels forsaken. There has been such a period in your life. You said, "Every thing is against me. The world is against me. The Church is against me. No sympathy; no hope. Every body that comes near me thrusts at me. I wonder if there is a God, anyhow!" Every thing seems to be going slipshod and at hap-hazard. There does not seem to be any hand on the helm. Job's health fails. David's Absalom gets to be a reprobate. Martha's brother dies. Abraham's Sarah goes into the grave of Machpelah. "Woe worth the day in which I was born!" has said many a Christian. David seemed to scream out in his sorrow, as he said: "Is his mercy clean gone forever? And will he be favorable no more? And hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" Job, with his throat swollen and ulcered until he could not even swallow the saliva that ran into his mouth, exclaims: "How long before thou wilt depart from me, and leave me alone, that I may swallow down my spittle?" Have there never been times in your life when you envied those who were buried? when you longed for the gravedigger to do his work for you? I have seen such days. Oh, the faithlessness of the human heart! God's wings are broad, whether we know it or not.

Sometimes the mother-bird goes away from the nest, and it seems very strange that she should leave the callow young. She plunges her beak into the bark of the tree, and she drops into the grain-field, and into the chaff at the barn-door, and into the furrow of the ploughboy. Mean-

while, the birds in the nest shiver, and complain, and call, and wonder why the mother-bird does not come back. Ah! she has gone for food. After a while there is a whirr of wings, and the mother-bird stands on the edge of the nest, and the little ones open their mouths, and the food is dropped in; and then the old bird spreads out her feathers, and all is peace. So, sometimes, God leaves us. He goes off to get food for our soul; and then he comes back after a while to the nest, and says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it;" and he drops into it the sweet promises of his grace, and the love of God is shed abroad, and we are under his wings—the broad wings of the Almighty.

Yes; they are very broad! There is room under those wings for the thousand millions of the race. You say: "Do not get the invitation too large, for there is nothing more awkward than to have more guests than accommodations." I know it. The *Seamen's Friend Society* are inviting all the sailors. The *Tract Society* is inviting all the destitute. The Sabbath-schools are inviting all the children. The *American and Foreign Christian Union* is inviting all the Roman Catholics. The *Missionary Society* is inviting all the heathen. The printing-presses of Bible Societies are going night and day, doing nothing but printing invitations to this great Gospel banquet. And are you not afraid that there will be more guests than accommodations? No! All who have been invited will not half fill up the table of God's supply. There are chairs for more. There are cups for more. God could with one feather of his wing cover up all those who have come; and when He spreads out both wings, they cover all the earth and all the heavens. Ye Israelites, who went through the Red Sea, come under! Ye multitudes who have gone

into glory for the last six thousand years, come under! Ye hundred and forty-four thousand, and the thousands of thousands, come under! Ye flying cherubim and archangel, fold your pinions, and come under! And yet there is room! Ay! if God would have all the space under his wings occupied, he must make other worlds, and people them with other myriads, and have other Resurrection and Judgment Days; for broader than all space, broader than thought, wide as eternity, from tip to tip, are the wings of the Almighty! Oh! under such provision as that can you not rejoice? Come under, ye wandering, ye weary, ye troubled, ye sinning, ye dying souls! Come under the wings of the Almighty. Whosoever will come, let him come. However ragged, however wretched, however abandoned, however woe-begone, there is room enough under the wings—under the broad wings of the Almighty! Oh what a Gospel! So glorious, so magnificent in its provisions! I love to preach it. It is my life to preach it. It is my heaven to preach it.

I remark, further, that the wings under which Ruth came to trust were *strong* wings. The strength of a bird's wing—of a sea-fowl's wing, for example—you might guess it from the fact that sometimes for five, six, or seven days it seems to fly without resting. There have been condors in the Andes that could overcome an ox or a stag. There have been eagles that have picked up children, and swung them to the top of the cliffs. The flap of an eagle's wing has death in it to every thing it strikes. There are birds whose wings are packed with strength to fly, to lift, to destroy. So the wings of God are strong wings. Mighty to save. Mighty to destroy. I preach him—"the Lord, strong and mighty—the Lord, mighty in battle!" He flapped

his wing, and the antedeluvian world was gone. He flapped his wing, and Babylon perished. He flapped his wing, and Herculaneum was buried. He flapped his wing, and the Napoleonic dynasty ceased. Before the stroke of that pinion a fleet is nothing. An army is nothing. An empire is nothing. A world is nothing. The universe is nothing. King—Eternal, Omnipotent—he asks no counsel from the thrones of heaven. He takes not the archangel into his cabinet. He wants none to draw his chariots, for they are the winds. None to load his batteries, for they are the lightnings. None to tie the sandals of his feet, for they are the clouds. He is the Lord God Almighty—a truth that is sad or glad, just according to the position you occupy—just as the castle is grand or terrible, according as you are inside or outside of it. If you are inside of it, it is your defense. If you are outside of it, it is your destruction. The Lord God is a tower, a stronghold, a fortress. Found in him—oh the gladness of this truth I am preaching! The mighty God. Mighty to save. Our enemies may be strong. Our sorrows may be violent. Our sins may be great. But quicker than an eagle ever hurled down from the crags a hawk or a raven, will the Lord God strike back our sins and our temptations, if they assault us when we are once seated on the eternal rock of his salvation. What a blessed thing it is to be defended by the strong wing of the Almighty! Stronger than the pelican's wing, stronger than the albatross's wing, stronger than the condor's wing, are the wings of the Almighty.

I have only one more thought to present. The wings under which Ruth had come to trust were *gentle* wings. There is nothing softer than a feather. You have noticed, when a bird returns from flight, how gently it stoops over

the nest. The young birds are not afraid of having their lives trampled out by the mother-bird. The old whip-poor-will drops into its nest of leaves, the oriole into its casket of bark, the humming-bird into its hammock of moss—gentle as the light. And so, says the Psalmist, He shall cover thee with His wing. Oh the gentleness of God! But even that figure does not fully set it forth; for I have sometimes looked into the bird's nest and seen a dead bird—its life having been trampled out by the mother-bird. But no one that ever came under the feathers of the Almighty was trodden on.

Blessed nest! Warm nest! Why will men stay out in the cold, to be shot of temptation and to be chilled by the blast, when there is this divine shelter? More beautiful than any flower I ever saw are the hues of a bird's plumage. Did you ever examine it? The blackbird, floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn, and throat of velvet, and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the Southern swamps, like sparks from the forge of the setting sun; the pelican, white and black—morning and night tangled in its wings—give but a very faint idea of the beauty that comes down over the soul when on it drop the feathers of the Almighty. Here fold your weary wings! This is the only safe nest. Every other nest will be destroyed. The prophet says so: "Though thou exalt thyself like the eagle, and set thy nest among the stars, yet will I bring thee down, saith the Lord of Hosts." Under the *swift* wings, under the *broad* wings, under the *strong* wings, under the *gentle* wings of the Almighty, find shelter until these calamities be overpast. Then, when you want to change nests, it will only be from the valley of earth to the heights

of heaven; and instead of "the wings of a dove," for which David longed, not knowing that in the first mile of their flight they would give out, you will be conducted upward by the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings Ruth, the beautiful Moabite, came to trust.

God forbid that in this matter of eternal weal or woe we should be more stupid than the fowls of heaven; "for the stork knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their going: but my people know not the judgments of the Lord."

2*

A CHIME OF GOSPEL BELLS.

“And beneath upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; *and bells of gold between them round about.*”—*Exodus xxviii.*, 33.

WHEN Mary, Queen of England, ascended her throne on the day of her coronation, she wore a crown of jewels so heavy she could hardly bear up under it. Xerxes moved around his palace in a robe embroidered with representations of hawks contending with each other. An official in one of the cathedrals of Paris pulls open a drawer and shows you a robe incrustated with diamonds worn by Napoleon on the day of the christening of the Prince Imperial. All this royal array may have been more costly, but it could not have been more brilliant, than the robe of the high-priest in the ancient temple. I see him moving around in the temple with a robe of scarlet and purple, the shoulders adorned with chalcedony, ribbons of deep blue, embroideries of exquisite flowers, chains of gold, a plate hung over the heart on which you might see a blood-red sardius, a topaz, a carbuncle, an emerald, a pellucid sapphire, a diamond, a transparent ligure, an agate, a violeted amethyst, a beryl, an onyx, a striped jasper, within a space of ten inches square mingling the blue of the sky, the green of the foliage, the sparkle of the water, and the deep glow of the fire. But mark the hem of that high-priest's garment, curiously woven with representations of pomegranate, the favorite fruit of that clime, while between these pomegranates there were golden bells that

clashed and chimed as the high-priest moved about in the ceremonies. Was it mere silliness and child's-play that hung *those bells* to the hem of the high-priest's garment? Was it useless display? Was it meaningless adornment? No. It was profoundly, gloriously significant. The bells not only called the people outside and inside the temple to worship; *but they rang out and they rang in the joy of the great Gospel dispensation.*

I am glad that the first use of bells was a religious use; and hereafter the Gospel of God, to me, shall be a chime of bells; whether I hear them in the garments of the high-priest or in the cathedral tower, they shall suggest to me the gladness, the warning, and the triumph of the Gospel.

These Gospel bells, like those that adorned the high-priest's robe, are *golden bells*. Other bells are made of coarser materials, zinc, and lead, and tin, and copper; but these Gospel bells are bells of gold. There is one bell in Europe that cost three hundred thousand dollars. It was at vast expense that metallic voices were given to the towers of York, and Vienna, and Oxford. But all the wealth of heaven was thrown into this Gospel bell. No angel can count its value. Eternity can not demonstrate its cost. When the bell of the Russian Kremlin was being fused, the noblemen came and threw their gold into the molten mass. But when this Gospel bell was to be constructed, the Kings of Heaven, the hierarchs of eternity threw into it their crowns and their sceptres. It is a golden bell. Do you believe it? Hear it ring: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Sav-

iour, to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins."

Glorious Gospel! It is the sweetest sound that a sinner ever heard. It is the grandest consolation that mourner ever felt. It is the mightiest hope that dying soul ever experienced.

I tarried two or three days near the Tower of Antwerp. Every fifteen minutes the bells of that tower chime—so sweetly that it seems as if the angels of God flying past have alighted in the tower. But when the full hour comes, then the clock, with heavy tongue, strikes the hour, adding impressiveness and solemnity to the chime of bells. So this great Gospel tower chimes every fifteen minutes—nay, every moment. Tones of mercy. Tones of love. Tones of compassion. Tones of pardon. And occasionally, to let you know that the weights are running down, and that the time is going past, the heavy tongue of this bell comes down with an emphasis, saying, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

Weary of sin, the World said to me—"You are not as bad as you might be:" but it was no comfort! Standing with both my feet in the wet gravel of the grave, Human Philosophy took my arm, and mumbled in my ear its inanities. But Religion spoke to me, and my sins perished like tow in the flame, and the grave became only the ploughed ground for an eternal harvest. World without end, let God be praised for such a Gospel! It is fit to live for; and if days of persecution should ever again come, shall we not be willing to die for it? I do not think that Hawkes, the martyr, was foolish when, having said to his friends that he would give them some signal in his last

hour as to whether the fires of martyrdom were tolerable in the dying moment, his hands on fire, he lifted them above his head, and clapped them once with great joy, clapped them twice, and clapped them three times, that the world might know what a joyful thing it is to die for Jesus.

I remark further, that these Gospel bells, like those around the high-priest's garment, are bells of *invitation*. When the Jews heard the clash of those bells in the hem of the priest's robe, they knew it was an invitation to worship. That is the meaning of every church tower, from San Francisco to New York, and from London to St. Petersburg. It is "Come," "Come!" Ay, that is the most familiar word in the Bible! It seems to be a favorite word. The word "come" occurs six hundred and forty-two times in the Bible. It is—"Come to the supper;" "Come to the waters;" "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;" through all sorrows, through all trials, through all nights of darkness, through all calamities, through all temptations, it rings out—"Come! Come! COME!"

I remember, when I was a boy in the country, of being envious of the old sexton, who used to lay hold of the bell-rope and start the bell that shook the meeting-house, calling the people for miles around to prayer. The poorest man, trudging along the turnpike road, knew that the bell called him, just as much as it called the rich farmer riding behind his prancing, capering span. And so this Gospel bell calls to palaces and to huts, to robes and to rags, saying, "Whosoever will, let him come!" When the sexton had struck one stroke, why did he not wind up the rope and stop? The people had all heard it. But no; he kept on ringing until, besweated and exhausted, he sat down.

When he began to ring, there were none present. When he concluded, the roads were full of wagons, and the church door was thronged with people who had come to worship God. And so we must keep on ringing this Gospel bell. Though perhaps few may now come, we will keep on ringing until after awhile men shall fly as clouds, and "as doves to their windows." Come to Jesus, old man! Come to Jesus, my little child! Come to Jesus, ye wanderers! If the prodigal should this night start for his father's house, the father would say, "There is no need of fattening that calf any longer. Kill it, roast it! Bring forth the smoking meat to my starving boy," and there would be joy in heaven over his return.

When Henry II. had his son crowned, the king took off his robes, and put on a servant's apron, and served at the feast. Oh, what condescension! Historians record it. But hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, that the King of the universe comes to this banquet in the form of a servant, answering your beck and mine! Glorious banquet! Glorious provision! Come to it. Is there any one in this house to-night who is so discouraged he can not start? Let me encourage him. A fireman was going up a ladder to rescue a child from a burning building. The flames struck him, singed him, scorched him, and he was about to drop; but a man in the crowd shouted, "Let's cheer that brave fellow in his effort to save the child! Three cheers!" The shout went up; the fireman was inspirited. He plunged into the burning building, brought down the child, and placed it upon the ground in safety. Are there not some here to-night who feel the fires of death kindling around about them, and who will give up the effort to rescue their souls, unless some cheering word be uttered to-

night? Therefore, in the name of my God, I utter this jubilant cheer: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

I remark further, that the Gospel bells, like those on the high-priest's robe, are bells of *warning*. When the Jews heard the clash and ring of the bells, it was a warning for them to worship, lest their God be offended. On Bell Rock, in the German Ocean, there is a light-house, and there are two bells that every half minute ring out through the fog, through the darkness, through the storm, and over the sea. *Beware! Beware!* The helmsman on the ship hearing the warning, turns the wheel and steers off. It is a startling thing at midnight to hear the heavy clang of a fire-bell, if you live in the Third Ward, and the tongue of the bell strikes *one, two, three!* If a city is besieged, and the flash of the musketry is seen on the hill-tops, and the cavalry horses are dashing up and down, and the batteries are being unlimbered, all the bells of the city call, *To arms! To arms!* So, my friends, this Gospel bell is a bell of alarm.

I account it as infinite cowardice and hypocrisy for a man who believes in the Bible to hide from the people that there are appalling disasters coming to those who finally reject God. We can plaster the matter over; we can philosophize about it; we can explain it away, but the Bible states it, reiterates it, makes as plain as that two and two make four, that there is utter discomfiture for the finally unregenerate. That Bible says, "God is angry with the wicked every day," and that he "will turn into hell all the nations that forget God." And yet, with those passages before them, and hundreds of others just as plain,

men will speak of an eternity of lavender and rose-water for man, regardless of his character and of his heart.

You know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now here is coming the Chicago express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white flag and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says, "*You are*. What did you wave that white flag for?" In the great day of eternity it will be found who of us, standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flag-men. He will be responsible who lets men go on down toward death without giving the warning, waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril. I have tried for fifteen years to figure eternal punishment out of that Bible. I have not succeeded. I shall never try it again. It is there. If ever you find me standing here philosophizing about unimportant things, or befogging the people with metaphysics, or giving mere moral essays when I ought to be sounding the invitations and warnings of the Gospel, accost me on the spot, and charge me with betraying my mission.

There is in Moscow a bell that has never been rung. It cost a great deal. It is very large. Perhaps it is the largest bell in the world. They never could get any machinery large enough to hoist it. People come and look at it, admire its size, and admire the composition of the metal; but no one has ever heard the ringing of that bell. It was never rung. We are getting into the Church of

God metaphysical bells, and philosophical bells, and transcendental bells, and a great many bells that are very admirable to look at. They are immense; but I had rather be a smaller bell, and of poorer metal, if God will only let me ring out warning and invitation to the people. I had rather be a door-bell, helping to call people into the opening gate of God's mercy and forgiveness; or I had rather be a dinner-bell, inviting them to a banquet of a Saviour's mercy, crying, "Eat, O friends! Drink, O beloved!" Eternal peril has come down upon thee, O unforgiven soul! The flames of the lost world have been kindled, and to-night I ring the fire-bell of an eternal burning, crying, "Escape for thy life! Tarry not in all the plain! Look not behind thee, lest thou be consumed."

I remark, further, that the bells on the high-priest's robe were bells of *joy*. When the Jews heard the chiming of those bells on the priest's robe it announced to them the possibility of pardon for their sins, and of deliverance. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people." There have been bells rung on days of victory. The bells of London rang after Waterloo. The bells in many of our cities rang after the settlement of our national strife. The great bells of York, and Oxford, and Vienna, at some time, have sounded the victory. These Gospel bells of which I speak are bells of triumph. Calvary was the dreadful Bunker Hill of the Church, up and down whose sides the forces of darkness and light rallied and fell back. Now one force triumphed, now the other. But the conflict at last was decided. Satan dethroned! The white marble castle of the sepulchre captured! The whole world to be won for God. Ring all the bells of eternity at the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now it sometimes seems as if every thing was against us—heathenism against us; the formalities of the Church against us; false philosophies against us; all the crimes of the world against us; the hosts of darkness with drawn swords, and thundering ammunition-wagons of hell, captained and generaled by Apollyon—are all against us. But wait a little. Joshua's men fell back, but only in stratagem, before they took the city of Ai. So the falling back of the forces of God in the earth is only a divine stratagem, by which God will make our triumph the more conspicuous, and the overthrow of sin more terrific.

The higher an eagle carries a tortoise, the more complete its demolition when it dashes on the rock. God is only lifting up sin higher and higher, that he may more ruinously cast it down. The day of deliverance comes.

The Moors demanded one hundred virgins every year from the nation of the Castilians. The king refused the tribute, and he went out in battle to put down the infamous demand, but he was defeated. The night after the first defeat he dreamed—so the legend says—and in his dream he heard a voice from heaven, saying, “To-morrow you shall get the victory!” So he rallied his troops, and as he went into battle he saw a milk-white palfry, and a supernatural being riding upon it, waving a white standard. His army triumphed; and when the day was ended, sixty thousand Moors lay dead upon the plain. So, my friends, we may sometimes be driven back. We may have to fall back. Our enemies may say, “Ah! God hath forsaken thee. Persecute and take them, for there is none to deliver.” But in apocalyptic vision I see the white horse and his rider. His eyes are as a flame of fire. On his head are many crowns. He goes forth from conquest to

conquest, and from sea to sea, and from shore to shore shall yet ring out the bells of a universal victory. Ay, they are ringing now. "All flesh shall see the salvation of God!" "And he shall reign forever and forever."

The Bishop of Malta, in superstition, had all the bells of the city ring in the hope that the storm that was raging in the city might be quieted. That was superstition; but I think it is faith in God that leads us to believe that the ringing of these Gospel bells will yet silence all the storms of this world's sins, and the storms of this world's trouble. Oh, when Jesus, our great High-priest, in full robes, shall enter into His glory, the bells on the hem of His garment will ring with the music of an eternal merriment.

But, my dear brethren and sisters, we shall have no share in that joy unless now we listen to the Gospel tidings. There is a bell on the other side of the waters, weighing two hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds, and it takes twenty-four men to ring it. But to bring out all the sweetness of this Gospel bell would take all the consecrated spirits of earth, and seraphim, and archangel. Who in this august assemblage will listen? Who will listen? Who will listen *now*?

In New England they have what they call a *passing* bell—that is, when some one dies in a village, word is sent to the sexton, and he sounds the bell just as often as the man lived years; and when the sound is in the tower, the people are solemn, and they say, "Some one is dead; who is it?" For us the passing bell will soon sound. Gone from the family; gone from the church; gone from our last opportunity of salvation.

The day is far spent. What thy hand findeth to do, do it. Hours once dead can never be resuscitated. Among all the drops of dew that fall on thy grave, there will not

be one tear of repentance. Slipping off the embankment of eternity, we can never clamber back. William the Conqueror established the ringing of *curfew* bells. The meaning of that curfew bell sounded at even-time was, that all the fires should be put out, or covered with ashes, all the lights should be extinguished, and the people should go to bed. Soon for us the curfew bell will sound. The fires of our life will be banked up in ashes, and we shall go into the sleep, the long sleep, the cool sleep, I hope the blessed sleep. But there is no gloom in that if we are ready. *The safest thing a Christian can do is to die.*

An Italian made a chime of bells for his native village. So sweet was the chime that he took up his abode near it. After a while war came. The Italian was taken into exile. The bells were captured, and were also taken into exile. Years passed on. One day the Italian exile, in a row-boat, is being rowed up the River Shannon, toward the city of Limerick, Ireland. As he comes near the wharf the cathedral tower strikes the chime, and lo! it was the same old chime of bells that had in other days so enchanted him. He recognized them in a moment. His emotions were too great for human endurance. He folded his arms and lay back in the boat. The rowers put down their oars and tried to resuscitate him. His face was toward the tower. But he was away! His soul had gone out in the raptures of that hour. His life fell under the stroke of the chime of Limerick Cathedral. So may it be with us, when going up from this earthly exile into the harbor of our God. May we fold our arms in peace and listen; and while the rowers are taking us to anchorage, from turret and dome, and palace gate and arch of eternal victory, may there come rippling upon our soul the music of the bells of heaven.

GOD'S BOTTLE.

"Put thou my tears into thy bottle."—*Psalms lvi.*, 8.

THIS prayer was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities; but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages.

Within the past century, travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are phials made of earthenware. It was the custom of the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bottle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed; and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear-bottles, in our museums.

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remembrance of all our griefs, and a phial, or lachrymatory, or bottle, in which he catches and saves our tears; and I bring to you the condolence of this Christian sentiment. But why talk of human griefs when we have but to look out and behold the largest prosperity—a great harvest soon to be gathered in all the land. Multitudes of men, with no cares save how they may safely invest their large accumulations. Joy in the city mansion and mountain cabin. Joy among the lumbermen of Maine as they shove their rafts into the water. Joy among the emigrants, far out upon the vast prairie. Joy, joy!

Why talk about grief? Alas! the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are before me thick darknesses of soul that need to be lifted. I stand in the presence of some who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered to-day, they perish forever. I come on no fool's errand. I put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery, but, pressing straight to the mark, I hail you as a vessel mid-sea cries to a passing craft, "Ship ahoy!" and invite you on board a vessel which has Faith for a rudder, and Prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and Heaven for an eternal harbor.

Catharine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and other people go to their beds to rest, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this life-boat of the Gospel I put out to-day, hoping, by God's help, to bring ashore at least one soul that may now be sinking in the billows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeii are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them; but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First: I remark that God keeps perpetually the *tears of repentance*. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from the night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart, and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have

gushed as the result of such misdemeanor, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek, or were dashed down by the bloated hand, or fell into the red wine-cup as it came again to the lips, foaming with still worse indication. But when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy, and cries amidst the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament, then God listens; then heaven bows down; then sceptres of pardon are extended from the throne; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion; then his tears are caught in God's bottle.

You know the story of Paradise and the Peri. I think it might be put to higher adaptation. An angel starts from the throne of God to find what thing it can on the earth worthy of being carried back to heaven. It goes down through the gold and silver mines of earth, but finds nothing worthy of transportation to the Celestial City. It goes down through the depths of the sea, where the pearls lie, and finds nothing worthy of taking back to heaven. But coming to the foot of a mountain, it sees a wanderer weeping over his evil ways. The tears of the prodigal start, but do not fall to the ground, for the angel's wing catches them, and with that treasure speeds back to heaven. God sees the angel coming, and says: "Behold the brightest gem of earth, and the brighest jewel of heaven—the tear of a sinner's repentance!"

Oh! when I see the Heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness; when I hear the quick tread of the ragged prodigal hastening home to find his father; when I see a sailor-boy coming on the wharf, and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkind-

nesses ; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched, and the vile, and the sin-burned, and the passion-blasted appealing for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim, in ecstasy and triumph : "*More tears for God's bottle !*"

Again : God keeps a tender remembrance of all your *sicknesses*. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body ? Not one out of ten ! I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that you are peculiarly subject to. You have a weak side, or back, or are subject to headaches, or faintnesses, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous, as if that were nothing ! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous ! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings ; but God knows ; God feels ; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights ; he regards the acuteness of the pain ; he estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle, and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the phials filled with nauseous draughts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is *God's bottle*, in which he hath gathered all our tears.

Again: God remembers all the *sorrows of poverty*. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The controllers of alms-houses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant privation; sewing-women, who can not ply the needle quick enough to earn them shelter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, God's angels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, on all the alleys, amidst shanties and log-cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want seething in summer's heat or freezing in winter's cold — they fall not unheeded. They are jewels for Heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are *tears for God's bottle!*

Again: The Lord preserves the remembrance of all *paternal anxieties*. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into the kingdom of God. He has heard no sermon. He has received no startling providential warning. What brought him to this new mind? This is the secret: God looked over the bottle in which he gathers the tears of his people, and he saw a parental tear in that bottle which had been for forty years unanswered. He said, "Go to now, and let me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God. Oh this work of training children for God! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young par-

ent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organism. Beautiful plaything! But on some night-fall, as you sit rocking that little one, a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying, "*That child is immortal!* The stars shall die, but that is an *immortal!* Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an *immortal!*"

Now I know that with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, *No*. God understands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless; and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the paths of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation. I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have ever passed. God has seen every sinking of your distressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternal record of your anxieties; and in his lachrymatory—not such as stood in ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters beside the throne of God—he holds all those exhausting tears. The grass may be rank upon your grave, and the letters upon your tombstone defaced by the elements before the divine response will come; but He who hath declared, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed

after thee," will not forget; and some day, in heaven, while you are ranging the fields of light, the gates of pearl will swing back, and, garlanded with glory, that long-wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart and the earth may burn, and the stars fall and time perish, but God will break his oath and trample upon his promises—*never*! NEVER!

Again: God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all *bereavements*. These are the trials that throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine-press. Troubles at the store you leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the court-room. But bereavements are *home* troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will catch at the suggestive picture. You can not fly the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them, but, more sure-footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tip-top, and sit shivering on the glaciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the clipper or merchantman. You may take caravan, and put out across the Arabian desert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth Cave, but they hang like stalactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come hap-hazard—scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right; for God is the archer.

This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the sea-shore, and will keep up with the lightning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day, and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left alone; and that your weeping is heard in heaven. You will wander among the hills, and say, "Up this hill, last year, our boy climbed with great glee, and waved his cap from the top;" or, "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair, and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in the heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture; and you look around, as much as to say, "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these fountains of the heart?" Some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture, and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces, and spoke in such a tremulous voice; and you say it is a good picture, but all the while you feel that after all it does not do justice; and you would give almost any thing—you would cross the sea, you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you yourself have been a parent. Now you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home, and upon the broken heart, and

says, "This is the way I thresh the wheat; this is the way I scour my jewels! Cast thy burden on my arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered in my bottle!"

But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great casket or vase, why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears? I do not know that they will be kept there forever. I do not know but that in some distant age of heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymals of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone to? What sprite of hell hath been invading God's palace, and hath robbed the lachrymatories? None! These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into pearls, that now are set in the crowns and robes of the ransomed. I walk up to examine this heavenly coronet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and cry, "From what river-depths of heaven were these gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "*These are transmuted tears from God's bottle!*" I see sceptres of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men; and in every sceptre-point, and inlaid in every ivory stair of golden throne, I behold an indescribable richness and lustre, and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne, and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea, exclaim, "*Transmuted tears from God's bottle!*"

Let the ages of heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended; the Koh-i-noor diamonds

that made kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Persian tiara and flamed in the robes of Babylonian processions, forgotten; the Golconda mines charred in the last conflagration; but firm as the everlasting hills, and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever *these transmuted tears of God's bottle.*

Meanwhile, let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand forever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision crack it. Purer than beryl or chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne, and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it, and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered, and say, each to each, "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the Psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." "*That is God's bottle!*" And while standing there inspecting this richest inlaid vase of heaven, the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime: "*God hath wiped away all tears from all faces.*"

Wherefore comfort one another with these words!

RATIONALISM.

"To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria. Then a lord on whose hand the king leaned answered the man of God, and said, Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven might this thing be? And he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof. And so it fell out unto him: for the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died."—2 *Kings* vii., 1, 2, 20.

AROUND Samaria is drawn the fiery girth of Assyrian vindictiveness. Siege is laid to the city, and soon famine, most ghastly and horrible, appears. In the modern bombardment of a city there is a grandeur mingled with the terror. The toss and burst of a bomb-shell kindles the eye of the artist, while the citizens perish. But there is no imagining the desolation of a city approached by an old-time siege, through years of starvation. The judgment-day only can reveal the anguish endured when Hamilcar besieged Utica, and Titus, Jerusalem. When Hannibal sought to capture a city, so great was the hunger and destitution, that a mouse was sold for two hundred pence. In one of the ancient sieges the soldiers gnawed their left arms in hunger, while with the right arm they fought. Alas for Samaria! What a crowd of hollow-eyed and staggering wretches filled the streets, crying for bread. So great was the scarcity of food, that an ass's head was sold for twenty-five dollars. Mothers cooked their children and fought for the disgusting fragments. And still hunger pinched and drank up the life of the great city, and lifted its wolfish howl in the market-place, and shovel-

ed its victims into the grave. And still the Assyrian host held the town within its fold, tightening its embrace of death, and banqueting on the agonies of a wasting city.

In the midst of all this, Elisha, in the name of God, said, "To-morrow the famine will be gone, and you will get a peck of flour for five shillings." A nobleman, who was the confidential friend of the king, stood by and laughed at the idea. He said, "If a window-shutter could be opened in the sky, and a lot of corn pitched out, you might expect it. Ha! ha! you silly prophet, you can not fool me!" The prophet replied to the taunt by saying, "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof."

There are four lepers at the gate of the city. They say, "What shall we do? If we go into the city, we will die of the leprosy. If we go into the city, we will die of the famine. If we go out toward the besieging Assyrians, the probability is that they will cut us to pieces. But the best thing that we can do is to throw ourselves upon our enemies." As night begins to come down over the hills, casting funeral shadows upon the dying city and in the surrounding country, adding darkness to desolation, the four lepers start for the Assyrian camp. Coming up to where the Assyrians had been, the lepers find nothing but a forsaken encampment. At what they supposed the sound of chariots, and of horses, and of marching hosts, the Assyrians had fled, scattering canteens and blankets along the highways. The horses and asses of the enemy are still tied. The tents are standing. Walk in, hungry lepers, and partake of the feast that the Assyrian noblemen prepared for themselves! Help yourselves to all these luxuries! Eat the fruits! Pour the wine! Gather up the gold, and silver, and costly garments!

Word is sent to Samaria that the siege is lifted. Like a voice from God, the news went through the city. The gates were opened, and out rushed the famine-struck people. Thousands of dying wretches lifted up their heads from the street, and gave a ghastly smile as it was told them that bread was coming, and that prices had gone down, until a peck of fine flour was sold for five shillings. There was one word caught up and flung over city and country. It came from poor man's cot and rich man's palace, from city gate and temple tower. It was sounded by the clapping hands of childhood, and by the tremulous accents of old age. It went up in shout, and song, and laughter, and thanksgiving. A plain word; but it thrilled through fainting hearts, and flushed the pale cheeks, and lighted the glazed eyes, and bounded from the white lips, and filled all the air with light and gladness; and that word was *Bread!*

All that vast population got the advantage of the fall in price, save one man, and that was the nobleman who had scoffed at Elisha. In the wild rush of the people out of the gate of the city, the scoffing nobleman was run over and trampled to death; and so Elisha's word proved true: "Behold thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof!"

Before we come to the more cheerful phase of the subject, let us attend the funeral of that scoffer who was trod on in the gates. The obsequies shall be brief, for we have not much respect for him. I know him well; you all knew him. He was an out-and-out *Rationalist*. Give me time, and I will show you fifty thousand people just like him in Brooklyn, and a hundred thousand just like him in New York—men who believe no more about God, and the Bible,

and Eternity, than they can reason out with their little intellects. Elisha, at God's command, had prophesied plenty of fine flour on the morrow. "Preposterous!" said the skeptical nobleman. "Where is it to come from? Why, every hole and corner of the city has been ransacked for flour. We have eaten up the horses, ay, we are cannibals, and have eaten children and men. There is no prospect that the Assyrians will lift the siege; and yet, Elisha, you insult my common sense, and my reason, by telling me that to-morrow the market will be glutted with bread supplies. Away with your nonsense!" Yet, notwithstanding it seemed unreasonable, the fine flour came; and because of his unbelief the rationalist of Samaria perished.

Men and women of God, at this point the great battle of Christianity is to be fought. It is not Romanism that is so much to be feared. Wounded in its head in Italy, its limbs are everywhere shivering with dissolution, and the death-rattle is already in the throat of that old "mother of harlots." But the great foe of Christianity to-day is rationalism, that comes out from our schools, and universities, and magazines, and newspapers, to scoff at Bible truth and caricature the old religion of Jesus. It says Jesus is not God, for it is impossible to explain how he can be divine and human at the same time. The Bible is not inspired, for there are in it things that they don't like. Regeneration is a farce; there is good enough in us, and the only thing is to bring it out. *Development* is the word—*development*. The Garden of Eden is a fairy story, and no more to be believed than the Arabian Nights, or Gulliver's Travels, or Robinson Crusoe. We all started as baboons, and are blood relations to that monkey squirming about on the top of that hand-organ. There is no hell, and all

the Bible passages announcing that there is must be twisted to suit our own preferences; and so that terrible place toward which they are all bound, unless they repent, is made to point more jokes in New York to-day than all other things combined. Lazarus was not dead when Christ pretended to raise him; he was only playing dead. The water was not changed into wine at the wedding, but Christ brought in some wine that he had found elsewhere to make up for the deficiency. Christ did not walk on the sea, but on the shore, so near that it seemed as if he really were on the water.

What is still more alarming is, that Christian men dare not meet this ridicule. There is not one Christian man in five that can, unblanched, stand in the presence of all this raillery, saying, "I believe in the whole Bible, and in every single statement that it makes." Christian men try to soften the Bible down to suit the skeptics. The skeptics sneer at the dividing of the Red Sea; and the Christian goes to explaining that the wind blew a hurricane from one direction a good while, until all the water piled up; and besides, that it was low water anyhow, and so the Israelites went through without any trouble. Why not be frank, and say, "I believe the Lord God Almighty came to the brink of the Red Sea, and with his right arm swung back the billows on the right side, and with his left arm swung back the billows on the left side, and the abashed water stood up hundreds of feet high, while through their glassy wall the sea-monsters gazed with affrighted eyes on the passing Israelites?" "Oh," you say, "these rationalists would laugh at me." Then let them laugh. The Samaritan skeptic laughed at Elisha; but when, under the rush of the people to get their bread, the unbeliever was

trampled to death, whose turn was it to laugh then? The rationalist comes to you saying, "How about Jonah and the whale? Do you really believe that fish story?" There were never so many Nantucket fishermen after one whale as there have been rationalists flinging harpoons at the Mediterranean sea-monster, and from that one whale they have got enough oil to light ten thousand souls to perdition. A skeptic tells you that Jonah would have been killed in the process of swallowing, and that he could not, anyhow, have lived three days in such close quarters, but would have been smothered by the poor ventilation. How the good Christians immediately go to work, and try to explain the whole thing by natural laws, so as to please the rationalists, and say that a whale is an air-breathing fish; that every little while it comes to the surface, and that the whale that swallowed Jonah did the same thing, and thus got a supply for itself and for the prophet. Why not rather say that God can do *any thing*; and He could take Jonah through the whale's throat, although the throat would not have been half large enough ordinarily to let him pass, and could have kept him alive in the whale five years without any air, if He had chosen to. Who made the whale? God. Who made Jonah? God. Then he could do any thing he pleased with either of them.

The moment you begin to explain away the miraculous and supernatural, you surrender the Bible. Take the supernatural out of the Bible, and you make it a collection of lies and humbugs, in preference to which I choose Æsop's Fables. *They* are what they pretend to be—*fables*. But if, after all that the Bible declares, Jesus is not God, and Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was not turned into wine, and the Red Sea was not divided,

then the Bible is the worst fraud ever perpetrated in God's universe.

My object to-day is not to argue the truthfulness of the Bible, but to make you, who believe in it, willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing! Compromise nothing! Trim off nothing to please the skeptics. If you can not stand the jeer of your business friends, you are not worthy to be one of Christ's disciples. You can afford to wait. The tide will turn; God's word will be vindicated; and though it may seem to be against the laws of nature and the rules of reason, to-morrow a measure of fine flour will be sold for a shekel; and then, as the people rush out of the gates to get the bread, alas for the rationalist! He will be trodden under foot, and will go down to shame and everlasting contempt. "Stop," you say, "suppose he graduated at Harvard; suppose he graduated at Princeton; suppose he is at the head of one of the German universities?" I can not help that. God makes no special regulation for the graduates of Harvard or Princeton. Rejecting the Bible, they will go down to be companions with the most abandoned wretches of the universe, and more miserable than they, because of the superior intelligence given. One rule for all—for great brain and little brain; for high-foreheaded Greek professor, and for flat-skulled Esquimaux: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." By this announcement of God's Word I stand or fall. Come scorn, or criticism, or anathema! *An infallible Bible! A supernatural religion! A divine Saviour, in whom men must believe or be lost!* In behalf of God's Word, and the old-fashioned religion of our fathers, and the cross of Christ, on which I have hung my hopes for eternity, I

proclaim everlasting war against rationalism. Know all men, in America and in Europe, to whom these words shall come, where we stand. *An infallible Bible! A supernatural religion! A Saviour in whom men must believe or be lost.*

Further: I learn from the scene in Samaria *how God provides bread to stop a famine.* If God had opened the gate that morning, and but a few loaves of bread had come in, it would have been a mercy. But lo! the flour *pours* in. Every possible vehicle is employed in bringing it. What is in that pail? Flour. What is in that sack? Flour. What is piled up in the markets? Flour. So common that it is cheap. A peck for five shillings!

You know that all the nations are famine-struck by sin. They are dying for bread. Here comes through the gates a glorious supply—not one loaf, but an abundance for all, pardon for all, strength for all, sympathy for all! Will you have this bread that came down from heaven, and which if a man eat he shall never hunger?

Word came to the superintendent of a Sabbath-school in New York that he was wanted in a garret, in one of the lowest streets. He went there, and found a boy dying in the straw. He said, "Why have you sent for me?" The boy said, "I attended your Sunday-school." The superintendent asked, "Why do you look so happy?" The boy answered, "I heard you, one Sunday, say that whomsoever a fellow cometh to God, he will in no wise cast him out; and I believed it, and Christ has pardoned my sins; and I am on the way to heaven, and I want to bid you good-bye." Glorious Gospel! So wide in its provisions. Whosoever! Whosoever!

Mark you, that God stopped Samaria's famine, not with

coarse meal, but the text says *fine flour*; so the Bread of Life, with which God would appease our hunger, is made of the best material. It is not the ground-up coarse cobs of morality, mingled with a little grace, but it is a fine Gospel—an unadulterated Gospel—a pure Gospel. Jesus was fine in his life, fine in his sympathies, fine in his promises. It means no coarse supply, when Jesus offers himself to the people, saying, “I am the Bread of Life.” “Fine flour for a shekel!”

That day, when the gates of Samaria were opened, why did they make such excitement about the flour? Why did not some one send in figs, or pastry, or fragrant bouquets instead? The people would have run down the bouquets, and thrown away the figs, and trampled upon the pastry, in the rush for bread.

Effort has been made to feed those spiritually dying with the poesies of rhetoric, and the sugar-plums of ritualism, and the confectionery of sentimentalism. Our theology has been sweetened, and sweetened, and sweetened, until it is as sweet as ipecacuanha, and as nauseating to the regenerated soul. What the people need is *Bread*—just as God mixes it—unsweetened, plain, homely, unpretending, yet life-sustaining bread. That you must have, oh dying soul. Better the smallest crumb of this that ever fell from the Master’s table than every thing the world can give you. Bread on Calvary kneaded by knuckles of earthly torture, and baked in the fires of the Cross!

What fine flour was in that day to Samaria, Jesus Christ is to all who will take him in. Dear Jesus! Loving Jesus! Faithful Jesus! No wonder the little child, having been told that her playmate was dying, asked to be lifted up to see her. They lifted her up, and she kissed

her dying playmate, and said, "*Clara, give my love to Jesus.*" If Christ were fully known, the whole world would throw its arm around his neck. Ye who shall first get into glory, ye who shall beat us into that good land, take with you messages of affection to our dear ones there, and especially *give our love to Jesus!* Without him, heaven would be a dungeon. With him, the great Sahara Desert would be a paradise. You may have all the thrones of heaven to sit on: give me Jesus! Take all the harps that thrill with joy, and all the trumpets that peal forth the victory: give me Jesus! You may have all the thrones, and all the sceptres, and all the crowns: give me Jesus! He washed away my sins; he comforted my sorrows; he conquered my temptations.

One of the old writers wished he could have seen three things: Rome in its prosperity; Paul preaching; Christ in the body. I have three wishes: First, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; Second, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed; Third, to see Christ in glory, surrounded by his redeemed.

"When on my new-fledged wings I rise,
To tread those shores beyond the skies,
I'll run through every golden street,
And ask each blissful soul I meet—
Where is the God whose praise we sing?
Oh, lead me, stranger, to your King."

Are you ready to-day to accept him? Instead of floundering about in darkness, trying this, that, and the other thing, now taking the gospel of Theodore Parker, and now the gospel of Darwin, and now the gospel of Herbert Spencer, and now the gospel of Comte, and now the gospel of Huxley, take the gospel of the two old people who

had more religious peace and happiness in one hour than all these scientists have in a lifetime—the two old people who sat at either end of the table in your childhood. I mean the old people by whose side you would like to be buried when your work is done. I place the religion of your father's house against the dreaming of all the universities in the world. Come out of that cold fog of rationalism that has been chilling you to the bone, and stand on the rock—Christ Jesus. Not many wise, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things to confound the mighty.

No elaborate thinking is necessary to understand our religion. You have only to put two ideas together: the one is the saddest idea in the universe, and the other the gladdest: *I am a sinner*, but *Jesus died to save me*.

The god of M. Comte was what he defined as "The continuous resultant of all the forces capable of voluntarily concurring in the universal perfecting of the world." That is not my God. I do not know him. I do not want to know him. My God is Jesus Christ, who came to pardon and to save a world. And if I have never done it before, this moment I cast myself at his feet, crying for his mercy upon my soul, and for the salvation of all this people!

Oh, ye famine-struck souls, the siege is lifted! Bread for all the starving! A measure of fine flour for five shillings? No! no! no! *Without money and without price!*

Beware lest because there are some things about this religion you can not understand, therefore you disbelieve, and the fate of the Samaritan rationalist be yours! "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shall not eat thereof; and so it fell out unto him, for the people trode upon him in the gate, AND HE DIED."

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF JESUS.

"Each one resembled the children of a king."—*Judges viii.*, 18.

ZEBAH and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered, that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." I stand to-day before many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones.

There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington means patriotism, although some of the blood of that race has become very thin in the last generation. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of forty millions of dollars in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia twelve millions of dollars, Naples twenty-five millions, Austria forty millions, and England two hundred millions; and the stroke of their pen on the counting-room desk shakes every thing from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it, and there is peace. The House of Hapsburg in Austria, the House of Stuart in England, the House of Bourbon in France, were families of imperial authority.

But I come to preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive—the *Royal House of Jesus*, of

whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the Cross; all of us are the children of the King.

First, I speak of our family *name*. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings, or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel, or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow-white cavalcade that bring them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the Chief Joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot-wheels. Able to heal a heart-break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other

family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage ?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms ! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a Cross, a Lamb standing under it, and a Dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons ! Most significant of all family “coats of arms.” In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the Dove, the Cross, the Lamb ; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

“ Ashamed of Jesus !—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of life depend :
No ! when I blush be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.”

Next, I speak of the family *sorrows*. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. In Philadelphia, and the region around, it is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery: the two persons at the

ends of the line touch the battery, and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal, and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

“Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe.”

If you rejoice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family *property*. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says: “My peace I give unto you.” Through his apostle he says: “All are yours.” What! every thing? Yes; every thing! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the “heir-loom” of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heir-loom of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky-lost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey-makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chat-

tering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud, and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes, and burning brain, and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood, and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet, and for sewing-girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors; and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window-pane into his cabin; and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song, full, and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick-cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black-framed, black-tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirloom

of our family. Ours, the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You can not see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk, go among the street-lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the Day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the Eternal City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding-peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes, and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat, and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness, and thanksgiving, and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the Bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying, in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and once having put on thy hand the signet-ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth, and all the honors of heaven.

Next I speak of the family *mansion*. I might have included this under the last head, but did not choose to do so. It is now so near the first of May that it is a great question with many of you where you shall live. You may have to move into a house that will not suit you, upon a street that you do not like. But do not worry, and I will tell you something that will cheer you up: we shall have a mansion by-and-by from which we shall never be removed.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country-place where you grew up. You sat on the door-sill. You heard the footstep of the rain on the garret-roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You threshed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and every thing around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. In my Father's house are many mansions. When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova, and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwell-

ing-places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of my Lord Jesus lifted the pillars, and swung the doors, and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, *Victoria Regia*, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gate-way are abloom with the century-plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette, and Lady Huntingdon, and Wilberforce, and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor man from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means *reunion*. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play on it.) How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrap-books, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen! Yet soon it is good-bye at the car-window, and good-bye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace, and Mary, and Martha, and Charlie, and Lizzie, and all the darlings of your household—not pale, and sick, and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the lustre of heaven, and their cheek roseate with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say, “I thought there were no tears in heaven.” There must be, for the Bible says that “God shall wipe them away;” and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They can not be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say, “What! child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee.” And, with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones, he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak, some of you with broken hearts can hard-

ly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say, "O blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, O day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if, after I have just once kissed thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long-lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven comingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining-room in which our first President entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh! the banqueting-hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide; for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the River gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the Bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest, and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel; for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

THE GALLERIES.

"I have fought with beasts at Ephesus."—1 Cor. xv., 32.

"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."
—Heb. xii., 1.

CROSSING the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass, or through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries, are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala-day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women, and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up

to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere, having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life *as a combat*.

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. *Yours* is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been

opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine-flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take *this* weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory: the Sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had

been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon, and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages; and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "*Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.*"

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first DIVINE GALLERY, as I shall call it, sits *our King, one Jesus*. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests; but our King hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,
The Man of Sorrows bore a part."

Once, in the ancient amphitheatre, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet; He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the *angelic gallery*. There they are: the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem, until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven, and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling-clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity; but this one is

leader of the twenty thousand chariots of God, and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command, and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright, angelic faces, and swift wings, and lightning foot! I hail you, to-day, from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the *gallery of the prophets and apostles*. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John, and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark; and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide; and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return; and John, of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that Time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves; and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the people got so excited

that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they can not keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles can not keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again, and I see the *gallery of the martyrs*. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached; and so he died, the night before swinging from the bed-post in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of six thousand six hundred and sixty-six? They are the Theban Legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—eight hundred and eighty-four thousand—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed, as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they

were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight, all the world over, bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all-observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They can not keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods can not drown. The lions can not devour! Courage! down there in the arena."

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "*Hail! sons and daughters of the fire!*"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of *eminent Christians*. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield, and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers, Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and

Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries : David Abeel, talking of China redeemed ; and John Scudder, of India saved ; and David Brainard, of the aborigines evangelized ; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence ! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs ! Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold ? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat ? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued ? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted ? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed :

“ Must *you* be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas ? ”

Toplady shouts in his old hymn :

“ Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake. ”

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied :

“ A charge to keep *you* have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ! ”

I look again, and I see the *gallery of our departed*.

Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh! how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children: do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running its hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret;" "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over, and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion, they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow, and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous hand-shaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged

again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us—shall we give up the fight and die? No! Son of God, who didst die to save us. No! ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No! ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No! ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No! we will never surrender!

“Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord;
And bear the Cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

“Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

“When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.”

My hearers! shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried, “*Here! Here!*” His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted “*Here!*” “*Oh! I heard the roll-call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!*” I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster-roll of the pardoned and glorified, and, with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry, “*Here! HERE!*”

THE OWL, VULTURE, BAT, CHAMELEON, AND
SNAIL.

“And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls; the owl, the vulture, and the bat. These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail.” —*Leviticus* xi., 13, 30.

WE never choose a peculiar subject simply because it is peculiar. But the preacher of the Gospel, coming so many hundreds of times before the same people, must seek a variety of subjects, or lose their attention; and for this reason the Bible offers every possible variety of theme, of argument, and of illustration. We care not much in what kind of a pitcher the water of life is brought, if it is only the clear, pure water.

God gave the Jews a list of the animals that they might eat, and a list of animals that they might not eat. These Jews lived in a hot climate, and certain forms of animal food corrupted their blood, and disposed them to scrofulous disorders, depraved their appetites, and bemeaned their souls. A man's food, when he has the means and opportunity of selecting it, suggests his moral nature. The reason the wild Indian is as cruel as the lion is because he has food that gives him the blood of the lion. A missionary among the Indians says that, by changing his style of food to correspond with theirs, his temperament was entirely changed. There are certain forms of food that have a tendency to affect the moral nature. Many a Christian is trying to do by prayer that which can not be done except through corrected diet. For instance, he who uses swine's

flesh for constant diet will be diseased in body and polluted of soul—all his liturgies and catechisms notwithstanding. The Gadarene swine were possessed of the devil, and ran down a steep place into the sea, and all the swine ever since seem to have been similarly possessed. In Leviticus, God struck this meat off the table of the Jew, and placed before him a bill of fare at once healthful, nutritious, and generous.

But, higher than this physical reason, there was a spiritual reason why God chose certain forms of food for the Jews. God gave a peculiar diet to his people, not only because he wanted them to be distinguished from the surrounding nations, but because certain birds and animals, by reason of their habits, have always been suggestive of moral qualities. By the list of things from which they were to abstain, God wished to prejudice their minds against certain evils; and in the list of lawful things given, he wished to suggest certain forms of good. When God solemnly forbade his people to eat the owl, the vulture, the bat, the chameleon, and the snail, he meant to drive out of his people all the sins that were thus emblemized.

I take the suggestion of the text, and say that one of the first unclean things the Christian needs to drive out of his soul is the *owl*. The owl is the melancholy bird of night. It hatches out whole broods of superstitions. It is doleful and hideous. When it sings, it sings through its nose. It loves the gloom of night better than the brightness of the day. Who has not slept in the cabin near the woods, and been awakened in the night by the dismal “too-hoo” of the owl? *Melancholy* is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be

driven away. A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say, "I have lost my property;" but I reply, "You have infinite treasures laid up in heaven." You say, "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness. Catch a few morning larks for your soul, and stone this owl off your premises.

As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon; and she cried, "O, mamma! I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage! Cheerfulness; it makes the homeliest face handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups, and rainbows, and auroras. God made the grass black? No; that would be too sombre. God made the grass red? No; that would be too gaudy. God made the grass *green*, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness. Read your Bible in the sunshine. Remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul. "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous! and again I say, rejoice!"

Hoist the window of your soul in this the twelve o'clock

of your spiritual night. Put the gun to your shoulder, and aim at the black jungle from which the hooting comes, pull the trigger, and drop that croaking, loathsome, hideous owl of religious melancholy into the bushes.

Again; taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the *vulture* from your soul. God would not allow the Jews to eat it. It lives on carcasses; it fattens among the dead; with leaden wing it circles about battle-fields. Wilson, the American ornithologist, counted two hundred and thirty-seven vultures around one carcass. If crossing the desert when there is no sign of wing in the air, a camel perish out of the caravan, immediately the air begins to darken with vultures. There are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their soul. They prey upon the character and feelings of others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them. Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its head. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin. They say, "I told you so." They rush into some store, and say, "Have you heard the news? Just as I expected! Our neighbor has gone all to pieces! Ha! ha!"

That professedly Christian woman, having heard of the wrong-doing of some sister in the church, instead of hiding the sin with a mantle of charity, peddles it all along the streets. She takes that afternoon to make her long-neglected calls. She tells the story ten times before sundown, and every time tells it larger. She rushes into the parlors to tell it, and into the nursery to tell it, and into the kitchens to tell it. She says, "Would you have thought it? Well, I always said there was something wrong about her. Why, I should not speak to her if I saw her in the street. Is it not horrible? But better not say any thing

about it, because there may be some mistake. I do not want my name involved in the matter. I guess I will just go over and ask them at No. 863 whether they have heard it. Guess it must be so, for Mary Ann says that her husband saw a man who heard from his business-partner that his blind old grandmother had seen something that looked very suspicious!"

The most loathsome, miserable, God-forsaken wretch on earth is a gossiping woman. I can tell her on the street, though I have never seen her before. She walks fast, and has her bonnet-strings loose, for she has not had time to tie them since she heard that last scandal. She looks both ways as she passes, hoping to see new evidences of depravity in the windows. I think that when Satan has a job so infinitely mean that in all the pit he can not find a devil mean enough to do it, and all bribes and threats have failed to get one willing for the infernal crusade, he says to one of his sergeants, "Go up to Brooklyn, and in such a street, on such a corner, get that gossiping woman, and she will be glad to do it." And sure enough, like a hungry fish, she takes the hook in her mouth, and Satan slackens the line, and lets her run out farther and farther, until, after awhile, he says, "It is time to haul in the line," and with a few strong pulls he brings her to the beach of fire. What do you say? That she was a member of the church? I can not help that? When Satan goes a-fishing, he does not care what school the fish belongs to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon. Amidst the thunder-crash of Sinai, God said, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And in Leviticus, he says, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer!" Take not into your ear that scum of hell that

people call *tittle-tattle*. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought both to be hung, the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, lest, like a pleased dog, he put his dirty paw upon you.

Throw back the shutter of your soul, oh Christian men and women, and see if there be within you a vulture with filthy talons and cruel beak. Let not this unclean thing roost in your soul, for my text says, "Ye shall hold in abomination among the fowls, *the vulture*."

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the *bat* from your soul. No wonder God set this bird among the unclean. It is an offense to every one. Let it fly into the window of a summer night, and all the hands, young or old, are against it. It is half bird and half mouse. It seems made partly to walk and partly to fly, and does neither well; and becomes an emblem of those Christians who try to cling to earth and heaven at the same time. They want to walk on earth in worldliness, and yet fly toward heaven in spirituality; and their soul, between feet and wings, is constantly perplexed.

Oh, my brethren, be one thing or the other! Choose the world, if you prefer it; and see how many dollars you can win, and how much applause you can gain, and how large a business you can establish, and how grand a house you can build, and how fast a span of horses you can drive. You may be prospered until you can fail for five hundred thousand dollars, instead of having the disgrace of failing for only ten thousand, as some unenterprising people do. It is quite a reward to be able for ten or twenty years to be called one of the solid men of Brooklyn or Boston;

and then, to make your fortune last as long as possible, we will give you a splendid funeral, and you shall have twenty-five carriages following you, with somebody in the most of them, and your coffin shall have silver handles on the sides, and we will mourn for you in splendid pocket-handkerchiefs bound with crape, and with bombazine twenty full yards long, trailing half across the parlor, so that all the company may stand upon it, and we will write our letters for the next six months on paper edged with black.

But, my friends, your worldly fortunes will not last. I will buy out now all that you will be worth in worldly estate seventy-five years from now. I have the money in my pocket with which to do it. Here it is! Two cents! It is a large sum to offer for all you will possess at the close of seventy-five years. Choose the world, if you want to; but, if not, then choose heaven. That estate lies partly on this side of the river, but mostly on the other. It is ever accumulating. The prospect of it makes one independent of earthly misfortunes; so that Rogers, the martyr, slept so soundly the night before his burning, that they violently shook him in order to get him awake in time for the execution; and Paul exults at the thought of the "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Oh, choose earth or heaven! Make up your mind whether you will walk in earthly joys, or fly with heavenly expectations. Be not a bat, fit neither to walk nor fly, having just enough of heaven to spoil the world, and so much of the world as to spoil heaven. Christ says that your present condition nauseates him to positive sickness: "Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth!"

In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified

woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth *and* heaven they lose both. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other. Tread the earth like a lion, or mount the air like the eagle; for my text says, "Ye shall have in abomination among the fowls, *the bat.*"

Again: taking the suggestion of the text, drive out the *chameleon* from your soul. There is some difference among good men as to the name of this creeping thing which God pronounced unclean, but I shall take the opinion which seems best suited to my purpose. The chameleon is a reptile, chiefly known by its changeableness of color, taking the color of the thing next to it, sometimes brown, sometimes red, and sometimes gray, but always the color of its surroundings, a type of that class of Christians who are now one thing in religious faith, and now another, just to suit circumstances, always taking their color of religious belief from the man they are talking to. They go to Boston, and are first-rate Unitarians. "Jesus was a good man, but nothing more." They go to Princeton, and they are Trinitarians, almost willing to die for the divinity of Jesus. Among the Universalists, they refuse the idea of future punishment; and going among those of opposite belief, announce that there is a hell with a gusto that makes you think they are glad of it. Drive out that unclean chameleon from your soul. Do not be ever changing the color of your faith.

My friends—Liberal Christianity, falsely so-called, believes in nothing. God is any thing you want to make

him. The Bible to be believed in so far as you like it. Heaven a grand mixing up of Neros and Pauls. The man who dies by suicide in his right mind in 1872, beating into glory by ten years the Christian man who dies a Christian death in 1882, the suicide proving himself wiser than the Christian. Oh, my friends, let us try to believe in *something*.

An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother? Mother took the religion of Christ, and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed; shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said, "Choose for yourself." She said, "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother."

The time will come when we shall have to believe something. We can not afford to be on the fence in religion. Truth and error are set opposite to each other. The one is infinitely right, and the other infinitely wrong. In the judgment-day we must give an account of what we believed as well as for what we acted. The difference between believing truth and believing error is the difference between paradise and perdition. I beg you, in the light of the Bible, and on your knees before God, to form your religious opinion and then stick to it, though business companions scoff, and wits caricature, and the air crackles with the fires of martyrdom. Surely truths in behalf of which Christ died, and angels of God trooped forth, and the whole universe is marshaled, are worth living for and worth dying for. Amidst the most unclean things is this ever-changing

chameleon of religious theory. Away with the reptile! God abhors it with an all-consuming abhorrence.

Once more, take the suggestion of the text, and drive out the *snail* from your soul. God has declared it unclean. It is an animal to be found everywhere between the coldest north and the hottest south. There are fifteen hundred species of the snail. They have no backbone, and they are so slow that their movement is almost imperceptible. You see a snail in one place to-day; go to-morrow and you will find it has advanced only a few inches. It becomes an emblem of that large class of Christian people who go to work with a slowness and sluggishness that is wonderful. They are stopped by every little obstacle, because, like the snail, they have no backbone. Others mount up on eagle's wings, but they go at a snail's pace.

O child of God, arouse! We have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out for what you say to Felix," but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Bunyan, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still. It is well to hear our Commander's voice when he says "Halt!" but quite as important to hear it when he says "Forward!" This Gospel ship, made to plough the sea at fifteen knots an hour, is not making three. Sometimes it is most pru-

dent to ride your horse slowly and pick out the way for his feet, and not strike him with the spurs; but when a band of Shoshonee Indians are after you in full tilt, the most prudent thing for you to do is to plunge in the rowels and put your horse to a full run, shouting, "Go 'long!" until the Rocky Mountains echo it. The foes of God are pursuing us. The world, the flesh, and the devil are after us; and our wisest course is to go ahead at swiftest speed.

When the Church of God gets to advancing too fast, it will be time enough to use caution. No need of putting on the brakes while going up hill. Do not let us sit down waiting for something "to turn up," but go ahead, in the name of God, and *turn it up*. The great danger to the Church now is not sensation, but stagnation. Oh that the Lord God would send a host of aroused and consecrated men to set the Church on fire, and to turn the world upside down. Let us go to work and catch the last snail in our souls. With Divine vehemence let us stamp its life out; for my text declares: "These also shall be unclean to you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth; the chameleon and the snail."

I have thus tried to prejudice these Christian men and women against gloominess, and slander, and half-and-half experiences, and changeableness, and sloth. Our opportunities for getting better are being rapidly swallowed up in the remorseless past. This golden Sabbath is about to drop out of the calendar. This moment may we drive out all the unclean things from our souls—the vulture, and the bat, and the owl, and the chameleon, and the snail; and in place thereof bring in the Lamb of God, and the Dove of the Spirit! The case is urgent. Arouse! before it be eternally too late! "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it!"

THE WHITE HAIR OF JESUS.

“His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow.”—*Revelation* i., 14.

TRADITION and an ancient document tell us that the hair of Christ, when he was upon earth, was chestnut color to the ears, and then flowed down in golden curls upon the neck. My text says that his hairs were white; that is, of course, a figurative representation. As Jesus died at thirty-three years of age, we are apt to think of him as a young man; but he is living now. That makes him more than an octogenarian, more than a centenarian—ay, eighteen hundred and seventy-two years of age. But the Bible tells us that he was present at the creation of the world; that makes him six thousand years old. Ay, Jesus says of himself, “I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the world was;” so that makes him as old as eternity.

You wear a suit of clothes for a little while, then put it off not to put it on again; and so the Lord Jesus put on the raiment of our humanity for a little while, and then doffed it forever. He is an aged Christ; his hairs are white like wool, white like snow.

If God will help me this morning, I will tell you of the *sorrow*, the *beauty*, and the *antiquity* of Jesus.

There is nothing that so soon changes the color of the hair as trouble. You see some man to-day with hair jet-black; if you see him five years from now, his hair will be white. Meantime, his property is gone, or he has been be-

reft of his family, and that sorrow accounts for it. Marie Antoinette came to Paris greeted by a shout, the mightiest Frenchmen her escort. The populace actually tried to unharness the horses from her carriage, that they themselves might draw it. Beautiful in person, beautiful in heart, the whole French nation worshiped her. A little time passed on, and I behold her on a hurdle, or sled, drawn toward the place of execution, her arms pinioned behind her, one eye entirely put out, the glory of her face extinguished. Oh the change! History says of this woman that, imprisoned, her husband executed, her children torn from her embrace, the knife of the guillotine sharpening for her neck—in one night her hair turned white.

Well, surely, Jesus my Lord had enough sorrow to whiten his hair. He had dwelt in the palaces of eternity—the archangel one of his body-guard, the unfallen ones of heaven glad to draw his chariot. Methinks, when he came out on the balcony of heaven, there was a waving of palm branches and shouting. But here you see him drawn on the hurdle of our humanity, toward the place of execution. Castles by the sea, and Roman palaces, in which kings' children were born; but this son of a King, born in the outhouse of a tavern! Potentates with luxuriant tables, and surrounded by cup-bearers; but this King the disciples find one morning on the beach, frying his own fish and toasting his own bread for breakfast; his feet shod with ordinary sandals—a sole of leather fastened with thongs; his head bared under the hot Judean sun; seated on the well-curb thirsty; his coat gambled for by the roughs who wanted it; the police after him for blasphemy; the filthy villains hawking up the phlegm from their throats and spitting it on his clean cheek; pursued

as though he were a tiger; his dying drink vinegar, sucked out of a sponge. Every thing seemed leaving him, even the light of day running away, and leaving him in the hands of the Night—the black nurse that bent over him; forsaken by every thing but fiends, executioners, and the darkness—oh! methinks that was the night in which his hair turned white.

We would have thought that some one of the Roman soldiers would have had humanity and magnanimity enough to step out from the ranks and say, "Stop this butchery!" that Scorn would have uncurled its lip and said, "Enough!" that Revenge would have cried out, "I am satisfied!" that Pain would have said, "I have done my worst!" that the swords would have snapped off at the hilt and the lances broken in twain. Oh no! no! no! The world wanted blood; and as long as a single globule remained in the arteries or the veins of Christ, the anguish must go on, and the wine-press keep crushing the purple cluster until the last drop was out.

Oh, freezing horror! the guillotine was mercy compared with it! Pang of nail! Pang of spear! Pang of thirst! Pang of betrayal! Pang of vicarious suffering! I hear the hammers ringing through the darkness, loud and fierce, thump! thump! thump! against the cross. But the work is done! The groaning has ceased, the last Roman regiment has marched down the hill, the victim is taken from the tree, his dead weight coming down on the hands of those who carry him, his hand falling where it will, his head falling back or sidewise, as they allow it.

Let the thunders toll at this funeral of a God, and the organ of the winds weep this requiem: "He was despised and rejected of men; wounded for our transgressions.

Behold where they have laid him!" Ah, methinks the golden curls have gone from his cheek, and the auburn has faded from his brow, and "his hair is white as the wool, as white as the snow." Sorrow and anguish have turned it.

My text sets forth the *beauty of Christ*. Whimsical fashion changes its mind very often as to which is the best color for the hair. The Romans sprinkled theirs with silver and gold. Our ancestors powdered theirs white. Human custom decides this and decides that; but God declares that he likes *frost-color* best when he says, "The *hoary* head is a crown of glory if it be in the way of righteousness." Indeed, is there any thing more beautiful? This is the way God has of saying to a man, at the end of an upright life: "You have been honorable." Alas! for those who will not take the adornment, and who swear by all the dyes of the apothecary that they will not have it. Nevertheless, gray hair is a crown of glory. It is beautiful in the Church, it is beautiful in the home, it is beautiful at the wedding, it is beautiful at the burial.

Waiting for the door of one my parishioners to open, I stand at the front steps, and, looking through the window, see grandfather with a child on either knee—his face beaming with benedictions. He is almost through with his journey, but he has an interest in those who are starting. The racket is almost too much for the old man's head, but he says nothing. The granddaughter, half grown, stands behind the chair and runs her hand through his locks. As grandfather stoops down to kiss the children good-night, it is sunset embracing sunrise; it is the spring crocuses around about the edge of the snow-bank; it is the white locks, beautiful in the domestic circle.

Grandfather is in church. His comrades are gone. His sons and daughters, though grown to be men and women, will never be any thing but boys and girls to him. He looks around the audience and sees so many strange faces, and he wonders why people don't talk as loud as they used to. As some old hymn comes through his soul, his memory brings back the revival scenes of a half-century. He wonders where all the old people are. His second sight has come, and he rarely uses spectacles. With a cane in both hands, he sits at the end of the pew. Don't crowd him, he will soon pass over the river and see the King in his beauty. White locks beautiful in the Lord's temple.

Two hearts have been affianced. Against the marriage altar there dashes a wave of orange blossoms. The two families, in a semicircle, stand about the altar. Father and mother come, of course, and give the first congratulations; but let them not tarry too long, for grandfather is coming up, with trembling step. "God be good to you both, my children!" he says, as he takes their hands. Then he seals his word with an old man's kiss. The bridal veil was graceful, but I know something more graceful than that. The vase of flowers on the altar was beautiful, but I know something more beautiful than that. The light that danced in the socket was bright, but I know something brighter than that. It is the long white locks of grandfather at the wedding.

Pull the door-bell very gently; it is wrapped with the black and the white — the signals of mourning. The throngs have come in. There is weeping in the hall, weeping in the parlor, and weeping in the nursery. The grandchild was a great pet with grandpa; but he says, "I must control myself for the sake of others;" so he goes all

through the house a comforter. He says, "The Lord has taken the child—it is well with it, it is well with it." Grandfather may sometimes have been a little querulous, but it is a great favor to have him now. The song, the prayer, the sermon, may have been comforting, but more comforting than any thing that could be said are the white locks of grandfather at the burial.

Oh! are you not ready to admit that my text means the *beauty* of Christ, when it says, "His hairs were white like the wool, white like the snow?" Have you not seen him? Through the dark night of your sin has he not flashed upon your vision? Beautiful when he comes to pardon, beautiful when he comes to comfort, beautiful when he comes to save. A little child was crying very much during the time of an eclipse. It got so dark at noon she was afraid, and she kept sobbing, and could not be silenced until, after awhile, the sun came out again, and she clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, the sun! the sun!" Some of us have been in the darkness of our sin; eclipse after eclipse has passed over the soul; but after awhile the Sun of Righteousness poured his beams upon our hearts, and we cried, "The sun! the sun!" Beautiful down in the straw of the Bethlehem khan. Beautiful in his mother's shawl, a fugitive to Egypt! Beautiful with his feet in the Galilean surf! Beautiful with the children hanging about his neck! Beautiful in the home circle of Bethany! Fairer than the sons of men; dayspring from on high; light for those who sit in darkness; rose of Sharon; lily of the valley—altogether lovely. As the sheep from the washing go up the bank, their fleece makes you think of the rising cloud, because of its brightness; but makes you think more of him whose hair is as white as

the *wool*; and on the morning after a snow-storm you look out of the window before the wheel or the hoof has passed, and the brightness is almost insufferable, and it makes you think of him whose hair is "white like the *snow*."

Again: my text presents the *antiquity of Jesus*. It is no new Christ that has come. It is no new experimenter coming to the crucible. The telegraph don't announce the arrival of a stranger. It is an aged Christ. If I should tell you that he was a thousand million years old, it would give you no idea of his antiquity. He comes down through the periods when there were no worlds, before light had struck its first spark, or the first angelic wing was spread for flight. He saw the first star beam on the darkness, the first wave swing to its place, and he heard the first rock jar down to its place in the mountain socket. "His hair is white as the wool, white as the snow"—an aged Christ. Oh! that gives me so much confidence. It is the same Jesus that heard David's prayer, the same Jesus on whose breast John leaned. It is the same one who stood in the Mamartine dungeon with Paul, who watched the ashes of Wickliffe when they were thrown into the river, and stood by Hugh Latimer in the fire. He comes down bearing the pains and the agonies of Christendom. After six thousand years of sin-pardoning, burden-bearing and wound-healing, he knows how to do it. You can not bring him a new case. He has had ten thousand cases just like it before. He is an aged Christ.

There are times when we want chiefly the young and the gay about us; but when I am in deep trouble, give me a fatherly old man or a motherly old woman. More than once, in the black night of sorrow, have I hailed the gray

dawn of an old man's hair. Grandmother's hand may tremble too much to hold the phial in the sick-room, and her eye be too dim to count the drops, but surely you have all felt that there is no hand so competent to pour out the medicine of Christian consolation as an aged hand. When I want courage for life, I love to think of Christ as *young* and *ardent*; but when I feel the need of sympathy and condolence, I bring before me the picture of an *old* Jesus, his hairs as white as the wool, as white as the snow.

Is there not a balm in this for the aged? Mythology tells us of one who got aged, and they tried to make him young again. And so they took herbs, and they took fragments of owls and wolves, and put them in a caldron and stirred them up, and gave some to the man, and instantly his hair was blackened, his eyes brightened, his forehead smoothed, and his foot bounded like the roe. But the Gospel intimates that if a man knows Jesus Christ in his soul, he shall never get old; or, having got old before he came to Jesus, he shall be made young again. I pluck some of these herbs from the Hill of Zion, and I put them in a caldron and stir them up, and I take out life and health for the soul. One drop shall make everlasting youth flash through your veins.

Jesus of the white locks is sympathetic with all those who have white locks. If you get weary in life, here is an arm to lean upon. If your eye gets dim, he will pick out the way for you. He will never leave you. He will never forsake those who put their trust in him. Some of us, in our own families, have had instances where Christ has been very kind and loving to the aged. My mother's hair had turned white, until there was not one dark thread in it—the type of her character, out of which every thing

had faded but the light. After a useful and blameless life, she came to her end in peace. No beggar ever came to her door and was turned away. No worried soul ever came to her and was not pointed to Jesus. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to rejoice at the incarnation. And when the angel of death flapped its wings, she was there to robe the departed for the burial. We had often heard her, while kneeling among her children at family prayers, when father was absent, say, "I ask not for my children wealth or honor; but I do ask that they may all become the subjects of thy converting grace." Having seen her eleven children in the Kingdom of God, she had only one more desire before she died, and that was that the son on missionary ground might come back, that she might see him once alive. And when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor, and the long-absent son stepped over the parental threshold, she said: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" We gathered from afar to see only the house from which the soul had departed. Her folded hands appeared just as when they were employed in kindnesses for her children. Standing there, we said: "Don't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when we carried her out to the last resting-place. The withered leaves crumbled under wheel and hoof as we passed, and the setting sun, shining upon the river, made it look like fire. But more calm and peaceful was the setting sun of this aged pilgrim's life. No more tears, no more sickness, no more death! Dear mother, beautiful mother! Do you wonder that I think gray hairs are beautiful? May her Saviour be the guide, the comforter, and the joy of all the aged!

To the Jesus of the auburn locks, as the Jews saw him, to the Jesus of the white hair, as John described him, I commend the young and the old. If you are in trouble, go to him for comfort. If you are guilty, go to him for pardon. Take his yoke, it is easy—his burden, it is light.

I saw in Oxford, England, this summer, a picture of St. Christopher, bringing to mind a wonderful legend that some of you may know about. He had been in the habit of fording a stream and taking people across it. He heard a child crying. The child wanted to pass that stream, so he took the child on his shoulders and started to ford the stream; but the little child grew heavier and heavier, and before he got to the other bank he found he had a giant on his shoulders, and was almost borne down in the flood. The legend says he found it was Jesus whom he was carrying. Ah! my friends, that is not my religion. Religion, instead of getting heavier and heavier, gets lighter and lighter; and that which was a cross, heavy enough almost to break the back, becomes two hands—instead of pushing us down, lifting us up the steep of heaven, where the *black* shall be exchanged for the *white*—white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb—white horses in the procession of eternal victory—white flocks, following the good Shepherd over the heavenly pastures—while presiding over all the scene, and seated on a great white throne, is the One whose “hairs are *white* as the wool, as *white* as the snow.”

THE WRATH OF THE SEA.

“And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.”—*Acts xxvii.*, 44.

ONE November day, lying snugly in port at Fair Havens, was an Alexandrian corn-ship. These Alexandrian corn-ships stood, amidst the ancient shipping, as the Cunarders stand now amidst modern steamers. Respect was paid to them especially; and they were the only vessels that had a right to go into any port without lowering their top-sail.

On board that vessel at Fair Havens are two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, “turning the world upside down.” This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yard-arms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say, “We can not afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don’t believe he knows a marline-spike from a luff-tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?” They had

gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt-water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea-monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: “Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man’s life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.”

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers; and knows they must be coming near to some country; and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding-line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of

the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plough the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "*it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.*"

I learn from this subject:

First, that *those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out.* These ship-men got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were

glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when with damaged rigging you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine-pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita. Hear it, young man, hear it!

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that *it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers*. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said, "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers, "They know nothing about the world. They can not talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is *not* necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Re-

joice, oh young man! in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say, "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where Euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck—*Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!*

Another lesson from the subject is, that *Christians are always safe.*

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their life-boats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul

escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the Eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs, and hogsheads, and corn-bins, and store-shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach, and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's-end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations, in your own life, of how God delivers his people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth.

Two weeks ago, last Thursday, the steamer *Greece*, of the National Line, swung out into the River Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Englishmen, Irishmen, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. So may they ever float, and no red

hand of war ever snatch either of them down. In the same prayer that we put up for our own national prosperity, we will send up the petition, "God save the queen!" We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in his fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one week ago last night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! With finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port-holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguish-

ed furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the *City of Boston*, the *Lexington*, the *President*, the *Cambria*—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin-doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two: one was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute-guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said, "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that every thing depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant, we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink; and so we prayed that

the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After awhile some one said, "*The screw is stopped!*" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery, going thump, thump, thump. At three o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and *the sky-lights gave way!* The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the sky-lights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say, "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage; and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck, and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how

they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers, and cried, "Do let me out! I will help you! do let me out! I can not die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying, "O blessed Mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out, "O God! what shall I do? what shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was, "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying, "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the life-boat on one side. Crash! went the life-boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunder-bolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib-boom, studding-sail boom, and square-sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. O my God! let me never see any thing like it again!

Every body prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, *it makes a very busy night*. All of our sins and short-comings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I can not mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! Into thy hands I commit myself, my wife, my children at home, the Tabernacle, the College—all the interests of thy kingdom. It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port-holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave-cliff to wave-cliff; and when he puts his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, *Hush!* They knew his voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with

the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction; and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to fire-cleft; and here, a cloud rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up, until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before, "*Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!*"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy.

And so we came into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us! And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land."

To that God, who delivered me and my comrades, to that God I commend you. Wait not for the storm and darkness before you fly to him. Go to him now, and seek his pardon. Find refuge in his mercy.

And may God grant that when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

"Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

Home at last!

Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,

Home at last!

Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;

We stand secure on the glorified shore.

Glory to God! we will shout evermore.

Home at last!

Home at last!"

THE SILVER TRUMPET.

“And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem.”—*Isaiah* xxvii., 13.

AS when the front and back doors of a barn are open, a gust of wind scatters the dust and chaff, so the Jews had been swept every whither—some wandering in Assyria, and some exiled in Egypt; but their coming back, as by the call of a trumpet, is here predicted.

The passage is strongly descriptive of the exiled and perishing condition of sinful men, and of their return at the trumpet-call of the Gospel.

Need I stop to prove that out of God we are in exile? Who here is at home in his sins? Does he not wander about looking for a home? Within the walls of his house, does he find entire rest for his spirit? No; he sees those walls are crumbling. His family must, by the nature of things, after awhile be scattered. Sickness can not be kept out, nor death. How many men have lived in the same house for twenty years? Not many. Your office or store makes a poor home. Are things all right at the store? Do things go on there as if they might go on forever? Would you be satisfied to spend an eternity amidst that hardware, and those ribbons, and yonder kegs and hogsheads? Your pleasures are not lasting. You get tired of laughing, and tired of card-playing, and tired of fast riding; and all the peace you ever had was not very

deep nor very lasting. You wander about, and wander about—*exiled*. That is the suggestive idea of the text. You have been expatriated. You are in worse than Siberian exile. The chains are harder. The mine is darker. The climate is colder. The gloom is ghastlier. “Lost in the land of Assyria!” That is, you do not know how you got in, and you can not find your way out. If a man has missed his way, the more he walks the more he is lost. He starts off and goes ten miles in the wrong direction. Nor can you find your way out of this spiritual confusion. Lost, and without food. Lost, and without water. St. Bernard dogs pick up the worn traveler from Alpine gulches; but nothing has picked you out from your freezing exhaustion. Strong-armed sailors have put out from a steamer and saved a shipwrecked crew; but no craft has borne down for your rescue. “Ready to perish!” says the text. Not floating on down into peril, but in the last stages of it—the work of sin almost completed—the day of grace almost gone—your feet on the crumbling brink. Perhaps the last call made. Ready to perish! Ready to perish! Not the first symptoms of disease, but the ninth day has passed; all remedies have failed; and there has been a relapse. What a dim prospect of recovery! Almost hopeless! Ready to perish! Ready to perish! Not the first reefing of the sail, and “the making of things snug;” but the mast shivered, the helm gone, the leak sprung, the timbers parting—the crash come! Ready to perish! *Ready to perish!*

Am I right in supposing that there are two thousand persons in this house unprepared to meet God? If a fishing-smack, with three or four persons on board, goes to pieces on Newfoundland banks, we say, “Poor fellows!

what a sad thing it is that they were lost;" but if an ocean steamer goes down with three hundred passengers, the catastrophe is more overwhelming. If I thought that in this house there were only two or three persons in eternal peril, I would bemoan the fact; but when perhaps they may be counted by thousands, shall I not shriek out the horror—*Ready to perish! Ready to perish!*

Ingenious little children sometimes tell you how, with a few letters, they can spell a very large word. With three letters I can spell *bereavement*. With three letters I can spell *disappointment*. With three letters I can spell *suffering*. With three letters I can spell *death*. With three letters I can spell *perdition*. S-I-N—SIN. That is the cause of all our trouble now. That is the cause of our trouble for the future.

In 1665, in Derbyshire, England, there was a great plague. So many died, that it was decreed that none of the inhabitants should leave the village, and thus extend the distemper. A circle of stone was built all around about the city, beyond which no citizen could pass. Outsiders who had medicine or food to bring, brought it and threw it over the stone wall, and fled for their life.

To-night I mark the circle of a plague. The circle begins back of this pulpit, goes along the wall to the right, along the wall in front, along the wall at the left, coming back to the same point behind the pulpit, thus including all within this house. That circle is marked with these words: "*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good—no, not one. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.*" A PLAGUE! A PLAGUE! And hundreds *ready to perish!*

But upon this dark background of the text a light falls. Amidst the harsh discords of which I speak, there sound the sweet and thrilling notes of a great trumpet. My text says, "The great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish." This Gospel trumpet is not, in its material, like other trumpets. It is not made from horn of ram or ox, nor has it been shaped in an earthly foundry. God furnished the material for this trumpet, twisted it, attuned it, bestowed it. He made two trumpets—one for heaven, and John heard its blast above Patmos. He made the other for the earth, and he hung it in the Church. Simon Peter put that trumpet to his lips, and all the docks and shipping of Galilee heard it. Luke took it, and, forgetting the medicines of his apothecary shop, he went everywhere to blow it. Paul took it, and made Philippian dungeons ring, and Corinthian palaces echo, and Christendom resound with the harmonies of the resurrection. A trumpet, God-made, heaven-manufactured, yet needing no giants to use it, but suited to faint lips, and trembling hand, and feeble lung; so that sick Edward Payson, leaning against the pulpit, might hold it, and Frederick Robertson, worn out with ulcers and spinal complaints, might breathe through it, until the fashionable hearers at Brighton watering-place trembled and believed.

This Gospel trumpet is great in its *power*. On a still night you may hear the call of a brazen trumpet two or three miles; but this is so mighty that it is not only heard from heaven to earth, but it is to arrest the attention of all nations. Men with physical hearing all gone catch the first strain of it. Men buried half a century in crimes have heard it. It is the power of God unto salvation. Amidst the rush of a cavalry troop, going perhaps a mile

in three minutes, Saul heard it, braced himself in the stirrups, and reined in his charger on the road to Damascus. In a custom-house, amidst the clink of coin, and the shuffle of feet, and the dispute of merchants at the high tariffs, Matthew answered its mighty call. Men have put their fingers in their ears to keep out the sound, but have been compelled to hear it. At its blast, walls fall, and thrones upset, and nations leap from barbarism to civilization. There is no force in the shock of musketry, or in the boom of cannonade, as compared with the pealing forth of this great Gospel trumpet. Oh! that the Eternal God might speak through it now! That all these people might rise up into the freedom of the Gospel!

This trumpet is great in its *sweetness*. In some musical instruments there is noise, and crash, and power, but no fineness of sound. Others can not only thunder but weep, and whisper, and woo. Like that is the Gospel trumpet! In all tenderness, and sweetness, and sympathy, it excels.

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ears!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.”

A patient may be so weak that the fall of a door-latch or the rattle of a spoon in the tea-cup disturbs; but this sound quiets the nerves and stills the fears. The gentlest step that ever entered a sick-room is that of the Great Physician. Take some favorite word and utter it among the rocks, and there come back half a dozen echoes. So there is one word that, uttered here to-night, will echo back from five hundred wounded but comforted hearts. That word is JESUS. That is the name that makes you weep. That is the name that makes you smile. That is the name

that arouses your courage. That is the name that kindles your faith. That is the name that helps you live. That is the name that will help you to die.

But I make a more determined advance into my subject, and say that the Gospel trumpet is a trumpet of *alarm*. The sentinel on the wall sees the enemy coming, and puts the trumpet to his lips; and the soldier grasps his musket, and the trooper springs into his saddle, and the gates jar shut at the cry, "*Beware!*" Listening not to trumpet-call, the palace is taken, the treasures despoiled, the city burned. So the Gospel is a trumpet of alarm. It says, "Be armed, or die!" Satan assaults. The world tempts. Death advances. Judgment bursts upon thee, and an eternity from which thou shalt not escape. One strain of that trumpet is this, "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment." Another strain, "Who of us can dwell amidst devouring flames? Who of us can lie down in everlasting burnings?" "*Beware, beware!*"

This Gospel trumpet is one of *recruit*. During the late war you heard the trumpet calling from the recruiting-stations; and at its call the people flocked to the standard of the Government and went out to battle. In a spiritual sense, war is declared. Who is on the Lord's side? Are you ready to answer the call of the trumpet? There is no neutral ground. You are for God or for Satan, for light or for darkness, for heaven or for hell. Some theologians take four or five volumes in which to state their religious belief; I tell you all of my theology in one sentence, *Jesus Christ—take him, and live; refuse him, and die.*

Sometimes, by mismanagement, a regiment will get in between the two opposing hosts and be cut to pieces by

both sides. Will you stand half-way between the right side and the wrong side, and take the shot of both hosts, or will you come under our standard? You will finally wish you had, for we shall gain this war. As a recruiting officer of the great army of banners, I blow this blast, Choose this day whom ye will serve. Why halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, then follow him; if Baal, then follow him. Come, for all things are now ready. The banquet is ready. The heart of Christ is ready. The house of many mansions is ready. The temple is ready. The angels are ready. Every thing is ready. With such a Leader, with such a flag, with such a cause, with such a result, with such a crown—to-night put down your names on the muster-roll.

This Gospel trumpet is one of *assault*. The besieging-army prepares to storm the wall. They wheel round the guns. They march by platoons. The swords gleam. The guns are loaded. The men are anxious for the fray. Then there comes the ruffle of the drums, and all are ready for the charge. But they wait—not moving hand, or foot, or chin, to right or left—until the trumpet peals, when instantly the wave of valor dashes upon the casemate. At every new roll of the drum the courage rises, until the castle is taken.

Arrayed against thy sins to-night, art thou ready to storm and trample them down? Fall into line! Attention! The trumpet sounds, and down go the mailed hosts, biting the dust. Sins of the heart, sins of the life, sins of the tongue, sins of thy youth, sins of maturity, sins of old age—one black, infernal army of transgression: they must go down under thee, or thou shalt go down under them. Harken to the trumpet of assault: "Let the wicked for-

sake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." "Those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell—think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

This Gospel trumpet is also one of *retreat*. It is folly for a hundred men to attack ten thousand. It is the part of good generalship, sometimes, to blow the trumpet of retreat. There is no need of your trying to face certain temptations. You are foolhardy to try it. Your only safety is in flight. It is as fifty against five thousand. If you be given to appetite, escape the presence of decanter and demijohn. If you are given to pride, go not amidst things that flatter it. If your proclivity be toward uncleanness, like Job make a covenant with your eyes, that you look not upon a maid. You know how the city of Ai was taken. Joshua's forces went up to capture it, but were miserably cut to pieces. The next time they hit upon this stratagem: The host was to advance to the city, and when the assault was made upon them, they were to fly. And so they did, until the people of Ai came out to follow them, and then, at the holding up of Joshua's spear, the retreating host rallied, and took the city. So, sometimes it is as necessary to fly, as at others it is to advance. I blow the trumpet of retreat for those of you who are tempted. "Lead me not into temptation," be your morning and evening prayer. No need of your trying with one round of buckshot to meet an enemy with ammunition-wagons of grape and canister. No use in trying with a North River schooner to run down the *Great Eastern*.

Washington's retreats were sometimes his grandest successes; and while God generally calls upon us to advance, at other times he bids us flee. The lion-tamer puts his head into the monster's mouth, and the people applaud; but it is a foolish thing to do. The shaggy monster after awhile forgets his placidity, and the lion-tamer puts in his head once too often.

This Gospel trumpet is one of *victory*. Such a trumpet was sounded when Gideon scattered the Amalekites; when King David's troops overcame Absalom; when Napoleon rode on the field of Austerlitz; when Sebastopol fell; when Paris surrendered. For awhile the din of battle is great: the frenzied shriek; the revengeful cry; the dying groan; the shouting of the captains; the neighing of the war-chargers; the howling shells; the raking artillery: but as these subside in the defeat of one army, a musician leaps on the wall, flourishes his trumpet, and sounds victory over the plains. This shall be thy case, oh sinner! when under Christ thou dost get the victory. Not always in the night or in retreat thou shalt yet be more than conqueror. The brightest hour that ever dawns on a human soul is that in which its sins are pardoned, and Christ says, "Oh, long-imprisoned spirit! go free. I am thy Saviour and thy God. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but I will never fail thee." Oh! could you only know the transport of such a hope, methinks you would not longer be able to keep your seat, but, like a man I heard last Sunday night in Charleston, you would rise up in the midst of the sermon, and cry out, "*Give me Christ! Give me Christ!*"

Oh, ye forgiven ones! did Christ make you a slave? Has he trampled you down? Do you find the cup he

presses to your lips all wormwood and gall? Do you not rather feel like spending your life in praising the free grace of the Gospel, waving the palm-branch, shouting the hosanna, clapping the cymbals, and blowing the trumpets of victory?

Finally, the Gospel trumpet is one of *reveille*. As chaplain, I was a little while in the army, and at Williamsport had the joy of telling this Gospel to the Federal and Confederate troops that lay wounded and dying in the hospitals. Early every morning we were awakened by a trumpet sounding the *reveille*. At that sound all the troops arose from the tents, hastened to their places in the line, and answered the roll-call. That done, they went to their morning rations. We, who are the soldiers of Christ, can not always be marching and fighting. The evening will come. The shadows will gather, and we must go to the white tents of the grave. There we shall sleep soundly. But the night will pass along, and the first thing we will hear will be the trumpet-call sounding the *reveille* of the resurrection; and we will come up and fall into a long line of light, the sword of Christian conflict gleaming in the unsetting sun. The roll shall be called, and we shall answer to our names; and then we will go to the morning repast of heaven—manna for the bread, and wine pressed from the ripest clusters of heaven for the beverage, and a lamb, from the whitest flock that ever pastured on the eternal hills, to complete the viands, and Christ for the chief banqueter, and ten thousand kings, and princes, and conquerors for guests.

Well, our bodies can afford to lie a little while in the tent of the grave, if for them at last is to sound such a glorious *reveille*. Tell it to all the grave-yards of the land.

Speak it to all the bone-strewn caverns of the deep: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed; for this mortal must put on immortality, and this corruption must put on incorruption, and then shall be brought to pass the saying that was written, "O death! where is thy sting! O grave! where is thy victory?"

If this be so, what is the use of making such a fuss about death? It will only be a pleasant sleep for us. If this be so, why be inconsolable about the graves of our dead? They only sleep. When they were here and you went into their bedrooms at night, and their eyes were closed, and they spake not a word, you were not worried. You said, "Poor thing! she is tired, and I am glad she is asleep." So now, as you go by their resting-places, worry not because they answer you not. They are tired. They are very tired. They only sleep. The morning cometh, and the reveille of the resurrection. I can not think of it with any calmness or composure. I break down under the avalanche of joy. Oh, for some pen plucked from the wing of an archangel, that I might write the gladness! Oh, for some harp of heaven, that I might strike the joy!

And now my address is to those in this audience who are ready to perish, asking them to hear this Gospel trumpet and live. They have come into this Tabernacle—some for one purpose, and some for another. Perhaps some only to hear what "this babbler saith." But God will hold every one of you responsible for the fact that you here heard Christ set forth as a Saviour for all who would come to him and live. This Sabbath hour seems to you like all other Sabbath hours; but to some of you it may be the most stupendous hour in all your life of twenty,

forty, or sixty years, because now you may refuse your last call of mercy.

The *Hungarian*, a ship sailing from Liverpool to Portland, was wrecked. It went down with all on board. Nothing was ever known of it, except that a clock that had belonged to the steamer floated up on the beach. The hands of the clock stood at eleven o'clock, showing that at that hour the ship had perished.

There may be some soul in this house to-night that will fatally refuse Christ; and it will be known in heaven that the hour of their shipwreck was ten minutes of nine o'clock—the moment at which I speak. May God have mercy upon those that are ready to perish! Oh! that by some song of heaven, or by some groan from hell, or by some death-bed from which they received admonition, or by the memory of some sick-pillow where they promised to do better, or by some rumbling of judgment thunder, or by some invitation of the cross, they might be raised from the dead! Jesus places his right hand on his bleeding brow, and his left hand on his bleeding side, and, after holding them there a little while, he stretches them both forth, blood-tipped, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE POULTICE THAT CURED THE CARBUNCLE.

"I have heard thy prayer: behold, I will heal thee. And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."—2 *Kings* xx., 5, 7.

LUXURIOUS living is not healthy. The second generation of kings and queens, and lords and princes, is apt to be brainless and invalid. The second crop of grass is almost always short. Royal blood is generally scrofulous. You will not be surprised, then, to hear that King Hezekiah had disorders which broke out in a carbuncle, virulent and deathful. The Lord told him he must die: he did not want to die. He turned his face to the wall, so that his prayer would not be interrupted, and cried to God for his life. God heard the prayer and answered it, saying, "Behold, I will heal thee." But there was human instrumentality to be employed. This carbuncle needed a *cataplasma*. That is a tough word that we use to show how much we know. If in the pulpit we always used words the people understood, we never should have any reputation for learning. Well, this carbuncle needed a cataplasma, which is a poultice. Your old mother, who doctored her own children in the time when physicians were not as plenty as they are now, will tell you that the very best poultice is a fig, and that was what was used upon the carbuncle of King Hezekiah. The power of God, accompanied by this human instrumentality, cured the king.

In this age of discovery, when men know so much it kills them, and write so wisely it almost kills *us*, it has been found out that prayer to God is a dead failure. All things are arranged according to inexorable law. There is no use in praying to God for rain in the time of drought. The "weather probabilities" in the morning paper will decide the question, rain or no rain, and the whole nation in prayer before God would not bring down a single drop. I am not now speaking of an imaginary theory, but of that which is believed by ten thousand times ten thousand men. If sickness comes to your household, it will depend entirely upon ventilation, good diet, and the skill of the doctors, as to whether your child gets well. The father might pray all day and the mother might pray all night—it would not have any effect upon the case. If squills, belladonna, pargoric, and gruel, do the work, your child will get well; if not, not. There is a cast-iron God seated at the head of the universe, holding in the cold grasp of his metal fingers a band of law from which nothing can break away.

The whole Christian world and the Lord Almighty, within the past few weeks, have been challenged. God has now an opportunity of proving whether he keeps his promises, by an experiment. Professor Tyndall and Francis Galton, English gentlemen, propose that two wards in a hospital be set apart for the experiment. The people in the one ward of the hospital shall not be prayed for; the people in the other ward of the hospital *shall* be prayed for. Then we will see which of the patients get well the sooner—the experiment to go on for five years. Well; it is the most condescending thing in human philosophy that I think I have ever heard of. Here the Lord Almighty has an opportunity of winning the confidence of such men as

Professor Tyndall and Francis Galton! Besides that, it is very complimentary to the angels; and if David, Paul, and Isaiah, who wrote so much about prayer, hear of it, they will, no doubt, be very much gratified to have a recommendation from such high authority. If there ever was a time when the whole universe ought to present a vote of thanks to one English literary review, this is the time. I call for the ayes and noes. The ayes have it!

My friends, that experiment will never be made, for the reason, in the first place, you never could get a man to lie down in the prayerless ward of that hospital—not even the philosophers who make the proposal. If they were sick, it would be the last place on earth they would want to be sick in—that prayerless ward of the hospital. You could not get an Englishman to lie there, for King James's translation has been abroad too long among Britons, and the bell of St. Paul's has rung London to prayer too often. You could not get an American to lie there, for he has a suspicion that the prayers that went up from Plymouth Rock, and Independence Hall, and Bunker Hill, and Gettysburg, have had something to do with the history of this people. You could not get a Scotchman to lie there, for he comes from the land of John Knox, and methinks the old Covenanters who died for their faith would get up from Grayfriars' church-yard and hiss at him if he tried it.

The experiment is also impossible; because if the professor and myself should agree upon making it, you could not stop the world and the Church from praying for all the distressed. There is a great company of deluded men and women who, every day, have the habit of praying for *all* the sick, and you could not stop them. Besides that, the Episcopal Church, in its liturgy, has a prayer to God

for the sick, and I don't suppose that you could get them to put into their liturgy a sentence like this: "This we ask for all the sick, save those in Ward 62 of Tyndall and Talmage's experimental hospital." Besides that, at the end of four years three hundred and sixty-four days, on the last day of the five years of our experiment, some sympathetic woman might say, "Alas, for the poor people in that sixty-second ward of the hospital! I must pray for them." And she would get down on her knees, and in two minutes spoil the whole experiment.

That challenge, coming across the water, has not yet been accepted. I now accept it in the presence of this people, and of all to whom these words shall come, in the United States and Europe. I accept the challenge on one condition, and that is, that these men who make this proposal, themselves, when they are sick, go down in the prayerless ward, while we give our attention to the next ward. I hope these physicists will let us know as soon as they are fairly down on their backs, that we may begin even. They have not made any arrangement about paying the expenses of the experiment. I will pay half, however, on the condition that they do not have the ordering of their own provisions.

Ah! my friends, have we been so mistaken? Does God hear and answer prayer, or does he not? Why come out with a challenge in this day, and an experiment, when we have here the very experiment. Hezekiah was sick unto death; he prayed for his life; God heard him, and added fifteen years to that lifetime. The prayer saved him—the lump of figs applied being merely the God-appointed human instrumentality. "But," says some one, "I don't believe the Bible." Ah! then we will have to part company

for four or five minutes, for it is useless to try to argue with any man with whom you can not stand upon common ground. In any argument, if you would be successful, there must be some common data to start from. It is foolish to try to prove to a man that twice three are six, provided he does not admit the multiplication-table, or that two and two are four, if he does not admit the addition-table.

My first address, therefore, is to those who do believe the Bible. I want to tell you that prayer is the mightiest of all remedies, and that the allopathic, and homœopathic, and the eclectic schools will yet acknowledge it. Here are two cases of sickness precisely alike: the same kind of medicine is given to both of them, and in the same quantities. The one patient recovers, and the other does not. Why? God blesses the one remedy, and does not bless the other. Prayer has helped many a blundering doctor through with a case that would have been otherwise completely unmanageable. There is such a thing as Gospel hygiene, as Christian pharmacy, as divine *materia medica*. That is a foolish man who, in case of sickness, goes only to human resources, when we have these instances of the Lord's help in a sick-room. Before you call the doctor, while he is there, and after he goes away, look up to him who cured Hezekiah. Let the apothecary send the poultice, but God makes it draw. Oh! I am glad to have a doctor who knows how to pray. God send salvation to all the doctors! Sickness would be oftener balked, death would be oftener hurled back from the door-sill, if medical men came into the sick-room, like Isaiah of the text, with a prescription in their hands, and the word of the Lord in their mouths.

John Abercrombie, the most celebrated physician of Scotland, prayed when he went into a sick-room, and he wrote no more ably about "diseases of the brain" than about "the philosophy of the moral feelings." I don't know how much of the medical success of Sydenham, and Cooper, and Harvey, and Rush, depended upon the fact that they knew how to pray as well as to prescribe. I don't want a physician who sees no God in human anatomy to doctor my broken bones. If God made us (and I think he did), and if the Bible is true (and I am rather disposed to think it is), then it is not strange that prayer does traverse natural cause; ay, that it introduces a new cause. When God made the law, he did not make it so strong he could not break it. If God made our bodies, when they are broken, he is the one to mend them; and it is reasonable that we should call him in to do it. If my furnace in the cellar breaks down, there is no one so competent to repair it as the manufacturer. If my watch stop, there is no one so competent to set it going as the one who made it. If the body is disordered, call in the Maker of it. It is not all, as these physicists tell us, a matter of ventilation or poisoned air, of cleanliness or dirt, of nutritious diet or poor fare. I have known people to get well in rooms where the windows had been six weeks down, tight shut, and I have known them to die right under patent ventilators. I have known children sickly who every day had their bath, and I have known children robust, the washing of whose faces would make their features unrecognizable.

God did not make the law and then run away from it. What is a law of nature? It is only God's usual way of doing things. But he has said that if his children ask

him to do a thing, and he can consistently do it, he will do it. Go on with your pills, and plasters, and nostrums, and elixirs, and your catholicon, but remember that the mightiest agency in your recovery is prayer. Prayer to God brought the king's cure, the lump of figs being the God-directed human instrumentality.

I would have you also see—for it is another lesson of the subject—that our prayer must be accompanied by means. It is an outrage to ask God to do a thing while we sit indolent. The prayer, to be acceptable, must come not only from the heart, but from the hands. We must work while we pray—devotion and work going together. Luther came to Melancthon's bedside and prayed for his recovery, and insisted, at the same time, that he should take some warm soup, the soup being just as important as the prayer. In the time of the great plague that came to York, of England, the priests prayed all day and all night for the removal of the plague, but did not think of clearing out the dead dogs and cats that lay in the gutters, causing the sickness. We must use means as well as supplication. If a man has "evening prayers," asking for health, and then sits down to a full supper of indigestibles at eleven o'clock at night, his prayer is a mockery. A man has no right to pray for the safety of his family when he knows there is no cover on the cistern. The Christian man, reckless about his health, ought not to expect the same answer to his prayer as the Christian man expects who retires regularly at ten o'clock at night, and takes his morning bath with the appendix of a Turkish towel. Paul said to the passengers of the Alexandrian corn-ship that they should get safe ashore, but he told them they must use means, and that was, "Stick to the old ship!" God is

not weak, needing our help, but God is strong, and asks us to co-operate with him that we may be strong too. Pray by all means, but don't forget the fig-poultice.

That God answers prayer offered in the right spirit, seconded by our own effort, is the first and the last lesson of this text, and it is a lesson that this age needs to learn. If all communication between heaven and earth is cut off, let us know it. If all the Christian prayers that are going up toward God never reach him, then, I say, let silence smite the lips of the afflicted world, and the nations smother their groans and die quietly. God does answer prayer. The text shows it. You say, "I don't believe the Bible; I think that those things were merely coincidences which are often brought as answers to prayer." Do you say that? Was it mere happen-so that Elijah prayed for rain just as the rain was going to come anyhow? Did Daniel pray in the wild beasts' den just at the time when all the lions happened to have the lockjaw? Did Jesus pray at the grave of Lazarus just at the time when Lazarus was going to dress himself and come out anyhow? Did Jesus lose his place in his sermon, and make a mistake when he said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?" And, lest some were so stupid they could not understand it, he goes on, "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

But some one persists in saying, "I don't believe any thing of the Bible." Then I appeal to *your own instincts*. Prayer in certain circumstances is as natural to man as the throbbing in the pulse, as the respiration of the lungs. Put a company of men—I don't care how bad they are—in

some imminent peril, and they will cry out, "God, have mercy on us!" It seems to be a time for making challenges; so I make one. I challenge that these men who don't believe in prayer charter a steamer, go out in the "Narrows," swing out eight or nine hundred miles to sea, and then heave to and wait for a cyclone. And after the cyclone comes and the vessel has gone under ten times, when they did not expect it would rise again, and the bulwarks have been knocked in, and the masts are gone—if they do not pray, I will surrender my theory. Do you tell me that this instinct which God has put in us, he put there just to mock us or for his own cruel amusement? If God implanted that instinct in the human heart, it was because in his own heart there was something responsive.

To prove that God does hear prayer, I put on the witness-stand Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Micah, John, Paul, Peter, and King Hezekiah. Tell me, ye ancient battle-fields, ye Oriental threshing-floors, ye Judean corn-fields, ye Galilean fishing-smacks, is God deaf, and dumb, and blind before all human petition? That God answers prayer, I bring the ten million facts of Christendom to prove. There has never paper enough come out of the paper-mills to write the story. Has not many a mother prayed back her bad boy from the ends of the earth—from Canton, from Madras, from Constantinople—until he knelt beside her in the old homestead? Have there not been desperadoes and renegades who have looked into the door of a prayer-meeting to laugh and scoff at it, who have been drawn by the power of prayer, until they ran to the altar crying out for mercy? Did not the blacksmith in Lyons, New York, pray to God until there came a great awakening that shook the community?

In my parish, in Philadelphia, one night, at a meeting, I asked a young man to go into a room at the side of the church, and talk upon the theme of religion. He grew violently angry, and shook his fists at me. We resolved to pray for that young man, and we prayed that he might yield his soul to God. And when, next night, at the meeting, the side-door was flung open, he was the first to step in. Prayer had captured him. I had a classmate in college whose uncle, Dr. John Scudder, of India, wrote to him, saying, "I will pray for you every day until such a day, and then I will give my attention to some other subject." The last day of these prayers, when they had all gathered up before the throne of God, my classmate surrendered his soul to Jesus. This is no second-hand story. I saw the letter, and I knew the young man.

But why should I go so far? I have had, in my own experience, and I have had, in the history of my own family, the evidence that God answers prayer. My mother, with three Christian women, assembled week after week, and prayed for their children; they kept up that prayer-meeting of four persons year after year. The world knew nothing of it. God answered all those prayers. All the group came in; the eleven sons and daughters of my mother came in, myself the last.

Sickness came to my household—hopeless sickness, as it seemed to many. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the invalid was carried to the steamer for Savannah. At eleven o'clock the next day, being Sunday, standing in this very place, a man of God prayed for the recovery of the sick one. At that time, eleven o'clock, she who had been prostrated three weeks, with some help, walked up on deck. The occurrence is as near to being miraculous

as I can imagine. That she was hopelessly sick, people who sat up with her night after night, and are here, can testify. That the prayer for her recovery was offered in this pulpit, thousands of people could testify. That at eleven o'clock on that Sunday morning she walked up on deck, as by a miraculous recovery, I call the passengers on the *San Jacinto*, commanded by Captain Atkins, December 16th, to testify. This is no second-hand story.

Prayer impotent! If I dared to think there was no force in prayer, methinks God, after all he has done for me and mine, would strike me dead. Prayer impotent! Why, it is the mightiest force in the universe. Lightning has no speed, the Alpine avalanche has no power, compared with it.

Will you let the abstractions and the vagaries of a few skeptics, or a good many skeptics, stand beside the experience of General Havelock, who came out in front of the English army, lifted his hat, and called upon the Lord Almighty? or of George Washington, who at Valley Forge was found upon his knees in prayer? or of William Wilberforce, who went from the British Parliament to the closet of devotion? or of Latimer, who stood with his hands on fire, in martyrdom, praying for his persecutors? Was Washington weak? Was Havelock weak? Was Wilberforce weak? Was Latimer weak? Bring all the affairs of your store, of your soul, of your body, of your friends, of your church, before Him, and the great day of eternity will show you that the best investments you ever made were your prayers, and though you may have broken promises you made to God, God never broke his promises to you. Let God be true, though every man be found a liar.

I have another challenge to make: Professor Tyndall is on his way to this country. . May he have a smooth passage and a safe arrival! If he will come for ten nights to our Friday evening prayer-meeting, we will pray for him especially, and if at the end of that time he has not become an old-fashioned, psalm-singing, prayer-offering Christian, I will either confess that there is nothing in prayer, or else that we had a very discouraging case to act on.

And now, in conclusion, I have to present you some checks, blank checks, on the bank of heaven, written in blood, and signed by the hand wounded on the cross. It is not safe for you to give a blank check with your name to it. You do not know what might be written above. But here is a blank check which God says I can give to you; it is signed by the handwriting of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you can fill it up with any thing you want to. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." I do not say that your prayer will be answered in just the way you expect, but I do say it will be answered in the best way. Oh! will you test him? This is the outcome of all this subject.

I am glad the Christian world has been challenged. I think it will evoke ten thousand experiences that otherwise would not have been told. If I should ask the men and women in this audience who have found God a prayer-answering God to rise up, you would nearly all rise up. In time of darkness and trouble, as in time of light and prosperity, he answered you. I commend you to that God to whom your parents dedicated you in infancy. They believed so much in prayer, that their last word was a supplication for you. Having heard you in days of prosper-

ity, he will not reject your last petition, when, in the darkened room, after they have wiped the dew of death from your brow, and the whole group of loved ones have kissed you good-bye, you have only strength enough left to pray, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

CROWN-JEWELS.

“They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”—*Malachi* iii., 17.

FAR enough down in the mountains to make us dig, and deep enough in the sea to make us dive, are gems of exquisite beauty. The kings of the earth gather them together, and set them in the hilts of swords, in crowns, and vases, and carcanets. Queen Charlotte and Marie Antoinette boasted of these. Leo owned a pearl worth eighty thousand crowns. Philip of Spain bought a gem worth fifteen thousand ducats. The white topaz of Portugal had an untold value. The King of Persia bought a gem worth one million six hundred thousand livres. The diamond belonging to the Austrian coronet, lost in the battle of Granson, had a whole fortune in it. Spain, France, Britain, boast of their jewels, and on coronation-day are proud of the crown set on the brow of the enthroned potentate. The mighty nations of the earth have all boasted of their costly gems, have guarded them with extreme vigilance, have rung them in the chime of their poets laureate, and have handed them down from age to age as an evidence of national wealth.

Well, the Lord Jesus Christ, our King, has been gathering up his treasures for a good while, and on the great coronation-day of the judgment he will, in the presence of the assembled universe, show that the good of all ages are his crown-jewels. “They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”

I speak to you of the jewel-finding, the jewel-grinding, and the jewel-setting. It is a rare thing that a jewel is found on the surface of the earth. The heart of the mountains is cut out to find it. Boring, blasting, and huge-handed machinery, make the rock open its fist and drop the jewel. There are thousands of people who may be seen on the shores of Ceylon and Coromandel, watching the divers who go out to get pearls. At the firing of a gun, the boats are shoved off, and the divers go down forty or fifty feet into the water, find the shells containing the pearls, then rap on the side of the diving-bell as a signal that they are ready to return, and then the men at the top haul them swiftly to the surface.

It is a rare thing that you find gold on the surface; it is as thoroughly hidden as the pearls are. The miner must dig, and blast, and sweat, before he comes to it. If you have seen the quartz-crusher of California, you know something of the toil of getting it. So the Lord's jewels are hidden. Once they were far down in the darkness, buried in trespasses and in sins. No human invention could reach them. No pearl was ever so far down in the water, no gold was ever so far down in the earth. But the grace of God came to the work. That is a miner, and it can blast the rock. That is a diver, and it can touch the bottom of the sea. The Gospel of Jesus Christ went on, crushing down through this pride, and that sin, and this prejudice, pounding, and breaking, and washing, and sifting, until one day the gold flashed in the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

I have been told that the deeper the water the larger the pearl. I don't know how that is, but I do know that from the greatest depths of sin the Lord Jesus Christ

sometimes gathers up his brightest jewels. Paul was a persecutor, Bunyan was a blasphemer, John Newton was a libertine, the Earl of Rochester was an infidel; and yet the grace of God went plunging through the fathoms of their abomination, until it found them and brought them up to the light. Oh, there is no depth where that grace can not touch the bottom. All over the Dead Sea of sin covering the nations, God's diving-bells are busy; all through the mountains of death, God's miners are blasting. Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound.

The geologist tells you that the brightest diamond is only crystallized carbon, or, as I might call it, charcoal glorified; and so it is with souls that were coal-black in the defilements of sin—by the power of God's grace they are made his jewels forever.

You have noticed the great difference between jewels. Let not a Christian man envy another Christian man's experience. You open the king's casket, and you see jewels of all sizes, shapes, and colors. The king says to the sultan, who has come to visit him: "That is a topaz! That is an amethyst! That is a pearl! That is a koh-i-noor!" So God's jewels are very different—different in history, different in taste, different in education, different in preference. Do not worry because God made you different from others. Do not worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a carnelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the color out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

The trouble is that you are not willing to be ordinary

gold; you want to be gold of twenty-four carats. You see some extraordinary Christian man, and you say, "If I could only be such a man as that!" You don't know his history. Some distance below Niagara the water is placid; it says nothing about the rapids writhing among the rocks and the fall of one hundred and sixty-four feet. So there are Christian experiences floating placidly before you. You envy this experience, but you don't realize the fact that that man has gone through many rapids of temptation, and may have had a violent fall.

It seems easy to be a general on some triumphal occasion. The arches are sprung, the flowers are scattered, the brass bands play, and the people huzza, as he comes back from the war. Oh! what an easy thing to be a general! But you forget the nights of peril—you forget the carnage, the thirst, and the hunger, and the wounds, and the long march, and that he plucked the garland of victory out of the stiff hand of death. And so there are Christians now going on in the triumph of experience, and you envy them, forgetful of the fact that there was many a Waterloo of temptation and trial they were obliged to fight. Be content with such Christian experience as God may see fit to give you.

History tells us that in the Middle Ages the precious stones were symbols of the apostles. In those Middle Ages, for instance, the jasper was considered the symbol of St. Peter, the sapphire of St. Andrew, the emerald of St. John, the chalcedony of St. James, and the sardonyx of St. Philip. Those stones were not more different than the men whom they symbolized. While I would have you, as a Christian, polish your Christian grace to the very last degree of brightness, I would not have you complain that

you are not like somebody else, or think it strange because chrysolite, and topaz, and amethyst, and emerald don't all shine alike. Be content to be one of God's jewels, although you may not have as much lustre as some one else. Concerning you it has been said, as well as concerning the most sparkling Christian character, "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels."

The jewel-grinding. That is the sawing and splitting process by which the gem is taken from its rough state and changed into any thing that the lapidary chooses. Sapphire, corundum, and topaz powder are used for grinding diamonds. The rose diamond is so flat that it would have no attraction at all unless it passed through some such operation. Now, God's jewels all go through that process. Affliction is the wheel and the sharp instrument that grinds the character into shape. You may think that conversion gives character to the soul. It does not. Conversion is only the digging out of the jewel; God afterward shapes and fashions it by his providence. Christ sometimes allows his children to fall, but they fall forward, not backward. Chrysolite, to be cleared of its imperfections, must pass through careful burning. Oriental carnelian, zircon, and Brazilian topaz must be submitted to the fire before they get their lustre. Christian character, like black spots in an amethyst, must sometimes be cleared out by the flame; in other words, you must go through the furnace.

God's children, in time of prosperity, when the sun shines warmly upon them, unbuckle the robe of their Christian graces and let them hang loosely about them; but when trouble blows a north-easter, then they wrap around them their Christian graces, and tighten the girdle.

Troubles may come to us, thick as the locusts and frogs of Egypt, but they will only make sin—that old Pharaoh—let God's people go.

The dark cloud may hover over us, but the cross of Christ will be the lightning-rod that will take the bolt out of it. You have seen people invalids, and after awhile, under some tremendous stroke of disease, their entire temperament seemed to be changed, and they came out of that sudden sickness strong men. So it is with many of those who are going along invalids in the Christian life—very weak in the service of God. After they have passed through some great disaster, that disaster having been sanctified to their souls, they become strong men in Christ Jesus. These Christians, who are swarthy now—do you know how they got their swarthiness? It was by sweltering at the forge of affliction. Their battle-axe was dull enough until it was sharpened on a grave-stone.

Nearly all of God's jewels are crystallized tears. You ask me, "Why it is that yonder man does not have trouble—he gets along without any misfortunes." For the same reason that the lapidary does not put the delicate instrument upon a common pebble. It does seem as if God thought some men were not worth a process of tribulation. The Dutch call diamonds that are not fit to be cloven, *divel-steene*—that is, devil stones.

There are those here who are almost ready for the kingdom; one more turn of the wheel, one more shove of the harsh file, and they will be ready. God is testing, in the presence of men and angels, whether you are paste diamonds or real diamonds. You know there is an artificial ruby, an artificial sapphire, an artificial emerald. Strauss, of Strasburg, discovered that by taking silex, and potash,

and borax, and red-lead, he could make a very good imitation of some jewels; but before that, Satan found out that he could imitate the Lord's jewels. A composition of orthodox faith and of good works has made many a child of the devil look like a child of the Lord. Nevertheless, borax, potash, silex, and red-lead are not jewels.

There is a way in which the lapidary tells whether a diamond is genuine or not. He breathes on it, and if the breath linger there it is a false diamond; if the breath immediately vanish, it is a real diamond. Then he has the grinding process afterward, if the first fail. So you can tell God's jewel. If the breath of temptation comes on it, and soon vanishes, it is a real diamond; if that breath lingers, and continues to blur it, it is a false diamond. But better than all is the grinding machine of affliction. If a soul can go through that and keep bright, it is one of God's jewels. Egyptian topaz, brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, shows the same inextinguishable color to-day, after it has been buried hundreds and hundreds of years. And so God's children come up out of the ruins of misfortune and disaster as bright as when they went down.

The jewel setting. The lapidary gets the gems in the right shape, gathers them on his table, and then puts them into head-bands, or hilts of swords, or into crowns. The opening day comes, and the people come in, and the work is displayed before them. Well, the Lord Jesus will gather up his people, and before the assembled universe their splendor shall shine forth. That will be the great jewel-setting. Christians often tremble at the thought of that day. It is to be a day of fire, and thunder, and mountain crash; and yet not terrifying to God's dear chil-

dren. Amidst the multitudes of the redeemed there will not be one pale cheek, not one fluttering heart. The thunders that pound the hills will be no more frightful than the beating of a gong that calls you to a banquet. The soul, rising up on that day, will wrap around it the resurrection-robe, and the rocking of the earth, in its death-convulsion, will seem as gentle to it as the swaying of a bough from which a robin springs into the heavens.

Oh! it will be a wedding-day—the Church on earth married to the Church in heaven; but instead of human lips to solemnize the ceremony, the archangel's trump will proclaim the banns. Instead of orange-blossoms, there will be the fragrance of burning spice-isles. Instead of the light of chandelier and candelabra, there will be the bonfire of a consuming world. What a day that will be! The marriage of the king's son, when God the Father will take this star of a world, and set the sparkling gem on his Son's right hand, saying, "Thine is the kingdom!" When Christ shall step out from the heavens and take by the hand the Church, which is the Lamb's wife, that will be "the day in which he makes up his jewels."

You know the lapidary arranges jewels according to their size and color. This one will do best for that place; another will do best for another place. So it will be in heaven. I suppose that John and Peter will be just as different in heaven as when they were on earth. I suppose that if a gentle spirit were departing from earth, the soul of John would be the very one to come and take it up to glory. I suppose that if a martyr were torn of the rack, the soul of Paul would be the very one to fetch him to heaven. I suppose that if a wanderer of the street

were dying penitent in a prison, the soul of Elizabeth Fry would be the very one to bring her up to the light.

If a lapidary has an especial gem whose color he wishes especially to set forth, he takes the minor gems—those of less value and beauty—garnets, rubies, and so on—and sets them around the great central wealth of beauty. And so it will be on the last day: Christ surrounded by the redeemed—the lesser jewels of earth surrounding the pearl, the Pearl of great price. Christ will look off upon the redeemed: upon the troubled who were comforted—upon the tempted who were delivered—upon the guilty who were pardoned. Methinks the sweetest song in heaven will be the chime of the jewels, as they praise God for the trials that sawed them and ground them for the kingdom. Who are these? you ask. I answer, “These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.”

In the latter part of the last century, Messrs. Boemer and Bassange, the most celebrated jewelers of the world, resolved that they would fashion a diamond necklace such as the world never saw. They sent out their agents in all lands to gather up the most costly gems. They stopped not for any expense. In the year 1782 the necklace was done; there were in it eight hundred diamonds, swinging around in nine rows, waving up to the throat, dropping over the chest and shoulders, pendent in crosses and crowns and lilies—swinging a very blaze of loops, festoons, and clusters. Oh! what a day it must have been when Louis XVI. presented that to the queen, and, in the presence of the Court, Marie Antoinette put on the necklace! But the Court could not pay for it, and there were robber hands that longed for it; and, before that diamond neck-

lace had done its work, it had disgraced one countess, dishonored a cardinal, branded with a red-hot iron a favorite of the Court, and blackened a page of history, already infamous. Not so when my Lord gathers up his jewels. They shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south. He will send out his messenger angels, and tell them to gather them up from all the land, and gather them up from all the sea. Golconda, and Ceylon, and Coromandel will send their best treasures; the whole universe will make contributions to it; and I think the brightest gems in the palace will be the gems that come up from earth. They will flash in swaying sceptre, and in gleaming crown, and in belt of imperial beauty, and in all the vases of eternity, "in the day when the Lord of hosts makes up his jewels."

Oh! that God's diving-bells might this morning bring you up out of the depths of your sins, and that God's wheel might grind you for the kingdom, that you may at last be prepared for the great jewel-setting.

In Golconda, if a slave find a diamond of extraordinary value, he takes it up to the Government, and the Government gives him his liberty. If some of those who are this morning the slaves of sin, while they are seeking for God, would find this Pearl of great price, the hour of their emancipation would come, and the king would make proclamation from the throne, saying, "Go free! You have found the Pearl! Be one of my jewels!"

THE CAROUSAL IN THE PALACE.

“In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.”—*Daniel* v., 30.

BIBLE pictures, like the works of the old masters, improve by age. Like Raphael's *Transfiguration*, or Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, they are worth more now than ever before.

Night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour, from starlit flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance, and frolic, and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth, and pomp, and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street; and godless mirth, and outrageous excess, and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace, to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers; while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color-blending

of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert, and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates, and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song, and dance, and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ah! my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald, and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opened window, bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down, from niches in the wall, upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work, standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows, and wrapping pillars of

cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall, and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters. The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup, and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Bestarred head-band and carcanet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken hiccough, and the slaverling lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza! huzza! for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a *spirit*? Is it a *phantom*? Is it *God*? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it: "*Weighed in the balance and found wanting.*"

Meanwhile the Assyrians, who for two years had been laying a siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace-stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleam-

ing knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting-hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this, as on former occasions I learned certain lessons. I learn that when God *writes any thing on the wall, a man had better read it as it is*. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose. Young men of Brooklyn, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh! no," you say; "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "*Repent! Accept of Christ, and be saved!*" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must al-

ways declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James i., 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached; and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed; and the king's chapel was full of lords, and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell-fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

Another lesson that comes to us to-night: there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet.

It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables, and floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up; and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says, "I can not see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why; it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I can not see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but can not; and he cries out, "Oh Lord God! help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer; and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read French novels. "They are so charming," he says; "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out phials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on, he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage, and the ravines more resonant with the falling wa-

ter. Oh! what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again; but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool, stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with "Hail brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered, and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him; and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words, "*This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.*"

Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

I learn further from this subject that *Death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet*. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would liked to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch, *Death breaks in at the banquet*. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in

the American Senate, or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought, and mirth, and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. *Death at the banquet!*

We saw the same thing, on a larger scale, illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—North, South, East, and West. What grain was there, but we grew it on our hills. What invention was there, but our rivers must turn the new wheel, and rattle the strange shuttle. What warm furs, but our traders must bring them from the Arctic. What fish, but our nets must sweep them for the markets. What music, but it must sing in our halls. What eloquence, but it must speak in our Senates. Ho! to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain, and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet, the sheep-folds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweetest fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table, came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the tanned Carolinian from the rice-swamps, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickahominy, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain-fields, turned into a pasturing-ground for cavalry-horses? What

meant the corn-fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply-train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A hand-writing on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! DEATH AT THE BANQUET!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious, and of those who despise God, *will be very sudden*. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when that Assyrian army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God, and defy the laws of men. How was it at the Deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long north-east storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills; when *suddenly* the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through; where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh! it was such a beautiful walking-place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals, and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble. They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men!

The swimming of the war-horses in vain for the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised, and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half-hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed; and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie; and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise him and defy him. They come suddenly.

The destroying angel went through Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the people knew that he was coming? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No! No! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came.

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing; and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman; and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing.

Are there any here to-night who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God, and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe; the heart will stop. The time will come when you shall go no more to the office, or to the store, or to the shop. Nothing will be left but Death, and Judg-

ment, and Eternity. Oh! flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Good-night, my young friends! may you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh! art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldest thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "*In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.*"

Hear the invitation of the Gospel! There may be some one in this house to whom I shall never speak again, and therefore let it be in the words of the Gospel, and not in my own, with which I close: "Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters. And let him that hath no money come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Oh! that my Lord Jesus would now make himself so attractive to your souls that you can not resist him; and that, if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray, saying:

“Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!”

But if you can not think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say: “God be merciful to me, a sinner!” Or, if you can not think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter: “Lord, save me, or I perish!”

THE GREAT SHIP.

“Come thou and all thy house into the ark.”—*Genesis vii., 1.*

WE do not need the Bible to prove the Deluge. The geologist's hammer announces it. Sea-shells and marine formations on the top of some of the highest mountains of the earth prove that at some time the waters washed over the top of the Alps and the Andes. In what way the catastrophe came, we know not: whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the axe between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe, God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three Cunard steamers. It was the *Great Eastern* of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizzards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah: “Come thou and all thy house into the ark.” Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills, and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of the lightnings, that look down into the waters, and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains.

How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain begin to plash upon the upturned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Crash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to house-top and mountain-top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces, and lets the ocean slip its cable, there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf; while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race, and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist. When, on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the north-east, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No; they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through Christ the door. The entrance to the ark of old must have been a very large entrance. We know that it was, from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages; and, in order to get them into the ark two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a

large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands, and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide-open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha! the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Saviour's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in. Oh what a broad Gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues one or two hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and, with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come! for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the door-posts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the Gospel in Surrey Chapel, going up toward heaven, the gate-keeper cried, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in!" The dying thief went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho! every one—all conditions, all ranks, all people! Luther said that this truth

was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem; but I think it worth carrying all around the globe, and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

Further: It is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted, or rolled on hinges; but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones come out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

"One army of the living God,
At his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

Swing in, O blessed door! until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But, further, it is a door with *fastenings*. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord *shut* him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Without those doors were fastened, the first heavy surge of the sea would havewhelmed them; and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "*The Lord shut him in.*"

Oh, the perfect *safety* of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness; but once in the ark, all is well. “God shut him in.”

There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had his thousands to lend; now he can not borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York, and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. He owned four horses, and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage, and curri- cle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore, and aft, and across the hurricane-deck, the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. “*The Lord shut him in!*” A flood of domestic troubles fell on him. Sick- ness and bereavement came. The rain pelted. The winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But, standing by the empty crib, and in the desolated nursery, and in the doleful hall, once aring with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried: “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” “*The Lord shut him in.*” All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sab- baths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin sur- rounded his soul, howling like a simoom, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sins sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove

of heaven brought an olive-branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only pushed him toward heaven. "*The Lord shut him in!*"

The same door-fastenings that kept Noah in keep the world out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had it hard to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent-day never comes. Here there are death-beds, and coffins, and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but *no admittance*. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock on the door, but *no admittance*. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord — "*the Lord shut him in!*"

Oh; what a grand old door! so wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings! No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk, and broken helm, and unfastened door; but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the posts, might be bowled in!

Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a place in which to live, and die, and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut the world out; and though, when the pitiless storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying, "Let me in! let me in!" the door did not open. For one hundred and twenty years they were invited. They expected to come in; but the antediluvians said, "We must cultivate these fields; we must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; we will wait until we get a little older; we will enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were filling up. The pry was being placed beneath the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash, an ocean dropped from the sky, and another rolled up from beneath; and God rolled the earth and sky into one wave of universal destruction.

So men now put off going into the ark. They say they will wait twenty years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older. They say, "You can not expect a man of my attainments and of my position to surrender myself just now. But before the storm comes, I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me!" After a while, one night about twelve o'clock, going home, he passes a scaffolding as a gust of wind strikes it, and a plank falls. *Dead!* and *outside the ark!* Or, riding in Prospect Park, a reckless vehicle crashes into him, and his horse becomes unmanageable, and he shouts, "Whoa! Whoa!" and takes another twist in the reins, and plants his feet against the dash-board, and pulls back. But no

use. It is not so much down Flatbush Avenue that he flies as on the way to eternity. Out of the wreck of the crash his body is drawn, but his soul is not picked up. It fled behind a swifter courser into the great future. *Dead!* and *outside the ark!* Or, some night, he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases, until he shrieks out with pain. The doctors come in, and they give him twenty drops, but no relief; forty drops, fifty drops, sixty drops, but no relief. No time for prayer. No time to read one of the promises. No time to get a single sin pardoned. The whole house is aroused in alarm. The children scream. The wife faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The soul flies. O my God! *Dead!* and *outside the ark!*

I have no doubt that derision kept many people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in, and said, "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. Aha! going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark." Under this artillery of scorn the man's good resolution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself, "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Christian? When I go down to the club-house they would shout, 'Here comes that new Christian. Suppose you will not have any thing to do with us now. Suppose you are praying now. Get down on your knees and let us hear you pray. Come, now, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Pretty Christian you are!'" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God?

Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity, will they bail you out? Ah! they can keep you out of heaven; but can they keep you out of hell?

My friends and neighbors, come in right away. Come in through Christ, the wide door—the door that swings out toward you. Come in, and be saved. Come and be happy. “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.” Room in the ark! Room in the ark!

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. “Come thou and all thy house.” That means your wife and your children. You can not drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child’s nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You can not drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you can not coerce them. The Cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. “If I be lifted up, I will *draw* all men unto me.” As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

“Come thou and all thy house into the ark.” Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship “outward-bound” for heaven; but your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day

when the marriage-ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above a child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes; but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work; but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulchregate crush it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bedroom. Better live in the smallest house in Brooklyn and get into heaven, than live fifty years in the finest house on Madison Square, and wake up at last and find that one of you, for all eternity, is outside the ark. Go home to-night; lock the door of your room; take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years; and, before you rise, there will be a fluttering of wings over your head, angel crying to angel, "Behold! they pray!"

But this does not include all your family. Bring the children too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much

for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute ever have such music as there is in a child's "good-night?" From our coarse, rough life, the angels of God are often driven back; but who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around? They who die in infancy go into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors, and windings, and heights, and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh!" you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education, and I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety? no pardon? no hope? no heaven?

How to get them in? *Go in yourself!* If Noah had staid out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of pious parents, two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly, only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Responsible as you are for their temporal existence, you are also responsible for their eternity. Which way will you take them? Out into the

deluge, or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their immortal souls? What will you say in the judgment, when God asks, "Where is George, or Henry, or Frank, or Mary, or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I committed into your hands?"

A dying son said to his father, "Father, you gave me an education, and good manners, and every thing that the world could do for me; but, father, you never told me how to die; and now my soul is going out in the darkness."

Oh, ye who have taught your children how to live, have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond. O eternity! eternity! Thy locks white with the ages! Thy voice announcing stupendous destiny! Thy arms reaching across all the past and all the future! Thy heart beating with raptures that never die, and agonies that never cease! O eternity! eternity!

Go home to-night and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son whom you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give thee up? Whilst thou hast a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. He may even now be standing on the beach at Hong Kong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering-gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So, every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door, and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japhet? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel? Bring them in through Christ the door. Would not it be pleasant to spend eternity with our families! Gladder than Christmas or Thanksgiving festival will be the reunion, if we get all our family into the ark. Which of them can we spare out of heaven?

On one of the lake steamers there was a father and two daughters journeying. They seemed extremely poor. A benevolent gentleman stepped up to the poor man to proffer some form of relief, and said, "You seem to be very poor, sir." "Poor, sir," replied the man, "if there's a poorer man than me a troublin' the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children, and adopt it, if you say so. I think it would be a great relief to you." "A *what*?" said the poor man. "A relief!" "Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body? or the heart torn from the breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?"

However many children we may have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick some time ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No! No! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands, and start now. Leave not one behind!

Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

And there may the Lord shut us in!

THE DAY-BREAK.

“And Jacob was left alone ; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh ; and the hollow of Jacob’s thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.”—*Genesis xxxii.*, 24, 25, 26.

THE dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good-will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man—no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream ; but a fierce combat, that lasts until morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob’s thigh-bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother’s coadjutors. “*Let me go,*” cries the angel, lifting himself up into the increasing light, “*the day breaketh.*”

You see, in the first place, that God allows *good people sometimes to get into terrible struggle*. Jacob was a good man ; but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit ; for Daniel, a wild-beast den ; for David, dethronement and exile ; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner’s axe ; for Peter, a prison ;

for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vash-ti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catharine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol-shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh M'Kail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for CHRIST, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian Reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "*I am against the world.*"

I will go farther, and say that *every* Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall Street. This one on Broad Street. This one on Fulton Street. This one on Chestnut Street. This one on State Street. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought, you could not sell. Whom you trusted, fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped; and it is uncertain whether *it* will throw you, or you will throw *it*. Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And behold, he found himself alone by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it; and, oh! the horror of the conflict! When once

a bad habit hath roused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in long line of light to look from above, and all hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle; and they have bitten their lip, and clenched their fist, and cried, with a blood-red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "*God help me!*"

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolution, they have come into the struggle; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and, with a force borrowed from the pit, hurled it into outer darkness. First, I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures, and musical instruments, and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams, and Christian households were silent with slumber, angel-watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into the combat. The giant, Habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipations, came out strong and defiant. They clenched. There

were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver; and at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a *man* contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate *woman*, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was an humble home; and passers-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night, by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call 'cross-prayers.' When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to

buy, and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross-prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that *what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an angel of blessing*. Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God-dispatched messenger, to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history, and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment, and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw, but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold, but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless, and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful

folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered *William Tell* the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel-leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm, Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had every thing that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says,

"The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

It is prosperity that kills, and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile, they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God come down to bless and to save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble may

be triumphant, *we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us.* Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him and his thigh-bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What ploughed those premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah! it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you, that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. Are we Stoics, that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than are our beloved dead to us? No; we have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back, to scald the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain, the flowers of comfort put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all-consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but can not weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

Again, we may take the idea of the text, and announce *the approach of the day-dawn*. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out, with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The worldly prospects are brightening. Popery has had its strongest props knocked out. The tyrants of the earth are falling flat in the dust. The Church of Christ is rising up in its strength, to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people: *the day breaketh*. The bigotries of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled; or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy, or we must be Calvinists or Arminians, in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess, now, that there are non-essentials in religion.

During my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day; and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and sat at a love-feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopalian church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "*I believe in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting.*" "*The day breaketh.*"

As I look upon this audience, I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name, I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not always go saddened and heart-

broken. God *will* lift your burden. God *will* bring your dead to life. God *will* staunch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the East begin to swing open. *The day breaketh!*

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the Church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile, Luther got up and said to Melancthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.'"

Death to many—nay, to all—is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle; but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood, or the Church of Christ may mourn over our going; but if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrest-

ling by the brook will cease; the hours of death's night will pass along; one o'clock in the morning—two o'clock—three o'clock—four o'clock in the morning. *The day breaketh.*

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go, I want to be ready—my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus! help me on, and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaiming, "*Let me go, let me go!*" **THE DAY BREAKETH!**"

RIDDLES TO BE SOLVED.

“For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face.”—1 *Corinthians* xiii., 12.

THE Bible is the most forceful and pungent of books. While it has the sweetness of a mother's hush for human trouble, it has all the keenness of a cimeter, and the crushing power of a lightning-bolt. It portrays with more than a painter's power, at one stroke picturing a heavenly throne and a judgment conflagration. The strings of this great harp are fingered by all the splendors of the future, now sounding with the crackle of consuming worlds, now thrilling with the joy of the everlasting emancipated. It tells how one forbidden tree in the Garden blasted the earth with sickness and death ; and how another tree, though leafless and bare, yet, planted on Calvary, shall yield a fruit which shall more than antidote the poison of the other. It tells how the red-ripe clusters of God's wrath were brought to the wine-press, and Jesus trod them out ; and how, at last, all the golden chalices of heaven shall glow with the wine of that awful vintage. It dazzles the eye with an Ezekiel's vision of wheel, and wing, and fire, and whirlwind ; and stoops down so low that it can put its lips to the ear of a dying child, and say, “Come up higher.”

And yet Paul, in my text, takes the responsibility of saying that it is only an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven, fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a mu-

seum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest, and say, "How poor a light it must have given, compared with our modern lamps!" So I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of heaven. The Bible, now, is the scaffolding to the rising temple, but when the building is done there will be no use for the scaffolding.

The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God. We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the pomp of a king, and the love of a mother. We hear about him, talk about him, write about him. We lisp his name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian. We think that we know very much about him. Take the attribute of *mercy*. Do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word—*MERCY*. It speaks again and again of the *tender* mercies of God; of the *sure* mercies; of the *great* mercies; of the mercy that *endureth forever*; of the *multitude* of his mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great Being are most indefinite, one-sided, and incomplete. When, at death, the gates shall fly open, and we shall look directly upon him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the

field. Beautiful picture of the morning! But we rise at day-break, and go up on a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look, the mountains are transfigured. The burnished gates of heaven swing open and shut, to let pass a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all abloom, and hang pendent from arbors of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make pathway of inlaid pearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning on the sea. The crags uncover their scarred visage; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home, and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this Scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a *picture* of the morning: that will be the morning itself.

Again: my text is true of the Saviour's *excellency*. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antitheses, Christ is set forth—his love, his compassion, his work, his life, his death, his resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enthralment, we mount up into high experience of his love, and shout until the countenance glows, and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated, "I have found him!" And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into his outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of all prefiguration. That will be a magnificent unfolding. The rushing out in view of all hidden excellency; the coming again of a long-absent Jesus, to meet us—not in rags, and in pen-

ury, and death, but amidst a light, and pomp, and outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of Him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion; to feel of him, to embrace him, to take his hand, to kiss his feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering; to say, "This is my Jesus! He gave himself for me. I shall never leave his presence. I shall forever behold his glory. I shall eternally hear his voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness. But, as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see thee, Jesus of my choice; Jesus of my song; Jesus of my triumph—forever and forever—face to face!"

The idea of the text is just as true when applied to *God's providence*. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say, "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after awhile guess about what God means. "He means to teach me this. I think he means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me

the uncertainty of life." But after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass, darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." You will know why God took to himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if he meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if he meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fibre of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall, bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right. "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints!"

Here is a man who can not get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but *he* lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick; and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to

turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says, "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipations." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne, and say, "Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise—your misfortune in 1837; your trial in 1857; your disaster in 1867. This is the explanation." And you will answer, "It is all right!"

I see, every day, profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than *Why?* There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, alms-houses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he denned with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and that sewing-woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could

not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the off-scouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

Again: the thought of the text is just when applied to the enjoyments of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in heaven. Infidels say, "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the Brooklyn City Hospital to-day, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people in the city, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

Take all the congregations that have to-day assembled

for worship. Put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to heaven in martyr-fires; those were torn limb from limb by Romish inquisitions; those tossed for many years upon the invalid-couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffoldings, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brick-yards, and Gideon's threshing-floor. - Those, thousands of years ago, slept the last sleep; and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulchre.

A general expecting an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks through a field-glass, and sees, in the great distance, multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their numbers. He says, "I can not tell any thing about them. I merely know that there are a great number." And so John, without attempting to count, says, "A great multitude that no man can number."

We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities are emp-

tied into it; and the banks are torn; and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it; and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in heaven.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas-day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over? The Jordan passed, and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. *All here!*"

No more breaking of heart-strings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents, over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few

days ago they sat with us studying these Gospel themes ; but they only saw through a glass, darkly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonder-struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed, and of Him who carries them in his bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh, that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy ! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing, “Though a pilgrim, walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak !” or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who recently took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics, “*I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb !*”

METHODISM AS IT APPEARS TO AN OUTSIDER.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—*Mark* xvi., 15.

WHAT is the Gospel? It is a warm-hearted invitation from the throne of God to all the world to come and be saved. It is the heart of God’s affection flowering out into immortal bloom. It is to save the earth.

The reclaiming of this world for God is no small job. If a machinist go into a factory and find that there is a screw loose, or a cog broken, or a burr off, he can very easily fix that up. But suppose there has been an explosion, and all the machinery has gone to ruin; then there is a great deal of work before him. Now, this world, that swung a silver pendulum in the great clock of God’s universe, has, by the rough hand of sin, been utterly shattered. It is a broken-down world. There are earthquakes under its mountains. There are hurricanes on its seas. There are pestilences in its atmosphere. Its great populations have gone down under the bludgeon-stroke of infinite calamities. To fix up such a wreck is no holiday work. It will not be a campaign of thirty days. It will require ten million consecrated hearts, ten million active brains, ten million busy hands.

Into this great field of Christian work all kind of religionists have gone. The Trinitarians, and the Sabellians, and the Arians, and the Hutchinsonians, and the Campbell-

ites, and the Antinomians, and the Moravians, and the Baptists, and the Pedobaptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Arminians, and the Calvinists, and scores of denominations of all phases of religious belief. Each one of those denominations of Christians has a truth or part of a truth; but no denomination has all the truth. You go into a watch-factory, and you see a great many men busy. They are all making watches; and yet they are all busy with different parts of the watch. These men are stirring the blaze; these men are binding the rivets; these are fashioning the wheels, or the springs, or the case, or the key. But when these twenty, thirty, or forty hands have each completed what they had to do, and the watch is wound up, it is the time-piece that forgets not to mark the hours while we work and sleep.

Now, the reconstruction of this world for Christ is to be at the hand of all denominations of Christians, each one doing its particular work. It is the business of the Arminians to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Calvinists to hammer the rivets. It is the business of the Episcopalians to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists to wash off the works—until, after awhile, this world, which was disordered, will become a perfect time-piece, ticking away the minutes and hours of one long day of millennial brightness and joy.

Circumstances make this subject especially appropriate this morning. Within the past few days the Methodists have captured this city. They have taken our homes, and our churches, and our opera-house; and if there were no higher motive to induce us, the question of prudence and safety ought to lead us to ask, this morning, what kind of people they are, and what have they done?

In 1739, Christianity seemed to be in decay. The ministers of the Gospel went drunk into the pulpit. The River of Life seemed to be frozen over. The indecencies of Dean Swift and of Sterne did not seem to shock their congregations at all. There were a few men among them—the Wesleys, the Grimshaws, the Rowlands, and the Whitefields—who got tired of this state of things, and they blew the trumpet, and aroused an excitement that shook the known world.

The world never saw a more wonderful man than John Wesley. Grave historians say that, at the time he entered the ministry, there were supernatural appearances and sounds; and that Wesley, to test these appearances and sounds, demanded that Satan come into his study and say what he had to say, instead of frightening the family and friends of Wesley. But whatever may have been the source of these depredations and insults, they were introductory to one long scene of outrage and scorn heaped upon Methodism. Its disciples were mobbed; they were spit upon; they came from the preaching of the glorious Gospel bleeding with wounds. While one of them was preaching, a ruffian stepped up and thrust mud into his mouth. Some of them were half-starved while they were preaching. John Wesley, dismounting from his horse, says, "Oh! how good God is to give us these berries by the road-side; for if it were not for these berries we should almost starve." John Downs dies of exhaustion and starvation while he is preaching.

These men of God were arraigned for the most trivial causes. Whitefield was brought into court, and a man charged him with having converted his wife. He said, "My wife was a lion before, but now she is a lamb." The

judge said, "Let the preacher go free. I would that he might convert all the scolds in England." Good John Shirley was arraigned for wearing white stockings. The prelate said, "Does he wear white stockings over his shoes?" "Oh! no!" "Well," said the prelate, "when you find him wearing white stockings over his shoes, inform me, and I will punish him severely." While Whitefield was preaching on the commons, they threw dead cats at him, but he shouted, "Throw more dead cats; they will only enrich the soil upon which we mean to raise great harvests for our God."

But although these men were so maltreated, they made the very earth tremble. Constables turned pale, and sheriffs and turnkeys cried for mercy. One of them shouted out, "I came to break his head, but he has broken my heart." These people went on praying, and preaching, and singing, and performing wonderful works, until their leader, after he had preached forty thousand sermons, and traveled two hundred and eighty thousand miles, said, "I am now eighty-two years of age, and yet for eleven years I have not felt any fatigue." They seemed to have almost supernatural support.

Wesley died, leaving one hundred and fifty thousand followers. He made his will, saying, "I adjure my executors that I be carried to my grave by six poor men, and that I be buried in nothing but woollen; and let this be my epitaph: 'Here lyeth the body of John Wesley, a brand plucked from the burning, who died of consumption, leaving, after his funeral expenses were paid, not ten pounds.'" The enthusiasm of that man's followers leaped the Atlantic, and more than a century ago began their work in the wilds of America.

The story of the Asburys and of the Wrights is familiar to the whole Christian world. Writing in those early times from the then West, a man said, "Send us a minister who can swim." The question was asked what was meant by such a request as that. The reply came, "The last man we had, in order to keep an appointment, had to cross a fierce, rushing stream, and he was drowned in the attempt. Send us a man who can swim." They swam streams; they slept with unsheltered head; they preached Christ until they conquered all obstacles, and to-day stand the strongest denomination in all Christendom. They are the flying artillery of God's host; and if there be any of them in this house this morning, I bid them welcome to Brooklyn, and welcome to our homes, and welcome to our hearts. That denomination might learn something from *us*, but our business this morning is to see what we can learn from *them*.

I. The first lesson that I learn is that the Church of Jesus Christ ought to adapt itself to circumstances. Methodism in England preaches in a gown; in our Eastern cities, in ordinary broadcloth; at the West, in shirt-sleeves, if the season be appropriate—preaching in the house or in the fields—anywhere—it makes no difference where—preaching just as well in one place as in another. It takes the express-train and goes across the continent, or a horse and rides with saddle-bags across the prairie. It is at home in magnificent St. Paul's, New York, and is not at all inconvenienced in a log-cabin. Its ministers range all the way from the polished Bishop Simpson to the home-spun Peter Cartwright. Methodism always adapts itself to the circumstances in which it is placed. I say that all denominations of Christians need to learn from it that lesson.

Our churches need to unlinber. We are putting too much stress upon questions of taste. We are depending too much upon non-essentials. In some churches we act as though we had rather hear a Pharisee pray than a publican, because his grammar is better. Now, my friends, the saving of this world is rough work, and men can not do it in a splendid way. Here is a man fallen down into the ditch of sin and crime. How are we going to get him out? We come up elegantly appareled, and we look at him, and we say, "What a pity it is to see a man so deep in the mud! We wish we could get him out. Is it not awful to see that man suffering there? Get a pry, somebody, and help now! I wish I had on my other clothes!" While we stand there, looking at the poor man, the Methodist comes along, and says, "Brother, give me your hand;" pulls him up, and sets him on the Rock of Ages.

It is high time that we stopped trying to be so poetic about our religion. There is no poetry in saving this world. Away with your blank verse and dithyrambics. Sin is filth; Satan is an arch-villain; death is rottenness; and if you are going to try to help save this world, you had better put aside your Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs" and Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," and lay hold of the work, forgetting every thing but the judgment-day. Ah! my friends, it is high time that we stopped putting so much stress on little things, and standing on the proprieties. If we can not save the world in one way, then let us save it in another. Here is a city to be besieged. An army comes up. It demands surrender. No surrender is made. It sits down there for months, and starves out the town; or, by a very slow besiegement, overcomes it. Now, my friends, if this world is ever to be saved for God,

it will not be in that way. It will not be taken by siege. It will be taken by storm. All the time that we have been delaying in this matter the forces of darkness have been strengthening. We can not cut off their supplies. They are stronger now than they were ten years ago. They are stronger now than they were one year ago. You can not starve them out. I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ will, after awhile, come as a mighty Leader, and he will say, "Stop this slow besiegement. There are the fortresses; take them, and have done with it!" And with every spur in the flanks, and every sword flashing in the down-stroke, and the hosts of God leaping on the parapets of sin, the legions of darkness will hear the command of their Leader, "*Fall back!*" and the bugles of hell will sound a retreat, and the torn and shattered banner of the Church will be lifted with a shout, "Huzza, huzza! We have won the day!"

When the Scotch Covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out, and they were waiting for bullets. They expected a barrel of bullets. A barrel came down, but it was the wrong one, sent by mistake. It was a barrel of raisins. They knocked out the head of the barrel, and sat down in defeat. Oh! sirs, in the Church of God at this day, we want less confectionery, and more of the strength, and the thrust, and the power of the omnipotent Gospel. Away with the raisins! Give us bullets. I think that our churches are dying of great sermons and splendid rhetoric. I think that we have a lesson to learn from the Methodist Church, in the fact that it has carried the Gospel in its simplest form to the people. You never hear any fine essays read in that Church, nor exquisite descriptions of heaven as the place where the "hierophantic

soul will sail down the picturesque vista of protoplasm to the shore of the anagogies." In that Church, heaven is heaven, and hell is hell, and Christ is God.

II. Again: I learn from the Methodist Church that, without passing through theological seminaries, men may have great success in presenting the Gospel. I believe in theological seminaries; but they are to the Church just what West Point is to the State. What would you have done in the last war if you had had no soldiers except those who had been at West Point? The men who came from that institution controlled and marshaled the troops all over the land. The use of a theological seminary in this or in any other country is to send out men more thoroughly drilled, who are able to organize and marshal the great mass of Christian soldiery. Let Paul go up to Athens and preach, and send plain Matthew down among the fishing-boats. Paul knew more in one hour than did Peter in his whole lifetime; but I think that Peter preached a more appropriate sermon on the day of Pentecost than Paul could have preached. Have you been so long under the delusion, and are you now under the delusion, that the few men who are ministers of the Gospel are going to take this world for Christ? That the ten or fifteen men who every year come out of New Brunswick Seminary, or the twenty or thirty that every year come out of Princeton, or Andover, or Yale, will do all the work? No! No! You might as well have expected a few quartermasters in the Northern army to conquer the Southern Confederacy.

You go into a factory, and you say, "What is the matter here? The factory is almost silent. There are only three wheels going, while you have five hundred wheels." "Oh!" says the owner of the factory, "we are short of

hands. We ought to have five hundred men here, but we have only three men at present." That is just the state of things in the Church of God this day. We have grand and abundant machinery, but we have not men enough to run it. Now, in the Methodist Church, it has been the policy to set many to preaching without long delay. Though it has learned theological seminaries, doing an important work, it has not depended upon a few men who have been secluded for seven or eight years in learned institutions, but has sent hundreds and thousands of men from the workshops, and factories, and stores, to preach Jesus Christ; and the very moment they began to study, they began to preach. I wish it were so in all the churches. I wish it were now so in that Church as much as once it was. We who are standing in the pulpits of this country begin to feel now like the English did at Lucknow before the Highlanders came up: we must either have recruits or surrender.

Go to preaching this Gospel. How shall you learn to preach? Just as the carpenter learns how to be a carpenter. Does he sit down and study books about tools, about hammers and axes? Oh no! He goes to boring with the bit, and smoothing with the plane, and smiting with the hammer, and striking with the adze; and in this way he gets to be a carpenter. So, the way to learn how to preach this Gospel is to preach it.

Yonder is a man who ought to be preaching the Gospel. He has not been ordained, and never will be. He could not be, perhaps. It may be that he has not brains enough, or time enough, or money enough. But he is ordained of God. Let him preach. Here is another. He may not, perhaps, be able to round his sentences, or make elegant

allusions or fine quotations; and yet he may be able to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins. Oh! for five thousand Moodys to come out from Chicago; and five thousand George H. Stuarts to come out from Philadelphia; and five thousand Henry F. Durants to come out from Boston, and preach this glorious Gospel, waiting for no other ordination except that which comes from the hand of the Lord Almighty! The most eminent Christian layman in the city of New York said to me two weeks ago, "Mr. Talmage, if the masses of Christians do not go to work, and we continue to depend on the regular ministry in New York, we must go under."

We want lay colleges established; lay colleges in which men can study three minutes if they can study no longer, or three months, or one year, or three years, gathering up just such preparation as they can, and going forth to preach Jesus Christ to the people. Give us in this land one thousand lay colleges, and I believe that in ten years the United States would see the salvation of God, and that in twenty years the whole earth would be the Lord's. Hasten, O Lord! that day. I want to live to see it.

III. There is another lesson we may well learn from that Church: *the worth of a Christian revival*. Where did their great host come from? Did they just dribble into the Church? No; they came in by fifties, and by hundreds, and by thousands. That has given them the majority in this land and in England. They came in under great outpourings of the Holy Ghost. "Oh!" but some say, "they get some people in that ought not to be there." I suppose that they do. I know that they do. But suppose that you went out to fish, and you swung the net around, and, when pulling it into the boat, you found

that there were a few lamper-eels and a few snapping-turtles, while the great bulk of the draught that you had made were first-rate shad, would you throw every thing overboard? No, you would not. You would throw the bad away, and you would keep the good. And yet I hear men talking as though, because there were some coming into the Church of God during revivals who are not fit to be members, they would for this reason throw over the million of souls that have come in who have been faithful to the last, and hundreds of thousands of whom are already before the throne of God, shouting the praises of Jesus Christ. I have more faith (put this down in your memorandum-book)—I have more faith in men who are brought to God during revivals than during a frigid state of the Church. I have had close observation in these things. Stand two men side by side. Let them have equal endowments. You tell me that *this* man was brought in when the Church was very cold, and that the other was brought in when the Church was very warm in revival. I will say, Give me the last one; I had rather have him than five of the other kind.

How are you going to get this world saved? There are three books on this stand. Now, suppose I take one book off, and you then put three on; and then I take another off, and you put four on. How long would it be before I would get the books off of that table? That is just the process we are going through now in trying to save the world. Look at the number of children born in the United States in the last year. Then look at the number of souls that, during the same time, have connected themselves with churches. At least four to one! Four born into the world where there is one born into the Church of God!

When are we going to get the world converted? Add it up! Subtract it! And yet we know that the nations are to be saved. How? By the people, in solid column marching into the kingdom of God. Not by tens, but by fifties, by hundreds. Ay, I expect to live to see the time when, in this very audience, one thousand men shall cry out, "What shall we do to be saved?" It would not scare me at all. Oh that the Lord would upturn this church with holy revivals! Oh that such days might come as Richard Baxter saw in Kidderminster, as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton, as McCheyne saw in Dundee! "O Lord, revive thy work! In the midst of the years make known! In wrath remember mercy!"

IV. There is one more lesson that I want to learn from that Church, and that is the *force of hearty singing*. What David was to Israel, what Isaac Watts has been to Presbyterianism, that Charles Wesley has been to the Methodist Church. He composed six thousand songs. Some of them were for national rejoicing, some for fast-days, some for weddings, some for funerals, some sad, some winged with gladness. In some, in the reading of every line you can hear the snap of heart-strings. All Christendom has adopted his hymns. Handel, the great composer, took some of the hymns of Charles Wesley, and set them to his finest music.

A great characteristic of the Methodist Church in this country has been that it has been a singing Church—more so in other days than now. Their throats are either different, or their hearts are different. They sang their way all over England, and the howling of persecution could not silence them. They sang their way across the Atlantic, and the ocean hurricane could not beat down the song.

They sang all the way across this land—for they have got to San Francisco—and the moaning of the wind in the wild wood could not overpower their melody. I know that a good many of their churches in this day are falling away from grace in this respect, and that they are surrendering to choirs this part of the worship in the house of God. Alas for it! But they will go back again. They will! - God speed that day! My friends, we need to learn a lesson from the Methodist Church in this respect. There is nothing that can withstand the power of a Christian song. You talk to a man about religion, and he will answer you. He may beat you, perhaps, in argument; but sing to him a Christian song that he heard at his mother's knee, thirty or forty years ago, and how he trembles!

The Sultan of Turkey took thirty thousand Persian-prisoners in battle; and the sultan decreed that those thirty thousand prisoners must die, for they had fought against him. Before the day of execution came, one of those Persians, who was a musician, came out and played sweetly upon the flute; and the sultan heard him, and said, "Play that again;" and he played it again. And after awhile the sultan's heart was melted, and he said, "Let that man go free! Let them *all* go free—the thirty thousand! Put not one of them to death!" But, oh! the harp of Gospel song has delivered, not thirty thousand, but a hundred thousand men, who were condemned to eternal death! It was through that agency that they were brought to the Lord Jesus Christ. I was told by an Englishman that when the English army lay around Sebastopol, one evening the bands of music, seated on the battlements, played "Home, Sweet Home;" and he said that there was a great sob went all through the army. They were home-

sick. How many have been made homesick for heaven by some such song as this:

“Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?”

People have been trying to write the histories of the tunes and of the hymns. They can not do it. The history of “Ariel,” of “Colchester,” of “Dundee,” of “Duke Street,” of “Coronation”—why, it would be the history of the Church of God, with all its joys, and sorrows, and triumphs! They have been the rounds of the ladder on which souls have mounted into heaven. They have been the chariots that halted not until they stopped at the gate of the eternal King! Oh! how often it has been that the hand of heavenly song and the hand of earthly song have joined each other, and on the two hands immortal souls have been lifted into glory!

I do not know what they sing in heaven; but two or three times the gates got opened, and snatches of the tunes I have heard. I think, when we stand around the throne of God on high, with joined hands, we will think of how, on earth, we sang “Loving Kindness;” and I think that when all the crowns of glory come down at the feet of Christ, we will recall “Coronation;” and some soul, just come into heaven, not having yet learned the tune, will sing the old tune—the old hymn it learned on earth—it will do very well for heaven:

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.”

Do you think that your father, who has now been some years in heaven, has forgotten "Dundee?" Do you think your mother in glory has forgotten the old "Portuguese Hymn?" Do you think that Martyn and David Abeel have forgotten "the missionary chant?" Martin Luther, do not you know "Old Hundred?" When Cromwell's host went into battle, what do you think they sang? Instead of the sound of musical instruments, as they rushed upon the battlements, they sang,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Oh! that the Church of God, in all its battling for the truth, might march to songs of Christian praise! It would march to victory.

God grant that we may all sing his praise on earth, and that we may all sing it in heaven. Will we? Let me look upon the audience. Is there one who will not join with us in song in the heavenly kingdom? I can not believe it. Lord Jesus, forbid it! Put around that one soul thy arm of love, and bring it to thyself this moment. Ah! my friends, we will have to leave almost every thing when we go into heaven. We will not have any preaching in heaven, nor any praying; for we shall have every thing we want. What would we pray for? No Bibles in heaven. We will not want to read about Jesus when we can see him, and throw our arms around his neck in everlasting embrace and jubilee. There will be no baptisms in heaven. But there will be *music*. There will be harps there. There will be trumpets there. There will be doxologies there. Hark! to that solo of a redeemed spirit, recitative

of earthly grief and triumph. Hark! to that trill, commemorative of earthly deliverance. Hark! to that throng of martyrs singing the fire-psalm. And then, when all these separate songs get through, methinks all the voices will come into one great chorus, like the voice "of many waters, and like the voice of mighty thunderings." Chorus! chorus! "Blessing, and Honor, and Glory, and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb!" And the white-robed victors will wave their palms and cry, *Amen!* and the thrones of glory, with uplifted sceptre, will respond AMEN! and all the hills of God will send back echo after echo, AMEN! AMEN! And what with shining angel, and choiring cherubim, and the stroke of silver bells, it will be such a joy that I hope you and I will be there to see it.

Among the mountains of Switzerland they have a very beautiful custom. At even-tide, when the fathers and the brothers and the sons are coming home from the fields, having completed the day's work, the wives and mothers and daughters come out upon the opposite hill, and hail them with song; and the women sing on one hill-top, and the men sing on the other hill-top, responding to each other.

Oh! may God grant that when the even-time of our life has come, we may hear such a song greeting us into the better country. Ah! we will not wait until then. Let us have it in our closing hymn this morning. Let that song be like an echo of the song of heaven—voices from earthly hill-top answering voices from heavenly hill-top, until you can not tell where earth ends and heaven begins.

THE GRAIN RIPE.

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—*John iv.*, 35.

IF you have been in the country districts within the last few days, you have seen that the grain is ripening, and in about two weeks it will be gathered. But the harvest spoken of in the text was not one of wheat, or rye, or oats, but a harvest of men. How shall you estimate the value of a man? You say he is worth so many dollars, or that he has achieved such and such positions; yet there are men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom, and men at the bottom of the ladder who ought to be at the top. The only safe way to estimate a man is by *his soul*.

We all expect to live forever. We know that death can not kill us. Having once launched this ship, it sails on forever. Other craft may be sucked into a whirlpool, or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us shall weather the storms, and drop no anchor, and ten million years from now shall shake out signals passing others on the high seas of eternity. Look out how you shove that man off the sidewalk. You say, "He is only a beggar." He is worth all the pearls of the sea; worth all the gold of the mountains; worth the solid earth; worth sun, and moon, and stars; worth more than the material universe.

Take all the paper that has ever come from the paper-

mills, and place it in sheets side by side, and get all those fleet with the pen to come and make figures upon that paper, yet in ten thousand years there will not be expressed one half the value of the soul. Fold your arms, and you have with those folded arms covered an estate vaster than every thing that can be represented of material treasure, for the reason that you cover the soul. Suppose I should have deeds to California and Australia—good warranty deeds, signed, sealed, and delivered. When I die, how much would I own of it? How much of Philadelphia property does Stephen Girard own now? How much of New York property does John Jacob Astor own now? How much of Boston property does Lawrence own now? How much money have you in your pocket to-night? Fifty dollars? Ten dollars? One penny? Then you are richer in estate than the millionaire who died last night. How do you suppose I feel standing here, when I know that I am surrounded by thousands of souls, each one of which is worth more than a universe? Here I stand on an isthmus between two eternities, the ocean of the everlastingly saved dashing against one side of the platform, and the ocean of the everlastingly lost dashing on the other side.

Understand, therefore, the value of the harvest spoken of in the text. I feel that I must tighten my girdle, and sharpen the sickle, and be more careful how I swing the weapon and bind the sheaf, lest a single stalk of the grain be lost.

One of the sickles with which this harvest is to be reaped is the *preaching of the Gospel*. This sickle may have a handle of rose-wood, and be adorned with precious stones, but it is worth nothing if it does not bring down the grain.

A sermon on "Consider the Lilies" may be very beautiful, but it must have more than flowers in it to save the people. We might preach the natural sciences from our pulpits, but Agassiz could beat us at that. We might, Sabbath by Sabbath, present some philosophic essays, but Ralph Waldo Emerson could beat us at that. But he who by faith and prayer takes hold of the Gospel sickle, however weak his natural arm, shall see deep swaths of golden grain all ready for the angel sheaf-binders. We went down on our knees to swing this sickle, and fifty souls were gathered. We swung it again, and one hundred souls were gathered. Every thing depends upon our going down on our knees. The husbandman in the grain-field swinging the scythe does not stand upright, but stoops to his work, and, in order to readily bind the sheaf, puts his knee upon it. So in this Gospel harvest we can not stand straight up in the pride of our rhetoric, and metaphysics, and erudition. We must stoop to our work. We must put *our knee* upon it, or the harvest will never be tossed into the garner of the Lord. Peter swung the sickle on Pentecost Day, and three thousand sheaves were gathered. Baxter swung it at Kidderminster, and McCheyne at Dundee, and multitudes saw the salvation of God. In 1857, the Christian people of this country went to work with the sickle, and two hundred and eighty thousand souls were saved. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! It is a mighty Gospel! Men may clench their fists and gnash their teeth against it, but it goes on from conquest unto conquest. It takes John the lamb, and Paul the lion. It is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, unto salvation.

But alas! if the pulpit be the only place where preach-

ing is done! We stand here two hours each Sabbath, and plead for the world's redemption. But there are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in every week. Can we expect the two hours we spend here on Sunday to overcome the one hundred and sixty-six remaining hours of the week? No! You need all to go to preaching in your stores, and in your offices, and in your shops. The command comes to all these business-men, as it came of old: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

We have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the Gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song. The time was when "Mear" and "Antioch," and "Windham" and "Dundee" stood with the strength of an archangel to marshal the troops of God; but for the last thirty years our churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, four persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and, since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrow over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory. When you can die for me, and open the gate of heaven to my departing soul, then I will let you do my singing. Oh! sing, ye who are bought by love divine, and who are on the way to grandeur immortal—sing! While I stand here and argue about the things of eternity, you may argue back; and you may be more skillful in your argument *against* religion than I am skillful in my argument *for* religion; but who could resist the holy influence when,

last Sunday night, this audience, like the voice of many waters, lifted its unanimous song :

“Show pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?”

Prayer is one of the sharpest of sickles. What does God do with our prayers ? Take them up on the battlements of heaven and throw them away ! No. What do you do with the presents given you by your friends ? You keep them sacred. Will God be less regardful of that which we present to him in prayer ? Prayer is not a certain number of “ohs” and “ahs,” and “forever and forever, amens.” God directs us to ask for what we want. Away with all the meaningless rigmaroles that people sometimes call prayer. By prayer Elijah pulled down the showers. By prayer John Knox shook Scotland. On the coast of Scotland, one stormy night, a woman came to the house of her pastor, and said to the minister, “Rise, and pray for my husband, for he is on the sea in a storm.” The Christian wife and her pastor knelt down and prayed for the salvation of the sea-captain. Sure enough, at that very hour the vessel was tossed upon the angry seas. The ship plunged in the wave, and it seemed as if it would never come up again ; but it righted, and came to the top of the wave. It plunged again, and for a long while the captain thought it would never rise ; but it began to shake itself from the wave, and again bounded the sea. The third time it went down, and all hands on board gave up the last hope. But again it mounted. As it came out of the foaming billows, the captain said to his crew, “*Lads, surely there was some God’s soul on the land praying for us*

to-night, or we would never have come up out of that." Prayer is a mighty influence. It is a strong and sure sickle. Let us all lay hold of it.

But you ask, "When shall we go to work at this great harvest?" The text says *now*. The fields are already white to the harvest. The world stands at the door of the Church ready to be invited in. What are you doing, O Christian men? What are you waiting for? You will be dead very soon. I see Christian men and women going into glory. This soul goes up to the gate of heaven surrounded by a dozen souls whom he has brought with him. Yonder comes a tract-distributor, followed by fifty souls. Yonder comes a Sabbath-school teacher, with ten souls following him into the kingdom. I see your soul coming up alone. Why do you come up alone? Have you not brought one soul to Christ? Have you lived thirty or forty years and done nothing? What will God say? What will the angels say? You had better crouch down in one corner of heaven and never show yourself.

There are some who are not only idle in the work of saving souls, but who are afraid of any thing like *excitement*; and if the Lord brings a multitude into the kingdom, they think the ship of the Church is going to be swamped, and they cry, "Out with the life-boats!" We have no such fear. Oh that the Lord God would let us now bind some sheaves for the heavenly garner!

But before you are willing to listen to my words, perhaps you would like to know who I am that I dare thus to speak to you. I will tell you who I am. I am a sinner: saved, as I hope, by the infinite grace of God. For eighteen years of my life I offered up no believing prayer. From a Christian family altar I flew toward perdition.

With my back toward the cross and my face toward death, I bounded away toward darkness and woe, and said, "Who is the Lord that I should serve him?"

"Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace;
Too proud to seek a hiding-place."

But there came a memorable Sabbath night. I retired, thoughtless as ever. About one o'clock in the morning, I awoke. Something said: "Are you prepared for eternity? You had better fly." I raised up in bed. I tried to strike a light. I could not get a light. I went down stairs, and asked of one who knew well how to tell me, "What must I do to be saved?" For days, and weeks, and months I wandered in the darkness—too stubborn to submit, too hard-hearted to repent; but at last the day dawned, and at the torn and bleeding feet of the Son of God I put down the awful burden of my guilt.

"O happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

From the presence of this cross, on which all my hopes depend, I come out to invite you all to the pardon and peace of the Gospel.

"But," says a man out yonder, "*I am too bad to come. I am all astray. For thirty years I have been going down hill. I am scalded and blistered with sin. I have gone through the whole catalogue. I can not come as I am. I must first get things fixed up!*" Ah! my friends, you will never get things fixed up until you come to the cross. You will get worse and worse. Not the righteous: *sinner*s Jesus came to call. You see that I take the worst

cases first. If there are those in this audience who are *almost* right in their habits and heart, I do not talk to them just now. I come to the sickest cases with this Gospel medicine. Though you be wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and have the gangrene of eternal death upon you, the Great Physician, with one drop of this elixir of eternal life, shall cure your soul. Though you be soaked with sinful indulgences, and your feet have gone in evil places, and you have companioned with harlots, one touch of God's almighty grace shall cleanse and deliver your soul. I do not say you will have no more struggles; but your struggles will be different. Now, when you fight against your evil habits, all the powers of darkness are against you, and you are alone, and you fight weaker and weaker until you fall, and they trample upon your soul; but in the other case you go into the battle with God on your side, and you shall fight stronger and stronger against your evil propensities, until you get the final victory. All hail to the man who fights with God on his side! Oh ye long dead in sin! to-night I rattle the gates of your sepulchre, and put the resurrection trumpet of the Gospel to my lips, and cry: "Come forth from your graves! Come forth from your evil ways! Come forth into the life and liberty of the sons of God!"

But there are persons who have been incarcerated so long that when the door is opened, and they are told to come out, they prefer the prison. They have become so used to it. And so, to-night, though the door of your dungeon opens, you prefer to stay where you are. Yet who knows but that God may bring you to-night to repentance. I do not know for what purpose you came in here. It

may have been for a very evil purpose. In Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, a revival-meeting was being held, and many souls were being saved ; and among them a member of one of the worst club-houses in the city. The leader of the club-room went to the prayer-meeting to make a disturbance, and to get his old comrade to come out. Stopping at the door of the prayer-meeting, a song arrested his attention, and he went in, and before the meeting closed knelt at the altar, asking for prayers ; and he became a captive of heavenly grace. Another member of the same club, on another night, started with the same idea of disturbing and breaking up the meeting, and decoying away his old comrades who had been converted. But the grace of God also seized him at the door, and his soul was saved. There may be some such wanderers in this house of God to-night. Oh that there may be something in the prayer, or in the sermon, or in the Scripture lesson, or in the song, to save their souls ! My word is to the most wicked, to the most besotted, to the most hardened, to the hopeless, the abandoned, the distressed. Oh you poor, bruised soul ! you have been afflicted long enough. You have fought that battle long enough. To-day is salvation come to thine house. Rather would I win one such soul than the brightest crown that ever flashed on an emperor's forehead. Though you came in here sad, you may go away saying,

“Amazing grace—how sweet the sound—

That saved a wretch like me !

I once was lost, but now am found ;

Was blind, but now I see.”

Surely you have wasted time enough. The best part of your life is already gone. For God's sake do not waste it all. Your children are after you on the wrong road. Fly

this moment. Bow your head just where you are. Pray earnestly for deliverance. Say,

“Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come.”

Pray, pray, pray! He will hear you. I proclaim him the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, abundant in mercy.

I address another class. In looking over the list of the families of this congregation and of my other charges, I find that there have been in attendance many not accustomed to go to church. You have not heard very much preaching during all your life. For some reason, you have not had much faith in churches or in ministers. But you have come here. What did God bring you for? I think to save you. I think that you are to be among the shining throng. I think that, after leaving the cares and burdens of this life, you are to rest. I think you are going up to meet your departed ones—your parents, your children—in the good land. And yet you know that you are not ready for that. You say, “O my God! how am I to get there? Who will help me? I feel so weak. I am so discouraged. I have no heart to begin. It is such a great undertaking.” Yes, my friends, it is so great an undertaking that you can never do it yourselves. But Christ is willing to do it all. Your work is to believe. He will correct your heart. He will correct your life. You say, “I will stop swearing.” That will not save you. You say, “I will stop Sabbath-breaking.” That will not save you. There is only one door into heaven: that door is *faith*. There is only one ship that sails for the skies:

her name is *Faith*. There is only one weapon with which to contend with opposition : that is *faith*. Faith is the first step ; faith the second step ; faith the third step ; faith the fourth step ; faith the last step. We enter the road by faith ; we contend against adversities by faith ; we die by faith. Heaven is the reward of faith.

There came an earthquake under the penitentiary at Philippi. "What shall I do?" said the jailer. You would have said, "Better get out of that place before the walls tumble on you." But Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You say, "Ah! there is the rub. What is faith?" Do you see this book in my hand? Come here, and I will give it to you. You come up to take it. You exercised faith. You believed that I would give you the book, as I said I would, and you came and got it. Believe that it will be as God says, and your soul will be saved.

Give the few remaining years of your life to God. The world has had more of you than it deserves. Your happy days are yet to begin. Let this Sabbath in June be your starting-point for heaven. Then I will promise you peace while you live, comfort when you die, and joy forever.

I address another class. And let me say that I have less hope for them than of either of the classes I have spoken to. I mean those who have been regular church-goers, but who have never become Christians. God has done every thing for them, but they have done nothing for themselves. He tried them with prosperity. Their business thrived; their families prospered; joy trod on the heels of joy. But the goodness of God led them not to repentance. Then God tried them with trouble. The garden of their earthly delights was frosted. A grave here, a grave there,

a grave yonder. But they heard not the voice. I have known parents who had five children in heaven—all of the lambs in the fold, but they themselves outside of the kingdom. With some here the voice of God has been ineffective. Sermons innumerable; hymns and psalms innumerable; solemn providences innumerable; and yet they have trampled on all these influences, and are no nearer the kingdom now than they would have been had they lived in Ethiopia, and never seen a missionary. Shall I tell them they have an immortal soul? They know it. Shall I tell them that the judgment is coming? They know it. I fear they will be lost. They will appear at the last day with none to defend them. All the sermons will plead against them; all the Bibles will plead against them; all their religious advantages will plead against them. God will say, "Because I called, and ye refused, and stretched out my hand, and no man regarded me, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." The door of mercy will not always stand open. It has begun to close. It moves faster and faster upon its hinges. It swings closer, and soon the announcement will be made that *the door is shut!*

I make one more plea in their presence. All those splendid trappings that you have on now death will tear off, and you will go into eternity stark naked. Will you take that deathless spirit and toss it away forever? See! the ground on which you stand is crumbling away. Very soon you and I will be in judgment. "Behold! he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him shall wail because of him." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment."

To-night the gates of life are open. I plead by the bloody sweat in Gethsemane! by the death-agony of Golgotha! by Pilate's hall and Joseph's sepulchre! by the value of life, and the solemnity of death, and the grandeurs of eternity! by cross and crown! by death-beds and gates of glory! by earth and heaven! by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness! by harps and chains! by anthems and wailing! by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb! I plead with you to flee from the wrath to come.

Oh! to have come so near to heaven, and have missed it! to catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the golden city, and yet never have entered it! to see the mighty procession of the glorified, and yet not have joined it! to hear the shout of our ransomed kindred on coronation-day, and yet not have come into their companionship!

O my Lord God! save the people! We want to be saved. We are going into life. We put down our sins. Angels of God, come hither! Good news for you! Tell it in heaven that we repent. If there be souls in heaven that long for our redemption, let them know it now. The towers of glory strike their silvery chime; and there is joy in heaven over wanderers brought home to God. Glory to God for such a hope! for such a pardon! for such a heaven! for such a Christ!

RECKLESS DRIVERS.

“The driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.”—2 *Kings* ix., 20.

JORAM, wounded in battle, lies in a hospital at Jezreel. The watchman, standing in the tower, looks off and sees against the sky horsemen and chariots. A messenger is sent out to find who is coming, but does not return. Another messenger is sent, but with the same fate. The watchman, standing in the tower, looks off upon the advancing troop, and gets more and more excited, wondering who are coming. But long before the cavalcade comes up, the matter is decided. The watchman can not descry the features of the approaching man, but exclaims, “I have found out who it is: the driving is like the driving of *Jehu* the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.”

By the flash of that one sentence we discover Jehu's character. He came with such speed not merely because he had an errand to do, but because he was urged on by a headlong disposition, which had won him the name of a reckless driver, even among the watchmen. The chariot plunges until you almost expect the wheels to crash under it, or some of the princely party to be thrown out, or the horses to become utterly unmanageable. But he always goes so; and he becomes a type of that class of persons to be found in all communities, who in worldly and in religious affairs may be styled *reckless drivers*.

To this class belong all those who conduct their worldly affairs in a headlong way, without any regard to prudence

or righteousness. You have no right to shut the door of your office or store against the principles of our holy religion. That minister of Christ does not do his whole duty who does not plainly and unmistakably bring the Gospel face to face with every style of business transaction. Many a man sits in his pew on Sunday night, and sings "Rock of Ages," and rolls up his eyes very piously, who, on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew-door, and says, "Good-bye, Religion; I will be back next Sunday!" A religion that does not work all the week, as well as on Sunday, is no religion at all.

We have a right, in a Christian manner, to point out those who, year by year, are jeopardizing not only their welfare, but the interests of others, in reckless driving. As a hackman, having lost control of a flying span, is apt to crash into other vehicles, until the property and lives of a whole street are endangered, so a man driving his worldly calling with such loose reins that, after awhile, it will not answer his voice or hand, puts in peril the commercial interests of scores or hundreds. There are to-day in our midst many of our best citizens who have come from affluence into straitened circumstances, because there was a partner in their firm, or a cashier in their bank, or an agent representing their house, or one of their largest creditors, who, like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, was a furious driver.

Against all this it is high time that the Church of God wakes up. Who else will expose the wrongs? Not the law! Almost any man can escape that, if he has money enough. Sheriffs, aldermen, and police-officers have for their work to see that no defrauder of means gets too badly hurt. Once in a while, indeed, a swindler is arrested,

and if the case be too notoriously flagrant, the culprit is condemned; but the officials having him in charge must take the express-train, and get to Sing Sing in briefest time, or the Governor's pardon gets there before him. We have feet of lightning when we get on the track of a woman who has stolen a paper of pins, or a freezing man who has abstracted a scuttle of coal; but when we go out in pursuit of some man who has struck down the interests of a hundred, and goes up along the Hudson to build his mansion, the whole city hangs on our skirts, crying, "Don't you hurt him!"

It is therefore left to the Church of God to make these things odious and penal. Every body knows that there stand in the membership of our churches men who devour widow's houses, and digest them, and for a pretense make long prayers. There are stock-gamblers who are trustees of churches; in the eldership, those who grind the faces of the poor; and while the Church will expel from its membership the drunkard or the libertine, which of our churches has risen up to the courageous point of saying that a defrauder, be he great or little, president of a bank or keeper of a cigar-shop, worth a million or a bankrupt, shall not come unchallenged to our holy communion? The Church of God wants nothing so much to-day as to be swept out. But an ordinary sweeping will not do the work. It needs to be scrubbed. The time must soon come when the Church will see that this great load of obloquy will break her down. If a teamster, passing down the street, dashes heedlessly along and runs down a child, the authorities catch him; but for the reckless commercial drivers, who stop not for the rights of others, and who dash on to make their fortunes over the heads of innocence, virtue, and religion—no chastisements.

Some time ago, in the city of New York, a young man in a jeweler's store stood behind the counter offering gold rings to a customer. He said, "Those rings are fourteen carats." The lady replied, "I want a ring of sixteen carats;" and not getting what she wanted, went away. The head man of the firm came and said to the clerk, "Why did you not tell her that these rings were sixteen carats?" He replied, "I can not deceive any body." The head man of the firm severely reprimanded him, and said, "You never can get along in this way. It is lawful in business to make these little misrepresentations." Who was the young man? A hero! Who was the gentleman representing the firm? A deacon in a Brooklyn church! Not this church, bless the Lord!

Meanwhile, this class of defrauders increases—more during the war than before it; more now than in war-times. In those days of large contracts, and convulsions in the gold-market, and sutlerships in the army, multitudes of men got so in the habit of cheating that they can not stop. In those days they bought a very splendid house and their roan span, and formed acquaintanceship with the high families on the best square; and means must somehow be obtained to continue in the same style, for keep that house they ought, and drive that roan span they will, and walk the beach at the watering-place with the Astors they must. Clear the track for these reckless drivers!

Firms not worth a dollar dazzling a whole city with their splendor of equipment! Officials having in charge public funds investing them in private speculations! Debts repudiated! Property surreptitiously put out of one's hands! Members of our State Legislature with small sal-

aries helped into great extravagances by railroad monopolies. Three-fourths of the country in debt to the other fourth! Fortunes made in three weeks! Honest men derided as imbecile, and as not living up to their privileges! New York Common-Council-men, with no salaries, getting rich! All the cities falling into the same line! All our streets, alleys, and courts filled with the thundering wheels of reckless drivers!

When I see in the community men with large incomes but larger outgoes, rushing into wildest undertakings, their pockets filled with circulars about gold in Canada, and lead in Missouri, and fortunes everywhere, launching out in expenditures to be met by the thousands they *expect* to make, with derision dashing across the path of sober men depending upon their industry and honor for success, I say, "*Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously!*"

When I see a young man, not content gradually to come to a competency, careless as to how often he goes upon credit, spending in one night's carousal a month's salary, taking the few hundred dollars given him for starting in the purchase of a regal wardrobe, ashamed to work, anxious only for display, regardless of his father's counsel, and the example of the thousands who, in a short while, have wrecked body, and mind, and soul in scheming or dissipation, I say, "*Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously.*"

I would that on the desk of every counting-room, and on the bench of every artisan, there were a Bible; and that by its instruction all business-men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonor is a spiritual disaster; and that a

man may be the leader of a Methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an "example" in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestry-man in an Episcopal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

Thus far my discourse may not have touched your case, and I consider that sermon a failure which does not strike every one somewhere. I have no desire to escape personal preaching. What is the use of going to church if not to be made better? I never feel satisfied when I sit in church unless the preacher strikes some of my sins, and arouses me out of some of my stupidities. Now, you may, in worldly affairs, be cautious, true, honorable, and exemplary; but am I not right when I say that all those who are speeding toward eternity without preparation—flying with the years, and the months, and the weeks, and the days, and the moments, and the seconds, toward an unalterable destiny, yet uncertain as to where they speed, are *reckless drivers*? What would you think of a stage-driver with six horses and twenty passengers, in the midnight, when it is so dark that you can not see your hand before your face, dashing at full run over bridges and along by dangerous precipices? Such a man is prudent compared with one who, amidst the perils of this life, dashes on toward an unknown eternity.

If, in driving, you come to the forks of a road, and one goes to the right and the other to the left, you stop and make inquiry as to which road you ought to take. To-night, you have come to the forks of a road. One leads to heaven and the other to hell. Which road will you take? The road to the right is a little rough—yea, you may find it very rough. It has been much cut up with the hoof-marks of the cavalry of temptation. There are a

great many steep hills. You will see where torrents of tribulation have washed the road away. The bones of the martyrs are scattered along the road. I will not deceive you—some have found it a very rough way; but I tell every hearer to-night that it is the *right* way. It comes out at the right place. There is a great house at the end of it built for you. As you come up, you will see Christ ready to greet you. At the gate, you will find enough of the waters of the Jordan to wash the sweat from your cheek, and the aching from your brow, and the dust from your feet. Talk about castles of marble and granite! This one is cleft of amethyst, and chalcedony, and pearl. Talk of banqueting! The spoils of the universe are gathered at this table, and all who sit at it are kings and queens.

But notwithstanding the brilliant terminus of the road, you halt at the forks, because the left-hand road is a great deal smoother; and so some of you will drive in that way. I see multitudes of people who do not even stop at the forks to make inquiry. The coursers behind which they go are panting with the speed, nostrils distended, foam dropping from the bit and whitening the flanks, but still urged on with lash, and shout, and laughter; the reins undrawn; the embankments unwatched; the speed unnoticed. Alas for the reckless drivers! They may after awhile see the peril and seize the reins, and lay back with all their might, and put on the brakes, and cry for help until their hands are numb, and their eyes start from their sockets, and the breath stops, and the heart chills, as over the rocks they plunge, courser, and chariot, and horsemen, tumbling in long-resounding crash of ruin.

Some are drawn along by sinful pleasures—a wild team that ran away with all who have persisted in riding behind

them. Once fully under way, no sawing of the bit can stop them. They start at every sudden sight or sound; and where it needs a slow step and great care, they go with bound terrific. Their eyes are aflame with terrors, and their hoofs red with the blood of men whose life they have dashed out; and, what is worse, the drivers scourge them into more furious speed. We come out and tell them of dangers ahead, but with jeers they pass on. The wild team smoke with the speed, and their flying feet strike fire; and the rumbling of swift wheels over rotten bridges that span awful chasms is answered by the rumbling of the heavens: "Because I called and ye refused, and stretched out my hands and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh!"

When this world gets full power over a man, he might as well be dead. He is dead! When Sisera came into the house of Jael, she gave him something to drink, and got him asleep on the floor. Then she took a peg from the side of her tent, and a mallet, and drove the peg through the brain of Sisera into the floor. So the world feeds a man and flatters a man, and when it has him sound asleep, strikes his life out.

The trouble is, that most reckless drivers do not see their peril until it is too late to stop. Young man! go to the alms-house hospital, and see the festering, disgusting end of those who have surrendered themselves to sensualities. There is no new place on their body for disease to place another mark. Their nails dropping loose; their limbs rotting off; their nostrils eaten away; their eyes quenched; their breath the odor of a charnel-house—they writhe in the consuming tortures of a libertine's death-bed. Do they like it? Oh no! If they had the value of the

whole universe in one coin, they would cheerfully give it up if they could buy but an hour's release from the horrors which this moment shriek over the couch, where the tears of their anguish mingle with the bloody ichor that exudes from their ulcers.

Young man, before you mount the chariot of sin, go and see the end of those reckless drivers. They once had as fair a cheek as you, and as manly a brow as you, and as stout a heart. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad pictures. They went into contaminating associations. Out of curiosity, and just to see for themselves, they entered the house of sin. They were caught in snares that had captured stronger men than they. Farewell now to all hope of return! Farewell to peace! Farewell to heaven!

Perhaps there are some here who say: "Would God I could stop my bad practices! But I can not stop. I know that I am on the wrong road, and that I have been a reckless driver; and I try to rein in my swift appetites, yet they will not heed." I tell such that there is an Almighty Hand which can pull back these wild racers. He whose beck the stars answer, and at whose mandate the chariots of heaven come and go, is more than a master for these temptations. Helpless yourself, and unable to guide these wild coursers, give Jesus Christ the reins! Mighty to save unto the uttermost!

Better stop now. Some years ago, near Princeton, New Jersey, some young men were skating on a pond around an "air-hole," and the ice began to break in. Some of them stopped; but a young man said, "*I am not afraid! Give us one round more!*" He swung nearly round, when the ice broke, and not until next day was his life-

less body found. So men go on in sin. They are warned. They expect soon to stop. But they say, "*Give us one round more!*" They start, but with wild crash break through into bottomless perdition. Do not risk it any longer. Stop now. God save us from the foolhardiness of the one round more!

I thank God that I have met you to-night, and been permitted to tell you which is the right road and which the wrong road. You must take one or the other. I leave you at the forks: choose for yourselves!

And may God have mercy upon all reckless drivers!

THE ANTHEM OF HEAVEN.

“And they sung a new song.”—*Rev. v., 9.*

NEARLY all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations, whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday nights, Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets, and huzzaed at the entertainment. At Berlin, at eleven o'clock, daily, the military band, with sixty or one hundred instruments, discourses at the royal opera-house for the people. On Easter Sunday, in Dresden, the boom of cannon, and the ringing of bells, bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals, and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair-day of Leipsic comes, the bands of music, from far and near, gather in the street, and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute, and horn, violin, and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses; and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation, and garlanded by excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be

found in melodies ; and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God, would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship, you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven, we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of the magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing awhile on the outside to hear. John listened to it, a great while ago, and "*they sang a new song.*"

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes ; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever-accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

I. Mark the fact that this was a *new* song.

Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices ; and I have, in the glow of my emotions said, Surely this is music good enough for heaven. Indeed I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," or "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah," would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips, or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old-time harmonies. But this, we are told, is a *new*

song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this “new song” may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a *new* song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God’s heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day, and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. “A *new* song”—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune; and the land is flooded with note-books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune, or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab-driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab-driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and wrote,

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, “Play that;” and while Emily was playing the requiem, Mozart’s soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around, and her father was dead.

This new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from his heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshipers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church, there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learn a tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman, who, a few minutes ago, departed from this very street, has joined it. All know it—those by the gate, those on the river-bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting, or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath-day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air, we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb,

we could not bear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet, while I speak, heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, sing it—*“the new song.”*

II. Further: It is a *commemorative* song. We are distinctly told that it makes reference to past deliverances. Oh! how much they have to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which, on earth, they passed, and it is a *night* song. That one was killed in the seven days' fight before Richmond, and with him it is a *battle* song. That one was starved to death at Belle Isle, and with him it is a *prison* song. That was a Christian sailor-boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a *sailor's* song. That one was burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a *fire* song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecution suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! song of sword! song of hot lead! song of axe! As, when the organ-pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performance, so, amidst the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshipers shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed; and the enthroned spirit from the alms-house will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

III. Further: It will be an *accompanied* song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them, there is an idea that they

found in melodies ; and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God, would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship, you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven, we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of the magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing awhile on the outside to hear. John listened to it, a great while ago, and "*they sang a new song.*"

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes ; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever-accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

I. Mark the fact that this was a *new* song.

Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices ; and I have, in the glow of my emotions said, Surely this is music good enough for heaven. Indeed I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," or "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah," would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips, or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old-time harmonies. But this, we are told, is a *new*

song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this “new song” may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a *new* song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God’s heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day, and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. “A *new* song”—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune; and the land is flooded with note-books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune, or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab-driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab-driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and wrote,

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.”

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, “Play that;” and while Emily was playing the requiem, Mozart’s soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around, and her father was dead.

This new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from his heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshipers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church, there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learn a tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman, who, a few minutes ago, departed from this very street, has joined it. All know it—those by the gate, those on the river-bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting, or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath-day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air, we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb,

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III. Further: It will be an *accompanied* song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them, there is an idea that they

are unauthorized. I can not share in such prejudices, when I remember how God has honored them. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs; for God demands that we shall praise him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship; for I read that "when he had taken the book, the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them *harps*;" and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the *harps* of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say, *prove* it. I do not know how much of it is literal, and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord. In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth; and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy, and the roll of the eternal orchestra!

IV. Further, it will be an *anticipative* song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music this evening for the whole service, you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses

on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances, they will also enkindle at glories to come. If, at six o'clock, when this church opened, you had taken the few people that were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although ten million times ten million, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters to-night is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe, but for ten thousand universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know, that heaven is to be constantly augmented; that the song is swelling by the intonation of more voices; that the song of glory is rising higher and higher, and the

procession is being multiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left earth for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour, and moment by moment.

Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must separate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is “good-bye” in the hall, “good-bye” at the door, “good-bye” on the street, “good-bye” at the rail train, “good-bye” at the steamboat wharf. We meet to-night in church. It is good to be here. But soon it will be nine o'clock. The doxology will be sung; the benediction pronounced, the lights will lower, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-byes in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions, no “good-bye.” At the pearly gate, no “good-bye.” The song will be more pleasant, because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as our other friends come in. Mightier song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold.

If the first day we enter heaven we sing well, the next day we will sing better. Song anticipative of more light, of more love, of more triumphs. Always something new to hear, something new to see. Many good people suppose that we shall see heaven the first day we get there. No! You can not see London in two weeks. You can not see Rome in six weeks. You can not see Venice in a month. You can not see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a day. No; it will take all eternity to see heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the thrones; to see the hierarchies. Ages on ages roll, and

yet heaven is new. The streets new! The Temple new! The joy new! The song new!

I staid a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand and appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet, and pour themselves into the great heart of God—how soon will we exhaust the song? *Never! Never!*

The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" To-day I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future, cry, "The *joy* to come!" "The *joy* to come!"

Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little farther down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.

V. Finally, I remark, that it will be a *unanimous* song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be *grand congregational* singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music will it be, when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last, and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loudly as any of them.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the

Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give, when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the new song. Every body knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the south. Every body going to Richmond or to Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the hosts of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars.

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—*the new song!*

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ on earth, we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. On this Christmas-eve, I foresee the time when the whole earth shall be brought in accord with the Gospel—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will to men!"

There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ in each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will

be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallelujah!

“Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!”

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE DEAD.

“And the books were opened.”—*Rev. xx., 12.*

IF you walk among the forests, you will find the first touches of autumnal decay. On here and there a leaf God has written the death-warrant for all the forests; and soon the chill night winds will whisper dismally among the mountains, as watchers in the night, in low voices, talk about the pillow of the dying. The years go quickly by; and on hickory leaf, and brier bush, and hawthorn hedge, and evening sky, and flaming aurora, I read, “*Passing away.*” Could we interpret wind’s whistle, and insects’ hum, and brooks’ dash, or cry of finch, oriole, and gross-beak, we would hear the same warning uttered—“*Passing away!*” Nay more; I have heard of a time when the earth itself shall perish. Almighty hands will break down the columns of this great temple. The foundations of the mountain ranges will upheave, and unconsumable flame will leap on the ruins of earthly aggrandizement, and all the five oceans poured upon the conflagration shall not be able to put the fire out. These islands, these cities, these continents, these hemispheres—oh, how they will burn, and burn. John foresaw this, and a great white throne, and the uprising dead standing before it—and “*the books were opened.*” You go into the old libraries, and you see many books musty, and worn, and worm-eaten. There are men who find their joy in such literature; yet to us it is very sleepy. But those old books which God

shall open on judgment-day will produce no inattention or slumbering. As they open, the whole universe will start, and angel, and seraph, and archangel, and all the nations of the righteous and of the wicked shall cry, "*Hear, HEAR.*"

I know not how many books there shall be, nor how ponderous, nor all their titles; but I remark, first, that there will be a *book of tears*. Have you ever thought, ye afflicted ones, that God is keeping a record of all your woe? Suppose you the tears that fell upon your pillow at midnight were unobserved in heaven? As each one trickled down, God said to his recording angel, "Write down another tear." That sigh of penitence or bereavement that you breathed ten years ago, unknown to others, and forgotten by yourself, hath immortal remembrance; for, above your agitated heart, Jesus stood and commanded the scribes of heaven, "Write down another sigh!" Suppose you that stranger, in a far land, groaning in Parisian or Alexandrian hospital, is unheeded or unpitied? No! Though the cry of suffering ascended from lazaretto, dungeon, or way-side, God puts the seal of his remembrance upon it, and says, "Penmen of heaven! write down another groan!" There have been grains of corn found in ancient sepulchres, three thousand years old, but they have been brought out, and recently planted, and have come up luxuriantly. So the sorrows of earth have in them enough vitality to produce an eternal fruitage. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Lachrymals have been found among ancient ruins, in which the people were supposed to have gathered up the tears of those who wept for the dead. These lachrymals are dry, and peeled, and broken; but not so with the bottle in which David intimates that God puts all our tears.

Under God's scrutiny passes all the world's suffering. He sees Rizpah weeping among the rocks, and Naomi mourning for Elimelech, and Jeremiah for Jerusalem, and John Oldcastle in London Tower, and Eliot among the savages, and Swartz among the Hindoos, and Cranmer in the fire. Jesus of the manger stands by every poor man's home. Jesus of the way-side defends the foot-sore pilgrim. Jesus of Pilate's hall acquits the innocent prisoner. Jesus of the cross pities all the suffering. Jesus of the tomb watches over every sepulchre. Not alone, thou child of poverty, goest thou to thy distant toil, or sittest in the lonely cabin. Christ will go with thee all along the road to Emmaus. Not alone, sick one, dost thou endure the pang, the suffocation, the heart-ache. He whose hands were riven, and whose brow was pierced, holds thee in his infinite sympathy. Not alone, victim of persecution, dost thou endure the scoff and the buffeting. Not alone, stricken heart, must thou bear thy sore bereavement—for, tell me, thou tomb of Lazarus, did not Jesus weep? Not alone, dying Christian, shalt thou go through the valley. The Shepherd gently leads his flock, and with his staff they shall be comforted. Oh, how this sweetens the bitterest cup, and lightens the darkest night, and smooths the roughest road, and calms the stormiest sea, and dulls the acutest anguish, and soothes the pang of earthly disaster and despair with the glorious announcement, "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee." Then, if God thinks best, come poverty—Jesus was poor. Come sickness—Jesus was sick. Come slander—Jesus was abused. Come death—Jesus died. Come the grave—Jesus was buried. The record was kept on high. Oh, how the throng before the judgment-seat will thrill, when, before the universe, the book of tears is opened.

What a stupendous rehearsal, when God shall read the sorrows of all ages, and of all kingdoms, and of all lands! Under the head of temporal loss, the defalcation of Syrian merchants, and Venetian exchangers, and Russian fur-dealers, and London bankers, and American traders, and the story of mercantile disasters that shook thrones, and thundered down the gates of cities, and made the whole earth quake with terror. Under the head of sickness, the story of all the couches of suffering, of hospitals, of prisons, of lazarettos, of plagues that drove nations into the graves, of battle-fields lifting their ten thousand hands of blood, of Austerlitz, and Ostend, and Chalons. Under the head of bereavements, the story of a myriad of orphans, friendless, houseless, homeless, wandering about in desolation, wondering why God placed them in the darkness with no father's hand to lead them, and no mother's voice to cheer them; of innumerable parents whose darlings were snatched away, some of them buried under Italian skies, or in Arabian sands, or in English abbey, or in the Scotch kirk, or in American cemetery; of companions in life, sharers of joy, and sorrow, and work, sundered, never more to meet in the home on earth consecrated by all-absorbing affections. Yea, all the woes that ever afflicted the earth will seem to rise from their graves and stand amidst the great multitudes, when Jesus, the judge, shall open and read, amidst hosanna and wailing, the book of tears!

Again: I remark that there will be a book of *unforgiven sins*. The iniquities of the righteous will all have been pardoned, and so will not be mentioned. But the sins of the unpardoned will on that day be announced. *Sins of the heart*: the pride that would not bow to divine

authority, the foolish choice of this world to the next, the impure thought, the unholy imaginations. *Sins of the tongue*: tattling, base innuendoes, backbiting, profanity, hypercriticism of the conduct of others. *Sins of the hands, of the eyes, of the feet*: from the smallest omission to the most diabolical commission, all of which shall be recorded in the book from which the Judge shall read. Oh, when it is opened, what cowering! what shame! what hate! what woe! what despair! as all the past in a vision of horror stalks before the soul; and there gathers a frown of indignation on the countenance of angels, and the air seems darkening with the wrath to come, and the Judge prepares to utter sentence against the culprits, the soul cries out, "Whither shall I fly? Rocks and mountains, fall on me!"

What a rehearsal, when from the book of sin shall be read all the crimes of all ages and of all lands! The bridewells, and the Sing Sings, and the penitentiaries, and the Torquemadas of all the world will come to judgment. Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh, and Sodom, will hear the roll of their most damnable iniquities. All the thrones of despotism must make answer. Nero, and Henry the Eighth, and Bloody Mary, and Robespierre, and Jeffrey, will shiver with terror in the light of that Great White Throne, and will find all their crimes recorded in the ponderous book of sin. *War* shall give answer for the swords that it sharpened, for the ammunition-wagons it made, for the arsenals it constructed, for the cities it destroyed, for the trenches it dug, for the harvests it devastated, for the families it bereaved, for the souls that it blasted; and, louder than the combined sound of all the batteries that ever boomed on ten thousand fields of blood, shall sound

the condemnation of the horrid butchery. Drunkenness will answer for all the property it wasted, for the manly natures it imbruted, for the diseases which it inflicted, for the domestic circles it cursed, for the millions it pitched off, first, into a drunkard's grave, but threw them so hard that it broke through into the drunkard's hell; and louder than all the shrieks that ever came up from the myriads it has destroyed, will be the ten thousand thunders of its condemnation, when once the books are opened.

Again: I remark, there will be a book of *privileges*. On that day shall be announced to my soul all the sermons I have ever heard, though they may have come in weakness, and been sorry specimens of rhetoric, and could not stand the laws of logic or criticism, and may have been preached with broken voice and in an awkward manner. There we shall meet the sermon we heard in the country village ten, twenty, or fifty years ago, perhaps, from the high pulpit, and from under a sounding-board, when you were a child, and your old father and mother sat at the ends of the pew. If you have lived twenty years, you have had more than one thousand Sabbaths. If you have lived more than fifty years, you have had more than two thousand Sabbaths. What will be our sensation when those one, two, or three thousand Sabbaths confront us at the judgment. From that book of privilege God will read so many strivings of the Spirit, so many sicknesses when we vowed return, so many sacraments, so many death-beds, so many accidents, so many escapes, so many warnings, so many glorious invitations of a crucified Jesus. He will turn over leaf after leaf, all filled with the record of glorious opportunities; page after page, column after column, line upon line, precept upon precept, condemnation upon

condemnation, day after day, month after month, year after year, until, in all the round of the infinite mercy and goodness of God, there seemed not one blessing unenjoyed. All the ranks of angels will stand listening to the recital; and sweet memories will rush through the spirits of the righteous, and feelings of remorse through the souls of the unpardoned, at the opening of the tremendous book of privilege!

Again: there will be a book of *good deeds*. Then shall we hear of the cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple; the food left at the way-side cabin, the smile of approval, the word of encouragement, the good deed of which earth made no record, blazing out among the names of those who endowed universities, and civilized nations, and broke shackles, and disenthralled empires, and inspired generations. Oh for more of the spirit that sends men down through the dark lanes, and into the squalid cellars, and among the pestiferous fumes, to prophesy in God's name over the mangled and decaying carcasses of the morally dead; that will send books and clothing to the colporteur at the West, and with its prayers help fill the sails of the clipper that carries American missionaries to Japan; that will rejoice over a blind girl taught to read in the asylum, and the throwing open of Chinese ports to the Gospel; that will teach the black boy in the Sabbath-school his *a b c's*, and pray that Ethiopia may soon stretch forth her hands to God; that will light a taper in a sick man's room, and, by its prayers, help roll up the sun of righteousness. When from that book Jesus shall read the story of the modest charities and unobtrusive work, he will turn toward some of you who do not imagine that you will be specially recognized on that day, and will say, "I was

hungry, and ye fed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did it to me."

Again: There will be a book of *death*. When it is opened, all the evil-doers of earth will tremble for their fate. What a long catalogue of liars, drunkards, thieves, murderers, adulterers, vagabonds, tricksters, oppressors, defrauders, infidels, blasphemers! The whole universe will shudder at the recital; and the mention of every additional name in the roll will increase the lamentation that rises—loud, fierce, tremendous, eternal. I am startled and overwhelmed at the thought of that great Book of Death.

Finally: I remark that there will be a *Book of Life*. Open, oh thou book of sunlight, and gleam with gladness and victory! How we will listen for the announcement of our names! And when Jesus, amidst that great throng, shall call us his children, I think we will not be able to keep silence, but will break forth in the utterance, "Glory to the grace that ransomed the chief of sinners!"

Oh, to have our names in the same book with Paul, and John, and Isaiah, and David, and Payson, and Nettleton, and Summerfield—names written with Christ's hand, in Christ's book, and read with Christ's voice! Praise him! Praise him! If recorded there, let the earth rend, and the heavens fly away, and the throne of the ages burn with all the splendors of eternity. We will not fear; we will not tremble; we will not blanch. All is well! All is well! Earth's bubbles have burst. Earth's thrones have fallen. Earth's sorrows have ended. Book of life! Day of judgment! Throne of Jesus!

"And the books were opened."

THREE YEARS.

“Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.”—*Acts xx.*, 31.

PAUL was here reviewing his ministry in Ephesus. Three years of hard work. Three years of prayer. Three years of the most positive and exhilarant enjoyment; for I see everywhere in the writings of the apostle something that suggests to me that he had thorough satisfaction in the work to which God called him; and although he had many hardships and privations, he yet had that which comes from the preaching of the Gospel—a joy that no man knows any thing about unless he has tried it. The apostle, making a review of these three years, says: “Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.”

My hap was to light upon that passage just as I was thinking of the fact that now it is three years since I became pastor of this church. As I stand here this morning, I feel emotions of gratitude, and joy, and thanksgiving, and sorrow, all clambering to the top; and yet I think the feeling of gratitude is really at this moment the most dominant. These three years that we have spent in each other's company have been eventful to me, and they have been eventful to you. When I came to the old church I found a small band of Christian disciples, who, from various causes, had become less and less, until they stood upon the very verge of extinction as a church; and the question

was being agitated from time to time whether it would be possible to maintain a church life longer. Indeed, had not those men and women been consecrated and earnest, they would have surrendered to the adverse circumstances. They marshaled a congregational meeting, and, gathering up all the forces possible, they cast *nineteen* votes for a pastor, all of which I am happy to have received:

It was not through any spirit of personal courage or reckless adventure that led me, from one of the warmest and most congenial pastorates in Philadelphia that a man ever enjoyed, to this then most uninviting field; but it was the feeling that God had called me to the work, and I was sure he would see me through. The blessing of God came upon us. The time came for the forsaking of the old building. The board of trustees resolved to build this free Tabernacle; and here we are to-day, at a point of temporal and spiritual prosperity that we have never before reached.

I have thought that it might be profitable to us, in this anniversary sermon, to state briefly what kind of a church we have been trying to establish.

In the first place, I remark that we have been trying to build here a *Christian* church—distinctively such; in other words, a church where we should preach the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified. My theology is all gone into five letters—JESUS. Jesus, the pardon of all offenses. Jesus, the foundation for all structures. Jesus, the balm for all wounds. Jesus, the eye-salve for all blindness. Jesus, the guide through all perplexities. Jesus, the hope for all discouragements. Jesus, the reform for all wrongs. I have faith to believe that there is more power in one drop of the blood of Jesus Christ to cure the woes of the

world than in an ocean full of human quackery. Jesus is the grandest note in any minstrelsy. He is the brightest gem in any crown. Height overtopping all height. The centre of every circumference. The circumference to every centre. The pacifier of all turbulence. The umpire of all disputes. *Jesus!* JESUS! At his table all nations are to sit. Around his throne all worlds are to revolve. He is to be the irradiation of the universe. *Jesus!* JESUS! It is that truth that we have tried to preach in this Tabernacle.

Do you ask more minutely what we believe? I can tell you. We have no dry, withered, juiceless theology. We believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, the Deliverer of the distressed, the Home for the homeless, the Friend for the friendless. We believe in Jesus Christ, able to save to the uttermost, pardoning the guilty, imputing his righteousness to the believer. We believe in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Sanctifier, cheering up the heart in life's ills, and kindling bright lights in every dark landing-place. We believe that the whole race is so sunken in sin that nothing but the omnipotent arm of God can ever lift it out. We believe in grace—free grace, sovereign grace, triumphant grace, eternal grace. We believe in a Bible—authentic in its statements, immaculate in its teachings, glorious in its promises. We believe in heaven, the abode of the righteous; and in hell, the residence of those who are soul-suicides—of their own free choice refusing the divine mercy. We believe in the salvation of all men who accept Christ by faith, be they sprinkled or immersed, worship they in cathedral or in log-cabin, believe they in Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, dwell they under Italian skies or in Siberian snow-

storms, be they Ethiopian or American. All one in Christ. And so we wrote, some time ago, our creed on the wall of this church :

“ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM,”

on the way to

“ONE HEAVEN.”

We built this Tabernacle for the purpose of setting forth these great theories of the Gospel of the Son of God. Would that we had been more faithful in the pulpit! Would that we had been more faithful in the pew!

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build a church distinctively *unconventional*. Instead of asking, as some people are disposed to do, how other people do it, we have asked the question how people do not do it. Imperious custom has decided that churches shall be angular, cheerless, gloomy, unsympathetic; forgetting that what men call a pious gloom is impious, and that that church has the best architecture where the people are the most comfortable, and that that is the most efficient Christian service where the people are made most sick of sin, and most anxious after Christ and heaven. And so we called the architects together, and said, “Give us an amphitheatre”—that is, a large family circle, gathered around a fire-place. For many years we had felt that an amphitheatre was the only proper shape for an audience-room. The prominent architects of the country said, “It can not be done. You need a *churchly* building.” And so we had plan after plan of *churchly* buildings presented; but in due time God sent a man who grasped our idea and executed it. So far from being a failure, it satisfies our want, while there are three churches being built on the

same plan in the city, and scores of them all over the land ; so that I believe that the idea came from God, and that he has helped in the execution of it.

And, my brethren and sisters, we fail in our work just in proportion as we try to be like other churches. We believe that God intended every church, like every man, to be individual, gathering up all its peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and hurling them all toward some good and grand object. In other words, no two churches ought ever to be just alike. Here is a church, for instance, whose object it is to prepare philosophers, and artists, and critics for heaven. God speed them in the difficult work ! Here is a church, on the other hand, that proposes to bring only the poor into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, looking not after the rich. God speed such a church in its undertaking ! But there is a larger idea that a church may take—bringing in the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low ; so that kneeling beside each other shall be the man faring sumptuously every day, and the man who could not get his breakfast ; and the woman who kneels down under a shawl that cost five hundred dollars, while right beside her shall be the poor girl pinning a thin and faded shawl over a heart broken with want. God speed such a church !

Oh ! my friends, we need to break away from slavery to ecclesiastical custom. We dare not sing if any body hears us. We dare not preach unless we have rounded off our sentences to suit the criticism of the world. We dare not dress for church until we have examined the fashion-plates, and would rather stay at home than appear with a coat or a hat not sanctioned by custom. When will the day of deliverance come to the Church of God, when, instead of

a dead religion, laid out in state on a catafalque of pomp and insincerity, we shall have a living, bounding, sympathetic, glowing Christianity?

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build and to conduct a *cheerful* church. While, as you know, we have not held back the terrors of the law, and the sterner doctrines of the Gospel, we have tried in this house to present to this people the idea that the gladdest, brightest, happiest thing in all the universe is the Christian religion. There is so much trouble in the world; business men have so many anxieties; toiling men have so many fatigues; orphans have so many desolations—for God's sake, if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the Church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth. Let me say that I do not want any body to come whining around me about the Christian religion. I have no faith in a religion made up of equal parts of wormwood, vinegar, and red pepper. If the religion that is presented to us be a depression, we will get along better without it. If it be a joy, let it shine out from your face, and from your conversation. If a man comes to my house to talk of religion with lugubrious countenance, and manner full of snuffle and dolorousness, I feel like saying to my wife, "You had better lock up the silver before he steals something." I have found it an invariable rule that men who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, priding themselves at the same time on their sanctimoniousness, always turn out badly. I never knew an exception. While those who are the most consistent, the most useful, and the most consecrated, have perfume in their conversation, and heaven in their faces.

The happiest Christians that I have ever known have

been persons from sixty to eighty years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretenses of society, and have no longer any patience with any thing like imposture in religion. O Christian! how dare you be gloomy? Is not God your Father? Is not Jesus Christ your Saviour? Has not your path all through life been strewn with mercies? Are you insensible to the fact that there are glories awaiting you in the better land?—doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs that resound under arches of strength, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with the faces of those who have gone up from you, and who are waiting for your coming, ready to keep with you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in songs that never cease, in hearts that never ache, in splendors that never die, to make you glad? Then take no more mercy at the hand of thy God! Give back the marriage-ring of love that Jesus put on your finger in the day of your espousal! Plant no more of the flowers of heaven where there ought to be nothing but nettles and nightshade!

We try to make this church a cheerful church. A man, on Saturday afternoon, in New York, stands in his store, and says, "How shall I meet these obligations? How can I endure this new disaster that is coming upon me?" He goes home. Sabbath morning finds him in the house of God. Through the song, through the sermon, through the prayer, the Lord Jesus Christ says to that man, "O man! I have watched thee; I have seen all thy struggles. It is enough: *I* will see thee through; *I* will stand between thee and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you have lost in earthly treasures. Courage,

man! courage! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man; put your wings over his head; with your golden sceptres strike for his defense; throw around him all the defenses of eternity!" What is the consequence? That business-man is strengthened. He goes to the store next day feeling that God is with him, and ready to deliver.

That same Sunday there is a poor old woman in the church hearing the Gospel. Oh! how shrunken she is! She wears the same dress she wore twenty years ago. How faded it is, and how out of date! She sits and listens as well as she can. Her eyes are so dim she can not see half-way across the church. Her ear is so imperfect that she can only catch occasionally a note of the psalm or a word of the preacher. Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and finds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, miss, thank you!" She holds the book close up to her eyes, and with a voice all full of tremors, sings:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide—
Oh! receive my soul at last."

And Jesus says to her, "Mother, are you weary?" And she says, "Yes, Jesus, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you poor?" And she says, "Yes, I am very poor. I can not sew any more; I can not knit any more. I am very poor." Jesus says to her, "Mother, would you like to rest?" She says, "Yes, Lord, that is what I want—

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rest." "Courage, mother," says Jesus, "I will see thee through." She goes home. The next morning, in the tenement-house, some one dwelling on another floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer. The door is opened. She is dead! The night before, the chariots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and Jesus kept his promise. He said that he would give her rest, and he has given her rest. Glory be to God for the height, the depth, the length, and the breadth of such Christian comfort! Oh! that we might have such joy as that which inspired the men at the battle of Leuthen. They were singing a Christian song as they went into battle. A general said to the king, "Shall I stop those people singing?" "No," said the king; "men that can sing like that can fight." I would that we had a singing church, a joyful church, a jubilant church, a comforting church; for then we would have a triumphant church.

I remark, further, that we have here tried to build a church *abreast of the times*. It is all folly for us to try to do things the way they did fifty or a hundred years ago. We might as well be ploughing with Elijah's crooked stick, or go into battle with Saul's armor, or prefer a canal-boat to an express train, as to be clinging to old things. What we most need now is a wide-awake church. People who are out in the world all the week, jostling against this lightning-footed century, come into the church on the Sabbath, and go right to sleep, unless they have a spirited service. Men engaged in literary callings all the week, reading pungent, sharp writings, can not be expected to come and hear our ecclesiastical humdrum. If a man stays at home on Sunday and reads the newspapers, it is because the newspapers are more interesting. We need, my breth-

ren, to rouse up, and stop hunting with blank cartridges. The Church of God ought to be the leader, the interpreter, the inspirer of the age. It is all folly for us to be discussing old issues—arraigning Nero, hanging Absalom, striking the Philistines with Shamgar's ox-goad—when all around about us are iniquities to be slain—a corrupt Legislature, a rotten judiciary, and a whisky ring!

Did I say that the Church ought to be *abreast* of the times? I take that back. The Church of God ought to be *ahead* of the times—as far in advance as the cross of Christ is ahead of all human invention. Paul was a thousand years ahead of the day in which he lived. The swift-footed years that have passed since Luther died have not yet come up to Luther's grave. Give Iniquity four thousand years the start, and the feet of Christianity are so nimble that if you will but give it full swing, it will catch up and pass it at two bounds. The Church of God ought to be ahead of the times.

I remark, further, that we have tried here, in the love and fear of God, to build a church that would be characterized by *conversions*. I have heard of very good people who could preach on for fifteen or twenty years, and see no conversions, but yet have faith. It takes a very good man to do that. I do not know how a man can keep his faith up if souls are not brought to the Lord Jesus Christ. That church that does not bring men and women to the feet of the Saviour is a failure. I care not how fine the building, or how sweet the music, or how eloquent the preaching, or how elegant the surroundings—it is a failure. The Church of God was made for just one thing—to get men out of the world into the kingdom of heaven. The tendency in churches at this day is to spend their time in

giving fine touches to Christians already polished. We keep our religion too much indoors, and under shelter, when it ought to be climbing the rocks or hewing in the forests. Then it would be a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the word, instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spiritual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sentimentality, and put on the work-day dress of an active, earnest Christianity.

Here is Brooklyn, here is New York, here are the United States, here is the whole world, to be converted. It is eighteen hundred and seventy-two years since Christ came, and yet Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, are still unevangelized. More people born every year into the world than are born into the kingdom of God. At that rate, I ask any one who can do a simple sum in arithmetic to calculate when this world will be brought to Jesus. At that ratio, never! never! never! And yet we know that it is to be brought to Christ. But the Church will have to change its tack, and take a wider sweep with the Gospel net than any it has yet taken. I believe that the great masses of the people are now ready to receive the Gospel, if we give them a chance. A boy goes along the street at night, and sees a fine house beautifully lighted up, and hears music, and he says, "I wish I was in there, but I have not been invited," and so he passes on. Here is the Church of God, lighted up with festivity and holy mirth, and the world passes along outside, hears the music, and sometimes wishes it was inside, but says that it is not invited. Oh! invite the world to come in! Go out into the highways and hedges. Send a ticket of invitation, printed in these words, "Come for all things are now ready."

Some years ago, two hundred men were buried in the Hartley colliery of England. The Queen of England, from her throne, telegraphed, "Is there any hope for the men?" After awhile the answer came, over the wires: "*No hope: they are dead.*" Here is a whole race buried in sin, and darkness, and woe. The question that thrills up to the throne of God to-day is, "*Is there any hope for the men?*" Answering intelligence comes back from the throne of God, thrilling through the world's darkness, thrilling through the world's woe, "*Yes; hope for one! hope for all!*" Whosoever will, let him come. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come."

These are some of the characteristics that we have tried to develop in this church. If we have partially succeeded, to God be all the praise!

And now the pastoral year is closed. The elders of the church desire me to make one or two satisfactory announcements in regard to the enterprise. During this year we have raised by voluntary contribution for home and foreign objects, \$40,500. We have received many souls into the membership at every communion. The free-church plan has worked admirably. We expected it to do well. It has done better than we anticipated. We like it so well that we are going to keep on with it. We do not believe now, any more than we did three years ago, in making the Church of God a banking institution, or in applying to the immortal interests of men the tests of the Stock Exchange, and putting the soul into the same scale with Michigan Southern and New York Central. We say, let men have the Gospel of Jesus Christ without any regard to worldly circumstances. If they can pay, let them pay. If they

can pay nothing, let them pay nothing. We have carried out that principle. I know that some people have lied about us; but that is the principle we have adhered to. The father dies, and the mother dies (I speak now of a case that immediately occurs to my mind); where shall the children go? No money to pay. Go out. Go home. The old style of conducting church finances would have said that. The board of trustees have said in that case, as they have said in all other similar cases, "Keep the seat just as though father and mother were living. It is yours; it is yours always." A man largely prospered in business gave largely to this Tabernacle in its very beginning. Fortunes failed. Gives nothing. No ban put upon him. Just as welcome now as when he gave largely. We like the principle. We mean to stand by it. God has helped us in the past, and we expect his blessing in the future.

Our prayer-meetings have become too large for the place where they are held. God's Spirit is constantly there. Our Sabbath-school is six times the size now that it was three years ago; and there is a great work being done there by the teachers. It will take all the ages of eternity to estimate how much. Our altars from time to time have been thronged with those who came right out from the world, confessing sin, and professing their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and they are living consistent lives, and are on their way to heaven.

During the past year we have been permitted to enlarge and improve the Tabernacle. During the year we have, by the help of God, been enabled to establish the "Tabernacle Free College for Training Christian Men and Women for Practical Work," having nearly five hundred students; having now twenty-four preaching stations, all

manned and conducted by members of that College. The whole Christian world is in sympathy with it. That institution puts its hand to-day practically upon the great work of city evangelization.

We have had conventions all over the country discussing the subject, "How shall the great masses of destitute men be brought to Christ?" They have passed splendid resolutions at the close of the meeting—a long list of eight, ten, or fifteen have been read, and then the presiding officer has said, "All those in favor of the resolutions for the conversion of the world, purifying the cities, and redeeming the masses, and making every thing all right, say Ay." "Ay! Ay!" say a thousand voices. "All opposed—No." "The ayes have it." There! the world is converted. Ah! we do not seem to get along by such a process. Now let us try through this institution to act directly upon the destitution, suffering, and want of the world. The attempt has been made. Souls are being brought to Christ. At one meeting thirteen people stood up for prayer. This very Sabbath afternoon, these men, set apart in that college, ordained not by any presbytery or conference, but by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty, will go forth to compel men to come in to the Gospel feast.

If this world is ever to be brought to God, it will not be by the handful of ministers we have in this country. It will be by the great masses of Christian men and women discharging their duty. If the private church membership of this country would but put on their armor, and go forth, I believe that in fifteen years this whole land would be redeemed for Christ. Would God that all the people were prophets! I am never afraid to hear a man say that

he is going to preach. If he can not preach, people will not go to hear him. If he can, he has a message from the Almighty; and I would have him deliver it. Look out how you interfere with him.

During the year, nine of our members have been promoted to the glories of heaven. They died sweetly, calmly, as only Christians can die. They have put down the staff of their pilgrimage; they have taken up the palm of the victor. The Lord Jesus has swung his arm through this church a good many times. He has been up and down all these aisles. He has taken the little children—the dear little children. He came down into the garden to gather the lilies, and the aged as well. One who sat right here, so that when I used to preach I could almost put my hand on his head, when I came back from my summer vacation was gone. Oh! how the glories of heaven shone around that old man's face as he sat here Sabbath after Sabbath! Gone now. Happy spirit! Happy with all those who have passed the flood!

“One army of the living God—
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.”

I thank you for all your kindness, for all your sympathy, for all your prayers for me as pastor. My pastorate becomes happier and happier every year. It is a sorrow to me that I can not be more in your households. You have wondered often why I do not come. Simply because I can not come. I have worked to the full extent of physical, mental, and spiritual endurance for this church. I can do no more and live. I shall be helped in this work by Professor Chapman, who to-day begins his engagement

with us; and he will with me try more thoroughly to carry out this idea of family visitation. He will assist me in that department. I now commend him to your hearts and homes as a brother in Christ, eminent for usefulness, and one whom you can sincerely love.

Now we start out on another year. How many of us will close it here, I know not. But, living or dying, let us cling to Christ. Oh! that all the people would love him! I wish that I could take this audience, this morning, and wreath it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! he is such a dear Saviour! He is such a loving Jesus! He is so precious! He is all the world to me. He is heaven to me. He washed away my sins. He comforted me in days of darkness and trouble. He is mine. O blessed Jesus! Sweetest sound I ever heard, or ever expect to hear, is thy name!

My closing prayer this morning is that God will have mercy on the dying populations of our great cities, and that the whole earth will put on bridal array for the coming of her Lord. Ride on! King Jesus! Ride on! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Amen! and amen!

THE KING'S BUSINESS.

"The king's business required haste."—1 *Samuel* xxi., 8.

AS the depths of the sea are said to correspond with the heights of the mountains, so the depths of David's faults seemed to be as great as the height of his excellencies. However, our business with David this morning is not to criticise him, but to catch from his lips a profitable suggestion. He appears before Abimelech without sword, or food, or usual attendants; and gives as his reason for this unseemly appearance, that he was on urgent, imperial business, and had no time to properly accoutre or equip himself. "*The king's business required haste.*"

My friends, we are all intrusted with some part of the King's business; and our great need is to have our speed accelerated. *God* seems to be a being of infinite leisure. He sometimes takes twenty-five hundred years to do one thing; though in six days he put on the world the final touches that made it inhabitable for man. Geologists tell us that uncounted ages passed between the laying of the corner-stone of the earth and its final completion. *God* took this unimaginable reach of time for work that he could have done in three months. He has plenty of time for every thing. With an eternity behind him and an eternity before him, there is no flurry, no precipitation, no haste. But, so far as *we* are concerned, what we do must be done in briefest time and in quickest way. *The King's business requires haste.*

Christ is our King, King of glory, King of Zion, King of saints, King over all the earth, King over heaven. He is a King that shall never die. Where is Louis XIV.? *Dead!* Where is Richard III.? *Dead!* Where is Ferdinand? *Dead!* Where is Peter the Great? *Dead!* At the door of the grave lies a whole sheaf of sceptres. Death sits in the palace of the sepulchre, and the potentates of earth are his cup-bearers; and, as the old blind monarch staggers around his palace, ever and anon he trips on some new fallen coronet. They sat up Charlemagne in his grave, and put a crown on his pulseless temples, and a sceptre in his lifeless hand; yet that could not bring back his kingdom. But our Emperor lives. He existed before the world was made. He shall continue after it is burned up. *King Immortal!*

The French Government thought itself rich in having so many palaces—"St. Cloud," and the "Tuileries," and the "Versailles," and the "Palais Royal," and the "Luxembourg;" but our King has the whole earth for his palace—the mountains its picture-gallery; the ocean its fountain; the sun its chandelier; the midnight heavens its candelabra; illimitable forests its park; the glories of the sunrise and sunset, the tapestry about the windows; the storms, the lightning-hoofed coursers dashing up and down the heavens; all the glories of the land and sea and sky his wardrobe; all the flowers of the field his conservatory; all the fish of the sea his aquarium; all the birds of the spring morning his orchestra. But better than all these, the hearts of his people on earth, and of his saints in heaven, are the palaces in which he delights to reign. *King universal!*

Like other kings, he has his army and navy. Fighting

on his side are the hurricanes of the great deep—as in the breaking up of the Spanish armada; the volcanoes of the earth—as in the burial of infamous Herculaneum; the fire—as when Sodom was deluged with conflagration; the rocks—as when they crashed their terrors about the crucifixion. The Psalmist counted the flaming artillery of heaven, as it came rushing down the sky, and cried, “The chariots of God are twenty thousand.” Elijah’s servants caught a glimpse of them among the mountains—a cavalcade of flame; and the horses had necks of fire, and flaunting manes of fire, and eyes of fire, and nostrils of fire, and feet of fire; and they were driven by reins of fire, by horsemen of fire. The cherubim on his side; the seraphim on his side; the archangels on his side: *King Omnipotent!*

Our King is wrapped up in the welfare of his subjects. The Sultan of Turkey had a rule that, when riding out on horseback, any of his subjects might approach him, and state their wrongs and sufferings; and the people pressed so close up to the stirrups that it was sometimes impossible for the Sultan to proceed. But we have a more merciful King. We do not have to wait for public occasions. Any hour of the day or night, without introduction, we may press into his palace, tell our wants, and secure his help. Going before other kings, we must have a court dress, rightly cut and rightly adorned; but beggars may come before this King in their rags; and the prodigal, filthy from the swine’s herd, is immediately ushered in. A pardoning King! A condescending King! A merciful King! *O Jesus, live forever!*

It is on the business of such a King that we are all sent. It is the business of bringing the world to God. Compared with it, all other business is a holiday and a sport.

If a man go into some financial operation by which he loses a hundred thousand dollars, and his house and estate drop out of his possession, and his failure upset the next man, and his the next and the next, until the whole land quails under the panic, the disaster is insignificant compared with the ruin of that man who loses his own soul, and by example takes down another and another, until heaven, and earth, and hell feel the effects of the eternal defalcation.

William the Conqueror pulled down forty-six of the churches of God in order that he might enlarge his park for game. So men sweep away spiritual things, that they may advance their amusements and worldly gains. But the great day of eternity will reveal the fact that the most important of all business on earth and in heaven *is the King's business.*

The King's business is not only important, but immediate. If we do not attend to it quickly, we will never attend to it at all. Here is a Christian man expecting some day to be thoroughly consecrated. After a while he will become diligent in searching the Scriptures and in prayer. Meanwhile the day of grace is going. It will soon be gone. Out with your Bibles, and begin to read. Down on your knees, and begin to pray. For the business of the store, of the shop, and of the field, you are neglecting God's business. Your soul is losing its best, perhaps its last, chance. Up, man! *The King's business requires haste.*

In the day of the world's doom, what will become of that man who had a thousand Sabbaths, and ten thousand opportunities for usefulness, and a million chances of being made better, but comes to the gate of eternity a pau-

per in Christian experience, and with but one sheaf, though all his life he was walking in golden harvest-fields. You have postponed your higher life, until God tells me you will not come to it if you postpone it any longer. *The King's business requires haste.*

There is a great work of comfort to be done. If it is not done speedily, it never will be done. Yonder is a heart breaking. Now is the time to say the healing word. Go next week with your balsam, and it will not touch the case. A man yonder came under your influence, and you might have captured him for God. You will never have another chance at him. To-morrow another man will be under your influence. You will have but one opportunity of saving him. It may be at ten o'clock, at twelve o'clock, or at three o'clock; miss that, and you miss it forever. He will be lost, when you might have saved him. Do not say, "Wait until the next time." Next time will never come. Be prompt and immediate. *The King's business requires haste.*

In the city of Basle, Switzerland, it was the custom to have all the clocks of the city an hour ahead of time, for the following reason: Once an enemy was moving upon the city, and their stratagem was to take the city at twelve o'clock (noon); but the cathedral clock, by mistake, struck one instead of twelve; and so the enemy thought that they were too late to carry out the stratagem, and gave up the assault, and the city was saved; and therefore it was arranged that for many years the clock struck one when it was twelve, and twelve when it was eleven. Oh, man and woman of God, engaged in Christian work, *set your clocks on*, if you want to save the city! Better get to your work too early than come too late. *The King's business requires haste.*

We are exercising a fatal deliberation. We sit calmly in church, meditating about how to save the world. Meanwhile, six millions of people will die this year. You might start the Millennium next year; but it would do them no good. What you do for them you will have to do within a twelvemonth. What you do for some of them, you have to do this month—ay, this week!—ay, this day! Have you never heard that a neighbor was sick, and said to yourself, “I must go and talk with him about his soul, for I know he is not prepared to leave the world.” But that day you were busy, and the next you were busy, and the third day you went to see him. You pulled his door-bell; a servant came out, and you said, “How is he to-day?” The answer was, “*He is dead!*” You say, “It can not be possible! How long has he been dead?” She answers, “Five minutes.” God have mercy upon that Christian man who comes to do his work five minutes too late. *The King's business requires haste.*

I pray God that my text may be brought home with special power to those in this audience who have never yet sought Christ. As many of the causes that come up in court are adjourned, sometimes because the witnesses are not ready, and sometimes because the plaintiff is not ready, and sometimes because the defendant is not ready, and sometimes because the judge is not ready, until the bill of costs is ruinous and hard to pay—so there are men and women who have adjourned the cause of the soul's salvation from youth to middle life, and adjourned it from health to sickness, and adjourned it from prosperity to adversity, until *death eternal will be the bill of costs to pay.* Oh, procrastinating, deliberating, halting soul! let me tell you that *the King's business requires haste!* Before you

attend to it, your mental faculties may fail. Your intellect works admirably now: but in this country the ratio of intellects that are giving out is larger every year. Something in the climate urges men on to such extremes, and the pressure on active men is so great, that before they are aware of it the brain softens, or, more suddenly, the mind drops dead from its throne.

Pythagoras, studying philosophy, was so anxious to keep awake, and improve all his time, that with a string he tied the hair of his head to a beam above, so that the very moment he nodded in sleep, the pain would awake him. So there are men now who have such morbid and unhealthy notions about how much work it is necessary to do, that they never take any rest. They can not stand the stress. The most brilliant are in the most peril. What if the mind, that God has given you for high and holy uses, should perish before you have found Christ! A heavy fall, an accidental stroke on the head, a sudden affliction, for which you are not ready, may kill your intellect, and so your last chance for heaven pass away, though you should live on for many a year.

In the great populations that occupy the asylums of the country, or are carefully guarded in private dwellings, are hundreds of men and women who expected some day to be Christians. They had abundance of time, they thought; but mental disorders dropped upon them before they had decided the matter, and although now they are irresponsible, and shall not be brought to account for any thing they do under this mental eclipse, yet they shall at last be called into judgment for the long years of mental health when they neglected the Gospel. What will become of them I leave you to judge. While your reason acts, put it to the

grandest use—that of weighing time against eternity, and heaven against hell. While your will acts, put it to its highest use in coming to God. While your imagination acts, bring before you the realities of another world. Look out how you carry the magnificent torch of your intellect, lest God put it out in darkness forever. *The King's business requires haste.*

I would have you regard the text, because you may have come near to the end of God's patience. There can be no doubt that some men, in youth or mid-life or old age, so aggravatingly reject the Gospel that God lets them alone. They slam the door of their soul in God's face, and tell him to be gone; then, when they call after him to come back, he will not come. Eternal affront has been given; and in that book where no erasures are made, the man's name is put down among the doomed. Cross the line that divides God's mercy from his wrath—step but one inch over, and you are as badly off as if you went ten thousand furlongs. Before the iron bolt fastens the door against you, you had better go in. Before the last boat sails for heaven, you had better get on board. Haste thee out of thy sin into the pardon of God. *The King's business requires haste.*

Have regard to the suggestion of the text, because your life may unexpectedly terminate. We are trading on a borrowed capital of years that may in a moment be called in. There is no map of the great future into which we are traveling. No explorer has been ahead, and come back to tell us how it is. Each one feels his way along the path, not knowing what moment a devouring lion may come from the jungle. There are so many ways of getting out of life; by fall, by slip, by assassination, by ma-

laria, by over-exertion, by insidious disease, by misplaced railroad switch, by rotten bridge, by fractious horse, by falling wall. No man goes when he expected, nor as he expected. Suddenly the pulses stop drumming the life-march. Suddenly the curtain falls and the lights are put out. We change worlds quicker than I can drop this handkerchief from one hand into the other. At one tick of the watch we are in time; the next we are in eternity. What if we die before we are ready! What if, with all our sins unforgiven, we rush into the presence of the omnipotent God, before whom sin is utterly loathsome! Can you imagine the chill of that moment, or the horror of that undoing? What! twenty, thirty, forty years to repent in, and yet not have attended to it! Beyond the dead-line there is no rectification of blunders. In the grave there is no place to pray. Those who founder here founder forever. I do not want you to fear death. I want you to be prepared for it. The rider on the pale horse spurs on his steed, and in a moment he may be pounding at the gate for admittance. What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Do it now. *The King's business requires haste.*

I stand here with the feeling that if some of you do not start for heaven this morning, you will not start at all. Oh that God would arouse you! Sin has benumbed your soul. The insensibility that you feel is like the drowsiness that comes over the Swiss traveler before he freezes to death. Awake, before you die!

There is a sea-flower called the "opelet," which spreads abroad its petals beautifully; but it is very poisonous; and the little fish that touches it struggles but a moment and then dies, and other petals of the same flower, floating in

the water, wrap around the fish and pull it down into the deadly bosom of the flower. That is what is the matter with some of you. Sin is an attractive flower, and it glows and waves beautifully before the soul; but no sooner do you touch it than you are poisoned and must be swallowed up, unless we may sweep you away and sweep you up in this net of the Gospel.

Don't you see that the tides of worldliness are setting against you? Don't you see that there are influences at work to destroy you forever? Haste ye to Jesus, the only refuge. The next moment may be worth to thee an eternity. *The King's business requires haste.*

Hear this music that drops straight from heaven: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed?

Come to me, saith One—and coming, be at rest.

If I ask him to receive me, will he say me *no*?

Not till earth, and not till heaven pass away.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is he sure to bless?

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, answer—*Yes!*"

FEEDING SPARROWS.

“Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?”—*Luke xii.*, 6.

YOU see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth. The ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries, none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it, any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamper-eel. Now, says Jesus, if God takes care of such a poor bird that is not worth a cent, won't he care for *you, an immortal!*

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives. We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but can not realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on your head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert, but we can not appreciate the truth that, when

a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with his presence, but can not understand how he encamps in the crystal palace of a dew-drop, or finds room to stand, without being crowded, between the alabaster pillars of a pond-lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers on the platform? We are apt to place God upon some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting him there to act out his stupendous projects; but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought that there must be a mist over the eyes of God because he so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees every thing. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough; but no more certainly than he is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! But no more certain truth than that he decides which ferry-boat you shall to-morrow morning take to New York.

I have thought—coming now, as we do, from our summer wanderings, and with every variety of experience, some of us having passed through appalling dangers—it might be profitable if we studied this great doctrine of a particular providence. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent and unsympathetic throne, but that he sits down beside you to-day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place, God chooses for us *our occupation*. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish

they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry, and learned merchandise; you started for the law, and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture, and you became a mechanic; you thought one way, God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God—a beneficent God, a kind God, a loving God—arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stone-mason;" God says, "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us. God saw your temperament, and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the very work you are best fitted for.

I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands and the wheels and the spring are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jewelers, and say, "Overhaul that watch, and teach the wheels and the spring and the hands to mind their own business."

You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working-hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" and to another, "You plough that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of

the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best; and so it is with the Lord. He calls us up and points us to that field for which we are best fitted. So that the first lesson of this morning, coming from this subject, is, "*Stay cheerfully where God puts you.*" I remark further, that God has arranged the place of *our dwelling*. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in, seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign; and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and He selected just that one house as better for you than any one of the ten thousand habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof, and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say: Proverbs, iii., 33: "He blesseth the *habitation* of the just."

I remark, further, that God arranges all our *friendships*. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was." There was no luck about it. God sent that friend, just as certain as He sent the ravens to feed Elijah, or the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you; and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand on the outpost of heaven to greet you at your coming. You always will have friends—warm-hearted friends—magnanimous friends; and when sickness comes to your dwelling, there will be watchers; when

trouble comes to your heart, there will be sympathizers; when death comes, there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands, and consoling lips to tell of a resurrection. Oh! we are compassed by a body-guard of friends. Every man, if he have behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those on the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends. He has not behaved well!

I remark, again, that God puts down the limit to *our temporal prosperity*. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You can not tell where men will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is *chance* that keeps him down. The rich man thinks that it is *chance* which hoists him, and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money-market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock-gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children. My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to have. You never lose unless it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will. Romans, viii., 28: "All things work together for good to them that love God."

You go into a factory, and you see twenty or thirty

wheels, and they are going in different directions. This band is rolling off this way, and another band another way; one down and another up. You say, "What confusion in a factory." Oh no! All these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life, and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But they are different parts of one machinery by which he will advance your present and everlasting well-being. Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third or fourth mortgage, is often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart if you believed that fully. You buy goods, and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and fever for fear the price will go down. Why do you not buy the goods, using your best discretion in the matter, and then say, "O Lord, I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into thy hands." That is what religion is good for, or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about: first, things which you *can* help; and, second, things which you *can not* help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? if you can not help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so despondingly upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm; and although your debtors may

abscond, although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results. Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much property you can stand honorably, and employ usefully, and control righteously; and at the end of 1872, you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you one hundred dollars for every penny beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and he is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity, and he will do it in the best way.

Your little child says, "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you will say, "it is a sharp knife, and you will cut yourself." He says, "I must have it." "But you can not have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and says he *will* have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats his children. I say, "I wish, heavenly Father, to get that." God says, "No, my child." I say, "I must have it." God says, "You can not have it." I get angry, and say, "I will have it." God says, "You shall not have it;" and I do not get it. Is he not kind, and loving, and the best of Fathers? Do you tell me that there is no rule or regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me.

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments, and he says to his sons, "Now I am going to leave this business in your hands.

Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone, you will please to look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds every thing at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says, "I am going to take possession of this business. You know I never fully surrendered it, and henceforth consider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in our life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop or store, and says, "Things are going wrong; I come to take charge; I am Master, and know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates.

It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he can not do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here, and rubbing out figures there, until it is all mixed up, and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he can not get out of it, and, cleaning the slate, says, "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and he rubs every thing out, and says, "*Begin again!*" Is he not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is, that there is so large a difference between the Divine and human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls *enough* for man, man calls *too little*. What man calls *enough*, God says is *too much*.

The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only a difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Nassau Bank, or the Long Island Bank, or some

other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who owns all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that?

I want to bring this truth close up to the hearts of those people in this audience who have to calculate rigid economy, who are perplexed how they will make the old garment hold out a little longer, with whom the great question is not, which is the best investment or the most lucrative security, but how shall I make the two ends meet? To such people I bring the condolence of this Christian truth.

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the Promised Land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life, with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success, through this river and across that sea; but, blessed be God, the path always comes out at the Promised Land. Mark that! *Mark that!*

I remark again, that all those things that *seem to be accidents* in our life are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmless and anchorless. You say, "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that event which startled your whole household with horror, God met with perfect placidity, because he knew it was for your good. It was part

of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity, when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit; and to many a Christian *down* is *up*. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through all eternity past, and the other chain reaching through all eternity future—so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A missionary, coming from India to the United States, stopped at St. Helena while the vessel was taking water. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and falling, instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had he allowed his servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial without any divine meaning? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven God will demonstrate his mercy.

I hear a man say, "That idea belittles God. You bring him down to such little things." Ah! I have a more thorough appreciation of God in little things than I have in great things. The mother does not wait until the child has mashed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruise, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tre-

mendous crisis in our life, but comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of his mercy.

Going up among the White Mountains some years ago, I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains, I thought, can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a blue-bell down by the mule's foot, on my way up Mount Washington, then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things, I can understand, but of God in little things.

Here is a man who says, "That doctrine can not be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply, It is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw material, and I ask, "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor;" and I go up; and there I begin to see the design. But the man says, "Do not stop here, go to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience, we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go higher up if we would know. We go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say,

"Just and true are all thy ways." It is all right at the top, all right at the bottom. Remember, there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you have been disappointed this summer. Vacations are apt to be disappointments, but, whatever have been your perplexities and worriments, know that "man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. This summer I started for the Adirondacks, but landed in Liverpool. I studied law, and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I staid in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West: all the circumstances of my life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear people, this morning take home the comfort of this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grass-blade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth that "five sparrows are sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Blessed be his glorious name forever. Amen.

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening."—*Luke xxiv., 29.*

TWO villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate, and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He, in turn, talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time, and notice not the objects they pass, and, before they are aware, have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance, and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon him their hospitalities. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He can not go much farther now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm, and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening."

The candles are lighted. The table is spread. Pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly, and with overwhelming power, the thought flashes

upon the astounded people—*It is the Lord*; and as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky. Not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we can not expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will, after awhile, near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text, for it is *toward evening*.

I. The request of the text is appropriate for some before me, for with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like to have others remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say, "Why, I am not so old, after all." They do, indeed, notice that they can not lift quite so much as once. They can not walk quite so fast. They can not read quite so well without spectacles. They can not so easily recover from a cough, or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They take a tamer view of life than that which they first entertained. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year, and say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within, to remind them that it is *toward evening*.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old, without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down-grade of life, and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which, in olden time, broke up the silence of the deep with cadences of mercy. When the axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us, and we are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall, and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the strong and beneficent Jesus, in the prayer of the villagers, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening."

II. The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when every thing pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to oppose us, or forgiving, when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation, your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin, and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul; in all the infernal suggestions of Satan; in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt, with awful emphasis, that it was *toward evening*.

In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. He can beat back the monster that would devour. He can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. He can sharpen the battle-axe with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm, when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake, and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on, and all the denizens of darkness came riding up on the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He, who heard the request of the villagers: "*Abide with us; for it is toward evening.*"

One of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So, when we are assaulted in temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we may get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it.

III. The prayer of the text is appropriate for all *who are anticipating sorrow*. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evi-

dent, that we need to be making especial preparation for its coming.

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye, and in the walk, that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels, with mournful anticipation, that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. *It is toward evening.*

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done every thing to make her last days happy. You have run, with quick feet, to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You can not bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which, from the first hour, has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing, and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky. The air is chill. *It is toward evening.*

You had a considerable estate, and felt independent.

In five minutes, on one fair balance-sheet, you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications. Something that you imagined impossible, happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune frustrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library, or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. *It is toward evening.*

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter, and sour, and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many heavy packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet, but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation, reiterate in tones that we can not mistake, and ought not to disregard. *It is toward evening.*

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us. He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop, and the Euroclydon toss

the sea; let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will inclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy, and in the noon-day of our prosperity, he will not forsake when the lustre has faded, and *it is toward evening*.

Listen to Paul's battle-shout with misfortune. Hark to martyred Latimer's fire-song. Look at the glory that hath reft the dungeon, and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manacles of despotism; and then look at those who have tried to cure themselves with human prescriptions, attempting to heal gangrene with a patch of court-plaster, and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation that fill all the mountains, but the voice and command of Him who stopped one night at Emmaus.

IV. The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the *evening of death*. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we can not always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he

is making. When a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death, is far from being the highest style of Christian. I know a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel.

But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when, to the soul, time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence, or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but Death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry; what does Death care for bed-curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art; what does Death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage; does Death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining; but yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect, when the firmament has been rolled away as a scroll, to see a new heaven, grander, higher, and more glorious. You ought

to be willing to exchange your body, that has headaches, and side-aches, and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise, or festers with a thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body, and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this, there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or fool-hardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim, and a trusty sword, when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe, to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be dark night, and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple-orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter, and the earth in a snow-shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year: dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel, with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch, and tumbling, in long reverberation, down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode. But the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left: five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left: four seconds, three

seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work! No word on the lip. No breath in the nostril. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to the breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking-trumpet to the ear, but you could not break the deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still! Still!

On earth, with many of you, the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk, and laugh, and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartee. Amidst all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run; and as you take out your watch, or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is *toward evening*.

So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set: Jesus is the dayspring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes: Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble: Jesus hath prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amidst the gloom of the gathering night.

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will not longer be misinterpreted, or

your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! *Toward evening!*

The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb, like Rachel weeping for her children, or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead-march! *Toward evening!*

Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every clond a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "TOWARD EVENING."

"The world its fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me.
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave;
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a Pearl of price untold,
That never can be bought with gold;
The sinking soul 'twill save,
Oh! that's the Pearl for me!

"Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me.
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is Heaven's decree.
But there's a song the ransomed sing—
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With cheerful heart and tongue,
Oh! that's the song for me!"

RUNNING WATER.

“Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—*Rev. xxii., 17.*

MID-DESERT, the water exhausted from the goat-skins, the caravan panting under a blistering sun, the feet consumed of the desert, what is it that the people most want? For what do they cry bitterly? For what would they give up the most valuable cargo on the back of the camels? *Water! Water!*

An army is on the march. They are fainting from the long way. The canteens are empty. The hour of battle is coming on. Forward yet for many a weary mile. No shelter from the burning sun; no rest for the weary feet; pushing on through suffocation and heat. What is it that the soldier most wants? For what would he give up every thing that he has with him? What awful want fills his mind, and fevers his tongue, and consumes his vitals? Ask him, as he staggers on under the weight of knapsack and blanket, and if he have strength enough to answer he will say, “*Water! Water!*”

I was told by a gentleman who walked over one of the battle-fields on a hot summer night after a day of carnage, that the cry of the wounded was absolutely unbearable, and that, after giving all supply that he could, he put his fingers to his ears, for the cry all over the plain was from hundreds of dying men, “*Water! Water!* For God’s sake give us water!”

Coming home from the store on a hot summer day, in

the eventide, every muscle of your body exhausted with fatigue, what do you first ask for? A cup of water—fresh, clear, sparkling water. . Gathered here to-night in this summer weather, the revolution of your fans not able to keep your cheek cool, what subject shall be most appropriate? Of what shall I speak? You will want nothing very profound; nothing very protracted. I hear hundreds of voices saying, “Talk about water.” And so that shall be my theme, God helping me. “Whosoever will, let him come and take the *water of life* freely.”

The Bible is all a-sparkle with fountains and wells, and rivers and oceans. They toss up their brightness from almost every chapter. Solomon, refreshed with the story of heaven, exclaims, “As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.” Isaiah, speaking of the blessedness of Christians, says, “They shall spring as willows by the water-courses.” In the Canticles, the Church is often spoken of as a “well of living water,” and “streams from Lebanon.” The prophet, glowing with the anticipation of the millennium, says, “Streams shall break forth in the desert;” while the text holds forth ten thousand chalices filled with living water for a thirsty world.

I have, in the first place, to remark that water is typical of the Gospel, because of its *brightness*. That which dashes from the city fountains has no lustre in it compared with that which springs up to-night from this Bible aqueduct. The unpretending fountain breaks forth from the side of the hill, flashing with silver, and gold, and beryl, and chrysolite; and, as you see it, you almost clap your hands with gladness. But I have to tell you that there is no brightness in it compared with this living fountain of the Gospel; for in each falling drop I see the glory of

heaven. "*Good news! Good news!*" The angels chanted it. "Behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy and salvation, which shall be to all people." Joy of pardoned sin! Joy of broken bondage! Joy of a coming heaven! Oh! it is a bright Gospel! You remember the time when that fountain first flashed upon your vision, and you cried, "Behold! I have found Him whom my soul loveth!" And there was joy in heaven among the angels of God over your forgiven spirit. Roll on, O ye waters of gladness! Roll on, till every deaf ear shall hear the ripple of the wave, and every blind eye shall see the toss of the crystalline brightness, and the glory shall cover the earth as the water the sea.

I have further to remark, that the water typifies the Gospel *by its refreshment*. How different you feel after you get a glass of cool water, or after you have plunged into the bath! On a hot summer day there is nothing that so soon brings you back from a bad temper or a disturbed spirit, and puts you into a happy frame of mind and body, as cold water. Blessed be God for water! I love to hear it fall in the shower and dash in the cascade, and to see it rush from the ice-pitcher into the clear glass. Hand around this nectar of the hills, and drink, all of you, to the praise of Him who brewed it among the mountains. Thank God for water! Clear water! bright water! beautiful water! But I have to tell you there is a better refreshment even than that. There was a time when you were hounded of convictions. Sinai thundered. The wrath of God cried, "Fly!" Justice cried, "Fly!" Your own fears cried, "Fly!" Mercy said, "Come! Come!" and you plunged like a hart into the water-brooks, and out of that flood your soul came up cool, and clean, and radi-

ant; and you looked around, and said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul."

There came a time of perplexity in your heart. You lost your property. The gold eagles took wings and flew away. Death, like a black hawk, swooped upon the family brood, and the children were gone. You measured your life from groan to groan, from loss to loss, from tear to tear. You said, from your distressed spirit, "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." From the depths of your fevered soul you called out, "Has God forgotten to be gracious? Is his mercy clean gone forever? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies against me?" As, when you have been walking in a thick wood on a hot summer day, you heard the dash of fountains and your spirit was cheered, so, while you were listening for the answer, the promise of God dropped cool and fresh and sparkling from the throne: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God." You rejoiced at the thought of the fountain. Your fevered soul thrilled with the cool touch, and you cried, "Eureka! Eureka! I have found it. Water! Cold water! Bright water! Everlasting water, bursting from the throne!"

I go further, and say that water typifies the Gospel by its *freeness*. On this hot Sabbath, when the cows break through the alders of the meadow to drink, how much do they pay for that which they drink? The humming-bird drinks from the wine-glass of the honeysuckle. How much is it a glass? There is a tax on the city water, but no tax upon the great rivers that roll in perpetual volume to the sea. How much will the world pay for all the

showers that this summer refreshed the corn-fields? Nothing. It is free; and so is this glorious Gospel. It is free in its pardon, hope, and salvation to all who will accept it. Here is a man who says, "I will pay for it, or I will not have it. I am an independent man; and I will give so much to have my soul redeemed. I will endow a college; or I will establish a school; or I will build a church, and in that way purchase my salvation!" Or he says, "I will do some grand, good works; and God, I know, will accept them." God says, "Away with your good works as a purchase for salvation! Take this Gospel for nothing, or never take it. It is free."

When the Freedmen's Bureau went, after the war, to the South, they gave loaves of bread to the people; and when the people came up, the question was not asked whether they were white or black, or whether they had fought *against* the Government or *for* the Government; but only these two questions, "Are you hungry? Have you nothing to pay?" If they were hungry and had nothing to pay, bread was given to them. It cost them nothing. Now the Bread of Eternal Life is offered. There is bread enough and to spare; but it can not be purchased. "Without money and without price" is this heavenly manna. "Without money and without price," this Gospel fountain.

I have further to remark, that the water typifies the Gospel because of its *abundance*. When we pour the water from the pitcher into the glass, we have to be careful, or the glass will overflow, and we stop when the water has come to the rim. But when God, in summer, pours out his showers, he keeps pouring on and pouring on, until the grass blades cry, "Enough!" and the flowers, "Enough!"

and the trees, "Enough!" but God keeps pouring on and pouring on, until the fields are soaked, and the rivers overflow, and the cisterns are all filled, and the great reservoirs are supplied, and there is water to turn the wheel, water to slake the thirst of the city, water to cleanse the air, water to wash the hemisphere. Abundance! And so with this glorious Gospel. Enough for one; enough for all. Thousands have come to this fountain, and have drunk to the satisfaction of their souls. Other thousands will come; and yet the fountain will not be exhausted.

Just after the battle of Antietam, with some of the other members of the Christian Commission, I went down to help look after the wounded; and on the afternoon of a very hot day I came to a pump of water. I saw a soldier, with musket, guarding the pump. I put out my cup, and he filled it about a quarter full with water. I said, "Why do you not fill my cup?" He replied, "Water is scarce! Here is a great army, and we do not know where to get water after this is gone; and I have orders to give no more than that." What a poor supply for a thirsty man on a hot day! But, glory be to God! that in this Gospel fountain there is water enough for all the armies of the earth, and for all the armies of heaven. You can not drink it dry. Oh, ye *tempted* soul! come and drink of this blessed promise: "You shall not be tempted above that you are able, and that from every temptation God will bring a way of escape, that you may be able to bear it." Oh, ye *bereaved* soul! come and drink of this blessed promise: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Your light afflictions are only for a moment, and they work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Abundance of supply!

“Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold the royal feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
See! Jesus stands with opened arms;
He calls; he bids you come:
Sin holds you back, and grief alarms,
But still there yet is room.”

I stand, this evening, offering this Gospel to all who are here, with just as much confidence that there is enough for them as though there were only two or three persons present. Hear it, ye dying men and women—hear it! “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

I have one more leading thought: The water typifies the Gospel in the fact that it is *perennial*. I know that in this hot summer weather some of the fountains have dried up; but stand you on the banks of the Amazon, or of the St. Lawrence, or of the Mississippi, or of the Ohio, and see if they run dry. No; they have been flowing on for thousands of years, and they will probably flow on for thousands of years more. The trees of the forest have cast their leaves for ages into the bosom of these waters, and the birds of heaven have dipped their wings in the wave. And so it is with this Gospel. It is a *perennial* Gospel. On earth we only see a portion of that great River of Life; but after awhile the river will rise, and it will join the tides of the celestial river that flows hard by the throne of God. “And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water.”

Ah! my dear brothers and sisters, some of you have

found this life a desert march. You have all had your troubles. Is there one in this audience that has never been bereft—that has never been heart-broken? Not one. You come to some one who you suppose is always happy—whom you think has never had any misfortunes; but he will tell you that he has had a thousand trials. A man of a great many troubles saw a shepherd in the field watching the sheep, and he said to himself, “Ah! there is a man that never had any thing to trouble him;” and he went to the shepherd and accosted him, saying, “Every thing is very beautiful around here. You have no troubles; you are to be congratulated. I have so many troubles!” “Ah!” said the shepherd to the man, “you do not understand my life. There is a black ewe that every few days goes off, and all the sheep of my flock follow her, and *that black ewe is the plague of my life.*” It was a parable. In every man’s life there is at least one black ewe—one sorrow, one perplexity, one disaster, one bereavement, one agony. I said you have found this life, some of you, a desert march. The sun has smitten you by day. You have been consumed, almost, of the desert, and you have staggered wearily on in the long tramp. Your lips are parched; your tongue is fevered; your heart is sick. What do you want? *Bread* to feed your hunger; *water* to slake this all-consuming thirst.

I am glad to know that while earthly cities may sometimes run short of a supply of water, the New Jerusalem will never lack plenty of water. Have you ever thought minutely of that promise of the Bible that there will be *living fountains* in heaven? Not such as we see in our city parks, sprinkling only a faint baptism on the air, but commensurate with the great city of heaven. On every

street, before every mansion, around the temple of God and the Lamb, *living fountains of water*. Flowing through that great city, with trees of life in immortal leafage on either bank, there will be a river. London has a river running through it, but that is the filthy Thames. Paris has a river running through it, but that is the unclean Seine. Venice has water running through it, but that is disturbed by the filthy gondoliers. Babylon of old had a river running through it, yet that was the beslimed Euphrates. But, blessed be God, no scum or filth shall pour into the river that flows through the Eternal City. God hath made every drop of that water bright, and clear, and beautiful. The righteous, robed in white and garlanded, sit on its banks, and watch its tides, and hear the roll of its waters forever and forever. No unhealthy mist hovers over that river; no malaria rises from its surface; no blaspheming crew put their oars into that water. They who "shine as the stars forever" shall look down into the glassy wave, and have their faces reflected. The thrones and temples on either bank of that river will bridge it with their shadows. In it the trees of life will dip their branches. Breezes from off the hills of Amaranth will ripple the waves.

I suppose you have seen sheep and lambs go down to the river to drink. Hark! I hear the voice of the sheep and lambs of heaven now coming down from the hills, coming through all the valleys, coming down to the river of heaven to drink, led on by one snow-white Lamb, at whose bleat all the flocks follow. Hear the bleating of that one white Lamb! And as the angel of God, standing on one of the banks of the river, under the Tree of Life, looks down, and sees that one white Lamb leading all

the great flock of the redeemed, he takes his harp from the willows by the water-courses and strikes this beautiful strain, softer than leaves' rustle or humming-bird's trill: "*The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water*, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Blessed be God for the *brightness*, for the *refreshment*, for the *freeness*, for the *abundance*, for the *continuity* of this glorious Gospel! "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Come now.

Just off our coast there is a dangerous point for the sailors, and a light-house has been set up. There is a great lantern in that light-house. I saw it a few summers ago. There is machinery by which this light is reflected over the sea peculiarly, and that machinery must, every half hour in the night, be wound up. If the man at that post should happen to sleep, alas for the sailors in the storm! alas for the ship! God has lifted a great lantern to shine over the sea of this world's sin, and darkness, and temptation, and trouble. It needs no human agency to wind it up. It shines through all the darkness of the world's suffering; and it says to those who are tossing on the sea, "Keep off the rocks! Keep off the rocks!" "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" If, after this water of salvation has been provided, without money and without price, we reject it, where shall we spend our eternity but among those whom God has cast off?

While the door of mercy is open, come, O ye wanderers! While yet the fountain is flowing from the rock, come, O ye thirsty ones! "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

THE GRAND REVIEW.

"And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."
—*Revelation* xix., 14.

WE can not, in this age, understand the beauty and glory of the ancient horse. This animal comes to us through centuries of oppression and hard treatment, which have taken the gracefulness from his limbs, and the flame from his eye, and the arch of pomp from his neck. The finest horse that is now to be found prancing in the parks, an ancient king would not have been seen riding. Of old, the ox and the ass tilled the ground and carried the burdens; but the horse was used for coronations and triumphant processions, kings and chieftains sitting upon him. Job describes a war-horse until I can almost hear the champing of his bit, and the clatter of his hoofs among the fallen shields. "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth forth to meet the armed men. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

When my text, in figure, represents the armies of the glorified as riding upon white horses, it sets forth the *strength*, the *fleetness*, the *victory*, and the *innocence* of the redeemed. The horse has always been an emblem of strength. When startled by sudden sight or sound, how

he plunges along the highway! The hand of the strong driver on the reins is like the grasp of a child. His hoofs strike fire, the harness is snapped, and the vehicle hurled over the rocks. With nostril panting, and foam flying in flakes, his head tossed on either side in wild triumph, he stops not for the missiles hurled at him, nor the loud whoa! whoa! of the multitude. Away he flies, irresistibly!

Therefore, when the redeemed are represented as riding on white horses, their *strength* is set forth. The days of their invalidism and decrepitude are past. Never shall they be sick again or tired again. Take the strength of ten of the giants of earth, and the weakest inhabitant of heaven could master him. Oh, the day when, having put off the last physical impediment, you shall come to the mightiness of heavenly vigor! There will be hardly any thing you can not lift, or crush, or conquer.

The horse used in the text is also the emblem of *fleetness*. The wild horses on the plain, at the appearance of the hunter, make the miles slip under them as with a snort they bound away, and the dust rises in whirlwinds from their flying feet, until, far away, they halt with their faces to their pursuer, and neigh in gladness at their escape. More swift than they shall be the redeemed in heaven. Oh the exhilaration of feeling that you can take worlds at a bound, vast distances instantly overcome—no difference between here and there! Heaven is said to be the centre of the universe. If so, how swift must a messenger-spirit fly, in order to reach us in any crisis of peril! Light flies one hundred and ninety-five thousand miles a second, and yet there are worlds that have been created for ages whose light has just reached us. If light, flying one hundred and ninety-five thousand miles a second, has taken ages to come

from worlds this side of heaven, how swift must a messenger-spirit fly from heaven in order to administer unto us? Swifter than fleetest horse under lash or spur; swifter than eagle's wing, or light, are the redeemed.

The horse in the text is also a symbol of *victory*. He was not used on ordinary occasions; but the conqueror mounted him, and rode on among the acclamations of the rejoicing multitudes. So all the redeemed of heaven are victors. Yea, they are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved them.

My text places us on one of the many avenues of the Celestial City. The soldiers of God have come up from earthly battle, and are on the parade. We shall not have time to see all the great hosts of the redeemed; but John, in my text, points out a few of the battalions: "*And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses.*"

You have sometimes stood in a street, waiting for hours for a procession to come up. Then you saw great excitement in the street, and heard unusual shouting, and you knew that the procession was near. I hear the sound of the heavenly host advancing. The shout of the redeemed from the mansions and palaces of heaven seems nearer. The procession is in sight, the marshals of heaven clear the way, and the great Commander rides past at the head of the host.

The Roman victor, having slain at least five thousand men in battle, rode into the ancient city with a robe gold-embroidered; in one hand a laurel, in the other a sceptre; the captives going before, the army coming after; the whole population, in holiday dress, cheering along the line. But in my text the heavenly Commander rides with the

sword of universal triumph, and on his head are many crowns. All the city turns out to greet him—the Conqueror of earth, and heaven, and hell. Strew flowers along the shining way! Wave all the banners of light! Ring all the bells of heaven! “Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!”

Now come on the *battalions of the saved*. Here passes the regiment of Christian *martyrs*. They endured all things for Christ. They were hounded; they were sawn asunder; they were hurled out of life. Here come the eighteen thousand Scotch Covenanters who perished in one persecution. Escaped from the clutches of Claverhouse, and bloody M’Kenzie, and the horrors of the Grass Market, they ride in the great battalion of Scotch martyrs: Hugh M’Kail, and James Renwick, and John Knox, and others whose words are a battle-shout for the Church militant—men of high cheek-bones, and strong arms, and consecrated spirits. Grayfriars Church-yard took some of their bodies, but Heaven took all their souls. They went on weary feet through the glens of Scotland in times of persecution, and crawled up the crags on their hands and knees; but now they follow the Christ, for whom they fought and bled, on white horses of triumph. Ride on, ye conquerors! Victors of Dunottar Castle, and Bass Rock, and Rutherglen! Ride on!

Here comes the regiment of *English martyrs*. Queen Mary against King Jesus made an uneven fight. The twenty thousand chariots of God coming down the steep of heaven will ride over any foe. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Bishop

Hooper, and Rogers, prebendary of St. Paul's; and Archbishop Cranmer, who got his courage back in time to save his soul; and Anne Askew, who, at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words, rising through flames, being a prayer for her murderers. Oh, cavalcade of men and women, whom God snatched up from the iron fingers of torture into eternal life! Ride on, thou glorious regiment of English martyrs!

Look at this advancing host of a hundred thousand. Who are they? Look upon the flag, and upon their uniform, and tell us. They are the Protestants who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! kill!" Oh! what a night, followed by what a day! Who would think that these on white horses were tossed out of windows, and manacled, and torn, and dragged, and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished, and cities were illuminated with infernal joy, and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered the triumph of hell! Their gashed and bespattered bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevards of heaven.

"Soldier of God, well done!
 Rest be thy loved employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Master's joy."

Ride on, ye mounted troops of St. Bartholomew's Day!

Here comes up another host of the redeemed: the regiment of Christian *philanthropists*. They went down into

the battle-fields to take care of the wounded ; they plunged into the damp and molded prisons, and pleaded before God and human governors in behalf of the incarcerated ; they preached Christ among the besotted populations of the city ; they carried Bibles and bread into the garrets of pain ; but in the sweet river of death they washed off the filth and the loathsomeness of those to whom they had administered.

Now they pass through the streets of heaven in glorious review. There is John Howard, who circumnavigated the globe in the name of Him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited me." What to him were the thanks of the House of Commons, or the recognition of all the governments of earth, compared with the joy of this day in which he rides on, followed by multitudes of those whom he found in dungeons of darkness and lazarettos of pain ! Here go the Moravian missionaries, who were told that they could not go on a Christian errand to a hospital where the plague was raging unless they would consent to go in and never come out, yet deliberately making all arrangements, and going in to take care of the sick, and then lying down beside the dying themselves to die. Here goes Eliot, who once toiled for Christ among savages, traveling on foot through the wilds, saying, "My feet are always wet, but I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and put them on again and go forward, trying to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," defying the savages who bade him stop preaching or die, by saying to them, "I am about the work of the great God. Touch me if you dare !"

The Maid of Saragossa, the angel of the Spanish battle-fields, passes by. Elizabeth Fry, followed by those whom she showed the way from Newgate Prison to heaven.

Grace Darling, of the strong oar and the sea-bird's wing, with which she once swooped to the drowning from Alnwick Castle. The good Samaritan, who put the wounded man on his horse, while he himself walked, now riding more firmly for that charitable dismounting. Thousands of men and women who served God, and grandly did their duty—whole companies, regiments, and battalions. Pass on, great troop of God! It seems as if there were no end to it. Forward, ye army of Christian workers! Ride on, while the sufferers whom you healed, and the ignorant whom you instructed, and the abandoned whom you reclaimed, come out on the streets of heaven to greet you! Ride on! Ride on!

Here comes a great column of the Christian *poor*. They always walked on earth. The only ride they ever had was in the hearse that took them to the Potter's Field. They went, day by day, poorly clad, and meanly fed, and insufficiently sheltered. They were jostled out of houses whose rent they could not pay, and out of churches where their presence was an offense. Considering the insignificant way many of these went out of the world, the poor doctoring, and the coarse shroud, and the haste of the obsequies, you might have expected for them a tame reception on the other side; but a shining retinue was waiting beyond the river for their departing spirits; and as they passed a celestial escort confronted them, and snow-white chargers of heaven were brought in, and the conquerors mounted; and here they pass in the throng of the victors—poor-house exchanged for palace, rags for imperial attire, weary walking for seats on the white horses from the King's stable. Ride on, ye victors!

Another retinue: that of the Christian *invalids*. These who pass now languished for many a year on their couches. From the firmness, and the strength, and the exhilaration with which they ride, you would not have supposed that they had been bent double with ailments, and had crouched with pains irremediable, and writhed in sufferings that were ghastly to the beholder. But after twenty years of useless prescription, and all surgery had failed, in one moment they recovered. The black groom named *Death* came out and put their foot in the stirrup, and gave them one lift, by which in a moment they sprang upon white horses to ride forth—conquerors forever.

I heard Thomas Stockton, in the midst of his sermon about the Good Land, stop and cough for two or three minutes, until it seemed as if he never would get his breath, and then go on again; but, recovering his strength, he put his hand upon his lungs, and said, "Thank God there is no coughing in heaven!" He is well now. Eloquent Thomas Stockton! Glorious Thomas Stockton! I had a friend who preached the Gospel in the West. He was seized by a disease which must prove fatal unless he submitted to a surgical operation. The prospect was that he would die in the hands of the surgeon; but there was a faint hope of recovery, and so he felt it his duty to submit. One Sabbath morning he stood in his pulpit supporting himself by a chair, and said to his congregation, "My dear people, to-morrow morning I start for New York to submit to a surgical operation, which will probably take my life, but there is a faint hope that it may restore me; and that faint hope leads me to go, but it is probable I shall never see you again. I shall now proceed to preach to you my farewell sermon." And then, with a

face all illumined with joy and triumph, he said, "You will find my text in chapter four of Second Timothy, verses 6 and 7: '*I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.*'" The next Thursday morning he was well; *he was all well*. In that land they never say, "I am sick." Ride on, ye great host of recovered invalids, in the triumphal procession of heaven!

Henry VIII. brought Anne Boleyn to his palace. The River Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry. Fifty barges followed the lord mayor. Officials dressed in scarlet. Choirs chanting along the banks of the river. Flags adorned with bells that rang as the breeze stirred them. Anne Boleyn, in cloth of gold, and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the barge amidst the sound of trumpets and the shout of a kingdom. Then entering the street seated on a richly caparisoned palfrey that sometimes walked on cloth of gold and velvet, led between houses adorned with scarlet and crimson, and defended by guards in coats of beaten gold, and along by fountains that were made on that day to pour out Rhenish wine for the people, until she at last, kneeling in Westminster Abbey, took the crown. But alas for the career of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn! They lived in worldliness, and their splendid career went out in darkness. Not so with those whom our King shall call to the honors of heaven. Along the river of death their barge shall glide amidst the shadows until it comes to the light of the city; and then, on streets of gold, and amidst palaces of gold, and greet-

ed by harps of gold, they shall join the armies of the King, following on white horses.

But I can not count the interminable troops of God as they pass—the redeemed of all ages, and lands, and conditions. One hundred and forty-four generations of people have lived since the world was made; and consequently about twenty-nine thousand millions of people have died—figures of which we can have no appreciation. A great proportion of these must have gone into glory; so that nothing but an archangel for a mathematician, with an arithmetic of eternity, could give any idea of the number who shall make up the throng that follow on white horses. Every hour the line is lengthening. They are going up by scores, and by hundreds and thousands. At the beginning of this discourse, we took our position on the street of heaven to watch, but the first regiment has not passed yet; and I hear the clatter of the hosts still coming. Yea, stand at this point and watch until the century has gone, and the world has perished, and time has wound up, and myriads of ages have gone their slow round; still you will not have seen half of the first division who follow upon white horses. Go up on the highest tower of heaven; look to the north, and look to the south; can you see the end? No! No! Coming! Coming! Forever and forever they pass on! *“The armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses.”*

It has been to me the most anxious question of the evening—Will you and I join that great procession? Not unless on earth we belonged to the Lord’s army, and followed after the King. You must know that the cavalry of heaven that you see passing fought with the cavalry of hell; and that the arch-demon has had his victories, and

that those whom he conquers he carries away in chains, to be reserved in darkness until the great day. Which side are you on? Those who do not follow Christ on earth shall not triumph with him in heaven. If you are on the wrong side, you had better cross over. If you belong to the black cavalry instead of the white cavalry, you had better head the other way. Plunge the spurs into the flanks, and dash up under the standard of the cross!

I suppose, of course, that what the text says about the white horses of heaven is figurative; and yet I know not but in some sense it may be literal. It has seemed to me inscrutable that horses should be maltreated, and whipped, and killed by the cruelty of their owners, and have no other state of being by way of compensation. My little child of six years of age was overheard telling her brother of four years that there would be a heaven for the birds, and another heaven for the horses. I had not the courage to correct her defective theology. If I wake up at last in heaven, and find real white horses for the redeemed to ride upon, I shall not be sorry; but for the present I must take my text figuratively, and learn from it the fleetness, and the victory, and the strength of the redeemed. Rejoice, O ye righteous, in the glorious prospect!

When the last war was ended, and the returning army passed in review at Washington, among the most impressive sights were the horses on which the generals rode. But those horses had not been in battle. They had been picked up at the close of the war; they had carried no burdens; they had seen no hardships, but came prancing along the line with arched necks, and rounded limb, and princely trappings, and flying feet, and flaming eye. As they bounded to the roll of the drum and the trumpet-

blast, their drivers bowed on either side to the almost interminable *huzzah!*

Oh! when Christ our King shall return to heaven with all the armies of the saved—nations, and kingdoms, and ages in the line—may you and I, through the infinite mercy of the King, be among those who shall follow Him in the great cavalry troop of the redeemed! *That will be the Grand Review of heaven.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF A MINISTER'S LIFE.

“My brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown.”—*Philippians* iv., 1.

THAT is what Paul said, expressing his love for and his confidence in the people to whom he ministered. But the words are just as appropriate to-night for me to use, in this my parting address now, as I am some time to be absent from you: “My brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown.”

The great cry in all denominations of Christians to-day is for more ministers. There are many brilliant young men, having earnest hearts, now entering upon life; but for the most part they float past the ministry into the counting-room, the law-office, and the medical chair. So much has been written and said about the hardships of the ministry, that our young men are afraid to run the gauntlet of so much neglect, abuse, and starvation. I have to say that the majority of the books written on this subject are exaggerations of the sorrows of the minister's life, and for the most part give only one side of that life. I have to tell you that I believe the office of the minister of Christ has fewer trials, larger spiritual emoluments and rewards, brighter inducements, higher development, grander joys, than any other occupation in all the earth.

Admitting, so plainly that no man shall misinterpret what I say, that there are now many ministers undergoing persecutions, and hardships, and outrages that amount to positive martyrdom, I contend that these are the excep-

tions; and that, gathering an audience of a *thousand* ministers of Christ, *nine hundred* of them have many advantages—good books, refined associations, sons and daughters well fed, well clad, well educated, opportunities innumerable—while all around there is the evidence that their services are being appreciated. Gather a thousand merchants together, and I will show you that nine hundred of them have had harder knocks, greater privations, have come more frequently to the study of severe economy, have had harder work to pay their rent, and in many things have been subject to annoyances which a minister of Christ never experiences.

We are to remember the fact that a vast majority of men in worldly occupations do not succeed; that it is an authentic statistic, that out of a hundred merchants all fail except two; that there are tens of thousands of clerks living on insufficient salaries; that it is a rare thing when a mechanic earns any thing more than a plain livelihood. We are to take, I say, these things into consideration, and remember that if the ministry sometimes has its hardships, commerce and mechanism have their hardships.

We are to remember that the minister of the Gospel, so far as worldly support is concerned, has the advantage over the doctor, the lawyer, and almost every other profession at the start; for although a man in these professions may after awhile come to affluence, we all know that his first ten years are a hard struggle, and a livelihood is not won; while the minister of the Gospel steps right out of the theological school into a settlement, where from the first day he is supported. Show me one minister of Christ who has fared hard, and I will show you ten merchants and mechanics who have been fretted, and exasperated, and toss-

ed about, and moved from a large house into a smaller one, and dogged, and dunned, and abused, and set upon, and trampled under foot, until all their courage is gone out of them.

But you say, see how old ministers are neglected, and their families after them. I admit it. Shame on the Christian Church that it is so! But remember, also, that there are thousands of old merchants who, with their families, have come down to abjectest poverty, and that every day there are mechanics moving out of their plain houses because they can not pay the rent. What company of men is it that sends a music-teacher to Europe because he has bronchitis? What company of well-to-do men meet together and pass resolutions of sympathy when a carpenter is sick? I admit that in the ministry we have our annoyances, but I wish it understood, at the same time, they are no more (I think they are less) than in other occupations.

For a particular and specific purpose to-night, I want to say to young men who hear me, that if you enter the holy office with the right spirit, loving God and desiring usefulness, you will find this Christian work of the ministry always a satisfaction, often a joy, and sometimes a rapture! Of course, I exclude from these consolations those men who enter the ministry with half a heart, and who at the first opportunity escape through Wall Street, or through the fortune of a rich wife. I also exclude from these consolations those ministers who smoke themselves to death, as hundreds of them do. I exclude also from these consolations those ministers who pass their lives in complaining about the sins of the world, instead of putting both hands forth to make that world better. This joy of which I

speaking comes to those who feel called to the work of the Christian ministry, and are glad of it.

You have heard sermons on the hardships of the ministry, on the privations of the ministry, on the sorrows of the ministry. I have thought, in this my parting address, I would talk to you a little while about the *joys of the Christian ministry*, hoping that before I get through I may induce some of these young men to buckle on the armor of the Lord Almighty.

In the first place, there is the *joy of interesting work*. The minister of Christ in this day must toil thoroughly and continuously. If he would be able to instruct the people, he must have something decided to say, and be able to say it in such a way that the people will understand. There are in this day so many pamphlets, so many books, so many newspapers, so many lecturing platforms, that the great mass of people are accustomed to discuss questions of literature, and morals, and religion; and I care not how fine the voice may be, how elaborate the rhetoric, or how high-sounding the phrase, unless the minister of Christ has something to say, all the people know it, and they know it right away. Hence he must be busy, not only with the books in his library, but with that large book of every-day Christian experience and of worldly observation. He must not only know what were the skepticisms of Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire, but be acquainted with the modern infidelities that swarm in the street and drawing-room. Besides that, his hand and heart must ever be open for Christian sympathy and help. There are the bereaved to be comforted. There are the dead to be buried. There are the fallen to be lifted up with great encouragement. There are young men coming

to town who need Christian counsel. Plenty of work for voice, for hand, for pen. Besides that, there are a thousand charities of the world and of the Church to which he must, in the name of Christ, put forth his hands.

Now I say that a man entering the ministry with the right spirit will find perpetual exhilaration and joy in the work. To stand before a company of immortal men and women importuning them to such belief and behavior as shall lead them to high happiness on earth and open for them the grandeurs of eternity; to enter the harvest-field where the grain is ripe, and the sheaves are coming toward the garner—that is life for the body, *that* is inspiration for the mind, *that* is rapture for the soul; and if there is in all the world an occupation or profession that yields such mighty satisfaction, I have never heard of it. Some have expressed it as a matter of surprise that our life-insurance men have stated that ministers of the Gospel, as a class, live longer than any other class of people. It is no surprise to me. The joy of their work is the reason of their longevity.

I remark again: there is the *joy of elevated associations* for a minister. If a man be tolerably acceptable in his work, the refinements of society open before him. He is invited into the conclave of poets and artists; he is surrounded by kindly influences; society breathes upon him its most elevating advantages. Men in other occupations must depend on their wealth and achievements to obtain such position. By reason of the respect of men for the Christian minister, all these spheres open before him. In addition to that, and more than that, his constant associates are the princes of God and the heirs of heaven.

Then comes the *joy of seeing souls converted*. "Go

into all the world and preach my Gospel," said Christ; and that is to be the great means of bringing the world back to God. To go from the house of God some Sabbath and feel that the sermon has fallen dead, and to be told the next day by some man, "That sermon was the redemption of my soul." It has been the history of almost all the sermons about which I have been especially discouraged, that before the week was out I have heard that that particular administration of the Gospel has been blessed to some one's salvation. I went home one Sabbath almost resolved never to preach again; the Gospel seemed to have no effect; but before one week had passed I found that five souls, through the instrumentality of that poor sermon, had pressed into the kingdom of God. It is a joy like that of the angels of God over a repentant sinner to see men turning their backs on the world to follow Christ, and to hear them saying, "Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." Oh! this is the joy of the heavens.

"Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy."

There is the joy of *comfort-bearing*. It does not take a very long ministry before you look over an audience and see that there is not a single family that has escaped sicknesses, losses of property, or bereavements of the household. Oh! if we were obliged to stand in the pulpits without this balm of heaven, what should we do?

To see the wounds healing; to see some one kneeling down beside the coffin of a loved one, and hear her saying,

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord—I feel as if I could trust him;" to see Christ come to the prow of the vessel and silence the Euroclydon; to see a soul rise up strengthened and comforted; to look over an audience, one-half of them in the habiliments of mourning, and yet feel that there is power in that Gospel to silence every grief and soothe every wound of the soul—ah! to tell the broken-hearted people of the congregation that God pities, that God feels, that God loves, that God sympathizes—*that* is the joy of the Christian ministry!

There is joy in *a church's sympathy*. It is a sad thing that many of the best people in affliction do not get sympathy; they are all alone in their sorrow; the world yields them no condolence at all. If the minister of Christ has been at all faithful in his work, he knows that there are those who are willing to sympathize in his every sorrow and in every success. He knows that he has their prayers and good wishes. If he be sick, he knows they are praying for his recovery. If dark shadows hover over his household, he knows there are those who are praying that those shadows may be lifted. Multitudes of those to whom he has brought the comforts of the Gospel in hours of tribulation come to him in his hours of disaster:

"Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

"Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
At length they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love."

I have felt, my brethren and sisters in Christ, constrained, in this moment of parting for an absence of some weeks, to tell you the deep, high, protracted joy of the Christian ministry. I do not believe there is any congregation on earth that has been more sympathetic with the work of a pastor than you have been with me. And I have felt that before I go away from you now I must offer my thanks, first to God, and next to you. For I can say, in the words of the apostle in the text, "*My brethren dearly beloved, my joy and crown.*"

For these three years I have received kindness at the hands of this people. I have dwelt among you with imperfections, not so well known to you as to myself. And in looking over all these three years, I have but one fault to find, and that is, that you have been *too kind*. With my temperament, I know that I must in that time have said a good many things that I ought never to have said, and must have done a good many things that I ought never to have done. And so now, in this closing hour, I ask the forgiveness of God and the forgiveness of this people for all the shortcomings of my ministry.

I know, my friends, you will not begrudge me this vacation. It has been a busy year to me—God only knows how busy. During this year we have established the Tabernacle Free College, have raised the money for the building and for the running expenses, have secured the professorate, have attended upon all the lectures save two, and have five hundred students engaged in different kinds of Christian work—going forth as lay preachers, and visiting sickness and trouble, and engaged in Sabbath-school employment. I have preached every Sabbath save two; I have delivered two sermons and a lecture each week, and

corrected the phonographic report of them for the *Christian Age*, of London, *The Methodist*, of New York, and the *Interior*, of Chicago—an amount of work which some of you may understand. I have prepared articles for secular and religious papers, and have lectured in San Francisco, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities, for the benefit of the college. During the year, I have conducted two books through the printing-press; I have tried to answer the thousands of letters that have come to me with questions about the Free Tabernacle, and about the Free College, and about various questions of Christian experience. I have tried as well as I could to look after the spiritual welfare of hundreds of families. While I have seen angry discussions in the newspapers about how many hours a man ought to work, some saying he ought to work eight, and some saying eight hours were too much, I have this year worked fifteen hours per day as a regular thing, and still stand before you in perfect health, although this vacation comes very acceptable. You will be glad that I have this opportunity to rest.

I want, to-night, to build on this platform a monument to the goodness of God and to your faithfulness to me as pastor. I would like to say over that monument, as was said over one that was raised in the wilderness, "*Mizpeh*: The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another!"

To the God of the mountains, and the God of the valleys, and the God of the oceans, and the God of the great town, I commend you and your families. Let us all make league with him. The time will soon come when I shall have preached my last sermon, and you will have

had your last opportunity of salvation. "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment."

And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

"In this dark world of sin and pain
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We there shall meet to part no more ;
The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away."

THE GREAT SALVATION.

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”—*Hebrews ii., 3.*

I STAND before you to-night borne down with two great and all-absorbing desires: one, to get to heaven myself; the other, to take all these people along with me. Who knows but God may hear my prayer, and that all swept by the circle of those walls shall within one hour be inclosed in the arms of a pardoning Jesus? It is no time for argument, for you mentally accept all these truths. It is no time for philosophy, for it is your hearts we want, and not your heads. It is no time for poetry, for tulips and daffodils will not satisfy those who are famishing for bread. The oft-repeated prayer of Rowland Hill, in the midst of his sermon, is my prayer at the beginning: “*Master, help!*” While I stand here, the audience vanishes from my vision, and it is the world’s great trial-day, and the books are opened. O my Saviour! if I do not speak as I ought, what will become of me? If these people do not hear as they ought, what will become of them? “How shall we escape, if we neglect so *great* salvation?”

Paul was right when he called it *great*. The most stupendous undertaking, since God existed, was the hoisting of this world out of ruin. It had made shipwreck—going down with all hands on board. From none of the surrounding worlds did a life-boat push out. The Lord God Almighty rose up, and bringing into action all the omniscience, and omnipotence, and majesty, and loving-kindness of his nature, he set about the redemption of the

world. John Frederick Oberlin put off all earthly comfort to redeem a barren district of France from poverty and ignorance, with his own pickaxe beginning the building of a high-road from Ban de la Roche up to the city of Strasburg. But here was a highway to be constructed from the squalor of earth to the heights of heaven. Clarkson pleaded before the English Parliament and the Russian emperor, against the slave-trade. But here was the question of deliverance for a hundred thousand millions of bondmen. Ay! it was the pounding off of an iron chain from the neck of a captive world.

I think it was the greatest and most absorbing thought of God's lifetime. I do not think that there was any thing in all the ages of the past, or that there will be in all the ages of the future, any thing to equal it. The masterpiece of eternity! There were so many difficulties to be overcome! There were such infinite consequences to be considered! There were such gulfs to bridge, and such heights to scale, and such immensities to compass! If God had been less than omnipotent, he would not have been strong enough; or less than omniscient, I do not think he would have been wise enough; or less loving, would have been sympathetic enough. There might have been a God strong enough to create a universe, and yet too weak to do this. To create the worlds, only a word was necessary; but to do this work required more than a word. It required more than ordinary effort of a God. It required the dying anguish of an Only Son. Oh! is not that which took all the height, and depth, and length, and immensity, and eternity, of his nature to achieve, worthy of being called a *great* salvation?

Paul was right when he called this salvation great, be-

cause it was founded upon a great sacrifice. When Elizabeth Fry went into Newgate Prison to redeem the abandoned, she was told to lay off her purse and watch lest they be stolen, but refused, saying that confidence in the criminals would be one way of touching them. When Christ came into the prison of this world's sin, he brought with him all the jewels of heavenly affection upon him. Heaven could not afford to spare him. If a host of angels had been hurled off the battlement, they would not so much have been missed. It is an exciting time around an old homestead, the morning the son leaves home to go away; for they know not what will happen, or whether he will ever return. What a morning it must have been in heaven when Jesus left! I think all heaven hung around him—some asking him not to go; some speaking to him of the perils by the way; some standing in silent grief at his departure; and when the cavalcade for Bethlehem dashed up to the golden gate, and the cry was, "All ready!" there was a warm *good-bye*, and a rain of tears and last words, and a scene that the oldest inhabitants of heaven remember now as though it were but yesterday.

During our last war, squadrons went out, and we knew nothing of them until they were reported off shore, and landing amidst fiery assault of battle. I do not think that heaven knew for what shore Jesus and his cohorts were bound; and when one Christmas night they were seen off the shores of earth, and word got back to glory that the crusading fleet were landing amidst storms of persecution, there must have been a cry of amazement in heaven. If the expedition had steered into the sun, that would have been a more brilliant landing-place; or, if it had sailed into Jupiter, that would have been a mightier world. But no;

they chose one of the smallest worlds in God's astronomy—a little world, a proud world, an unclean world, a defiant world, a cruel world, a dying world, a dead world. Was not this salvation great in its humiliation?

So also was this redemption great in its sufferings. It is fortunate that we can not foresee our trials. If that man who last week lost his property could have known for ten years that he was going to become bankrupt, all those ten years would have been shadowed with trouble. If that parent who last year lost his child had known for ten years previously that he would lose it, for ten years that parent would have been overshadowed. Christ's sufferings were augmented by the fact that he foresaw them. For thirty-three years he was dying. The last horror hung over him at the sea-side, at the wedding, and everywhere. He knew that every pulse's beating took him nearer to the last throb of anguish. He saw the walls shutting in around him, the circle of fire contracting, the vise screwing up. When he flew away from Herod, he knew that at last he would be captured. He went into court knowing that the verdict would be against him. There was an upright piece of wood and a transverse piece of wood that hung over him by day and by night—the shadow of a cross.

The final year came. It was his birthday. It was Christmas. He was thirty-two years old. I hear him saying, "This is my last year. What a thirty-two years! Trouble all the way! Betrayed! Cast out! Poor! Full of pain! But a few more months, and I will go up to my death-hour. The tree is growing on which I shall be spiked. The hammers are forged that will some day smite me fast. The military are drilled for my execution." My hearers, if Christ's death had been a sudden surprise, it

would not have been so awful. But it was a long-expected anguish.

That last hour of Christ was the focus to which the woes of time and of eternity converged. Heaven frowned from above. Hell rode up from beneath. I hear the click of the hoofs of the cavalry troop as they ride out toward the fatal hill. I hear the buzz, and hum, and roar, and blasphemy of a great mob. They have cornered him at last! Put those women out of the way! It is no place for women! Do not let his mother see this! Take her away! This spectacle would kill her! Put out all the candles of the sky. The spears are sharp, and they plunge them. The heavens are burdened with woe, and they thunder. Unlifted darkness—save as a flash of lightning reveals the eye of God, peering through the gloom to see what they are doing with his well-beloved Son. Methinks the thrones of heaven shiver at the deed. He has been hanging there five hours and fifty minutes. What next? Whom will the Omnipotent Sufferer first consume with his curse? Will he not take his right hand from the nail, and hurl everlasting fury upon his crucifiers? Wait a moment. Listen! I am sure he will speak! Yes, he speaks: "*Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.*"

This was death at the stake; but the fires kindled around it were the flames of the world's hatred, inwrapped with the fiercer fires of eternal woe—wreathing feet, hands, eyes, brain, soul, in the worst horror that ever shuddered through God's universe. Was not this salvation great in its *suffering*?

This redemption was also great in its *pardon*. It takes all the sins of a life, and cuts them off with one stroke, so that all the crimes the worst man ever committed, as soon

as he takes hold of this salvation, are gone at once, utterly and forever. Gone, so that you can not find them. Gone, so that the light of the judgment-day can not discover them. Says some one, "Do you mean to say that I could have that done for me?" I answer, "Yes!" "When?" *Now!* Though you had committed fifty murders, though your life were rotten with debauchery, though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes, I announce full pardon for all your sins the moment you take hold of this salvation.

This redemption is great in its *final deliverance*. There is a hell. Rationalism rules it out; but there is where our modern essayists and the Bible differ. People say there ought not to be a hell; but there is where modern theologians and the Lord God Almighty differ. I am one of those few benighted mortals in this day who take the whole Bible. "What! you do not believe every thing in it?" Every thing! Absolutely every thing! "What! that about the serpent in Eden? and the sun standing still? and the whale swallowing Jonah?" Every thing! I believe it all as much as I do in my own existence. "Well, then, you can not have read the arguments on the other side." Yes, I have; read them day and night; read them by the year; read every word that Tom Paine, or Theodore Parker, or Renan ever wrote on the subject; read them from the title-page to the last word, of the last line, of the last page, of the last book; read them until it is only through the mercy of God that I did not kill my soul through the sin of reading them; read them until I found out that the land of skepticism is a desert, where the sands are red-hot coals, swept by the smothering si-moom of all-consuming wretchedness; read them until I have found that there are *two* hells instead of *one*—the

hell of skepticism and the hell spoken of in the Bible; and I believe in the last because it is the more tolerable.

Come to my house some time at six o'clock in the evening, and I will show you fifty-four passages in the Bible, all positively asserting that there is such a place, and as many more implying it. If I do not believe God when he tells me a thing ten times, certainly I will when he tells it to me twenty times. If I do not believe what he has asserted twenty times, I will when he has told it to me forty times. But if I doubt him the fortieth time, certainly when he announces a thing to me the fifty-fourth time I had better accept it. Paul says, "They shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." Luke says, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourself thrust out." Christ, who ought to know, says, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." It is not more certain that there is a city called Constantinople or Moscow than that there is a great metropolis of suffering; that Satan rules over it; that there are fires that can not be put out, and tears that ever fall, and groans that are forever uttered. When a man gets into that place, he never gets out.

There may be a difference of opinion about the exact nature of that suffering. You may, if you like, discard the old-fashioned notion of fire, but the Bible in many places says that the suffering is *like* fire; and if it is *like* fire, it is as severe as fire; and if it is as severe as fire, it might as well be fire. You say that it is *mental* torture, and not physical. But you know that mental torture is worse than physical. So the style of suffering that you

believe in is far more intolerable than the style of suffering your fathers and mothers used to believe in.

But suppose you throw overboard most of the testimony on this subject—is there not some slight possibility that there may be such a place? If there should be, and you have no preparation to escape it, what then? A young woman, dying, said to her father, “Father, why did you not tell me there was such a place?” “What place?” “*A hell!*” He said, “Jenny, there is no such place. God is merciful. There will be no future suffering!” She said, “I know better! I feel it now! I know there is such a place! My feet are slipping into it this moment! I am lost! Why did you not tell me there was such a place?” It is the awful, stupendous, consuming, incontrovertible fact of the universe.

Now, is not a salvation that keeps down the hatches so that these flames can not scorch us, and that muzzles these lions so that their teeth can not touch us, worthy of being called a great salvation? Every one may escape it. (God never puts a man in perdition. He puts himself there.) If you have a great fire on your farm in which you are consuming a large amount of rubbish, and I deliberately rush into it and get burned, who is to blame? Myself. God has told us there is a place of burning. He makes for us every possibility of escaping it. If deliberately and of our own choice we dash in, upon whom comes the responsibility? Answer! Your conscience has answered!

This salvation is great in its *consummation*. It does not leave a man shivering and half starved on the outskirts of a fine city, but gives him citizenship in the great capital of the Almighty. The Bible says that one day an angel went out and measured heaven. He took a golden

rod. I see that rod flashing in the light of the sun that never sets. With it the angel measures all along by the gates, all along by the towers, and all along by the foundations—a hundred miles, five hundred miles, a thousand miles, fifteen hundred miles around—so the Bible intimates. What a city! London and New York are villages compared with it. Though the account be *figurative*, what a heaven God has ready for us! But that heaven spoken of in the Bible was heaven before the improvements. It is a grander place now; for the great and good souls of the last eighteen hundred years have gone in since then. Excepting Jesus, the best part of our heaven has been made up within the last thirty years, since our friends have been going in.

In the great park of the universe we may walk; and we shall want not one thing for all eternity. No sickness will pale the cheek. No discord will strike the ear. No shadow will darken the path, save under the palm-trees, through which sifts the golden light of eternal summer. Jesus will be there; and all the good will be there. O land of light, and love, and joy! A land where the redeemed of the Lord come with songs upon their head. A land where— I fail! I break down under the thought! I can not express it! “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for those who love him.” Is not a salvation that opens such a gate, and rouses such an anthem, and consummates such a friendship, a *great* salvation?

Now, are you ready for the apostle's question? Are you all ready? In the light of this salvation—so great in its Author, so great in its humiliations, so great in its sacrifices, so great in its pardon, so great in its final deliver-

ance, so great in its consummations—the question bursts, crackles, and thunders upon our ears: “*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*”

No escape at all! For the man who neglects it there is no possibility of excuse or rescue. Every thing will plead against him. The waters will hiss from the fountains, and say, “We told him of the living stream where he might wash all his sins away, but he would not come. *Escape he must not!*” The rocks will say, “We told him of a shelter and defense to which he might run and be saved; but he would not come. *Escape he must not!*” The sun in the sky will say, “We told him of the light of the world and of the dayspring from on high; but he shut his eyes to the glory. *Escape he must not!*” The star will say, “I pointed to his only hope—the Jesus of Bethlehem; but he would not look and be saved. *Escape he must not!*” The Bible will say, “I called him by a thousand invitations, and warned him with a thousand alarms; but he would not heed; he would not listen. *Escape he must not!*” The tree of Calvary will say, “On my bloody branch I bore the fruit that might have fed his starving soul; but he would not pluck it: *Escape he must not!*” The angels of God will say, “We flew to him on errands of mercy, and would have charmed him into life; but he beat us back in our ministry. *Escape he must not!*” The throne of judgment will say, “I have but two sentences to give—that to the friends of God, and that to his rejecters. *Escape he must not!*” All the voices of the destroyed will speak out, and say, “We neglected it no more than he. Why should he go free when we are banished? *Escape he must not!*” Jesus will say, “I called to him for many years, but he turned his back on all these wounds; and by

all those despised tears, and by that rejected blood. *Escape he must not!*" Then God will speak, and answer the waters, and the rocks, and the sun, and the stars, and the Bible, and the bloody tree, and the angels, and the thrones of judgment, and the voice of the destroyed, and the plea of a rejected Christ; and with a voice that shall ring all through the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of his universe, say, "ESCAPE HE SHALL NOT!"

May the Lord God Almighty, for Jesus' sake, avert such a catastrophe. Hark! The city clock strikes *nine*. Thank God, it is not the clock of our destiny striking *twelve*! The day of mercy has not fully passed. But it is the eleventh hour, and it may be our last chance. If I never say another word to you, let this go forth as my last and dying utterance:

COME TO JESUS! COME NOW!

REVOLUTION.

"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."—
Acts xvii., 6.

THERE is a wild, bellowing mob around the house of Jason, in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people? He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry, "Bring out those turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business! They are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!"

The charge was true; for there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down, as our glorious Christianity. The fact is, that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitling them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not mean to make any compromise in the matter. We do not wish to hide the fact that Christianity is revolutionary, and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness, and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves, lifting the people up from the

church-pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility; as though it were a spiritual chloroform, that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, “I thought Religion was *Peace*.” That is the final result. A man’s arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—REVOLUTION!

I. The religion of the Bible will make a *revolution in the family*. Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overthrown by it, while justice and harmony will take the place. The husband will be the head of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in drink, as well as all the money that his wife makes; and sometimes sells the children’s clothes for rum. Do you tell me that he is to be the head of that household? If the wife have more nobility, more courage, more consistency, more of all that is right, she shall have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be subject to the husband. I know it. But that is a *husband*, not a masculine caricature. There is no human or divine law that makes a

woman subordinate to a man unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into a domestic circle, it will give the dominancy to that one who is the most worthy of it.

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hopple the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud; and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat, nor hoop, nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream upon it. The books of remembrance will record it; and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it. Not such a family altar as you may have seen, where the prayer is long, and a long chapter is read, with tedious explanation, and the exercise keeps on until the children's knees are sore, and their backs ache, and their patience is lost, and for the seventh time they have counted all the rungs in the chair; but I mean a family altar such as may have been seen in your father's house. You may have wandered far off in the paths of sin and darkness; but you have never forgotten that family altar where father and mother knelt, importuning God for your soul. That is a memory that a man never gets over. There will be a hearty, joyful family altar in every domestic circle. You will not have to go far to find Hannah rearing her Samuel for the temple, or a grandmother Lois instructing her young Timothy in the knowledge of Christ, or a Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus gathered in fraternal and sisterly affection, or a table at which Jesus sits, as at that of Zaccheus, or a home in which Jesus dwells, as in the house of Simon the tanner. The religion of Jesus Christ, coming into the domestic circle, will over-

throw all jealousies, all janglings; and peace, and order, and holiness will take possession of the home.

II. Christianity will produce a revolution in *commercial* circles. Find me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh! yes," the man says, "he is honest; but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest; but he loans money on bond and mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage, he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half-price." Honest! when he loaned the money, he knew that he would get the homestead at half-price. Honest! but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest! though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlastingly right and of the everlastingly wrong, and that is the Bible; and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one half of them will go over. The ruin will begin at one end of the street, and it will be crash! crash! crash! all the way down to the docks. "What is the matter? Has there been a fall in gold?" "Oh no." "Has there been a new tariff?" "No." "Has there been a failure in crops?" "No."

“Has there been an unaccountable panic?” “No.” This is the secret: The Lord God has set up his throne of judgment in the Exchange. He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before him. What was 1837? A day of judgment! What was 1857? A day of judgment! What was two years ago this very month? A day of judgment! Do you think that God is going to wait until he has burned the world up before he rights these wrongs? I tell you, Nay! Every day is a day of judgment.

The fraudulent man piles up his gains, bond above bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid; and, as he stands looking at it, he thinks it can never be destroyed; but the Lord God comes, and with his little finger pushes it all over.

You build a house, and you put into it a rotten beam. A mechanic standing by says, “It will never do to put that beam in; it will ruin your whole building.” But you put it in. The house is completed. Soon it begins to rock. You call in the mechanic and ask, “What is the matter with this door? What is the matter with this wall? Every thing seems to be giving out.” Says the mechanic, “You put a rotten beam into that structure, and the whole thing has got to come down.” Here is an estate that seems to be all right now. It has been building a great many years. But fifteen years ago there was a dishonest transaction in that commercial house. That one dishonest transaction will keep on working ruin in the whole structure, until down the estate will come in wreck and ruin about the possessor’s ears—one dishonest dollar in the estate demolishing all his possessions. I have seen it again and again; and so have you.

Here is your money-safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key: You touch the lock, and the ponderous door swings back: But let me tell you that, however firmly barred and bolted your money-safe may be, you can not keep God out. He will come, some day, into your counting-room, and he will demand, "Where did that note of hand come from? How do you account for this security? Where did you get that mortgage from? What does *this* mean?" If it is all right, God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Be prospered in this world. Be happy in the world to come." If it is all wrong, He will say, "Depart, ye cursed. Be miserable for your iniquities in this life; and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves, and horse-jockeys, and pick-pockets."

You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh no. This is the secret: The Lord God has been walking through Wall Street, Broadway, Water Street, Fulton Street, Atlantic Street; and he has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude.

The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages, and commissions, and bonuses, will be put into the catalogue of State-prison offenses. Society will be turned inside out and upside down, and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an

end, and all double-dealing; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn; and commercial men in all circles will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

III. The religion of Jesus Christ will produce a revolution in *our churches*. The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the Church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep. It seems as if the Church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself; and if we hear of want, and squalor, and heathenism outside, we say, "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets, and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate, and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks. Suppose there were a great war; and there were three hundred thousand soldiers, but all of those three hundred thousand soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents, or scouring their muskets, or cooking rations. You would say, "Of course, defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the Church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations, or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the Church. It is making a dividing-line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew rents, come to the main au-

dience-room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad, and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by the way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen, where the Church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that, even on bright and sunshiny days, are not half full of worshipers; and yet they are building mission chapels, because, by some expressed or implied regulation, the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience-room.

Now I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord the Maker of them all. Mind you that I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted; but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the Church that have kept back the masses; and woe be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede for heaven.

I saw in some paper, a few months ago, an account of a church in Boston in which, it is said, there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper, and said it was not so at all; "they were elegant people, and highly-conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed outright; and when I laugh, I laugh very loudly. "Those people," I said, "are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches." Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. It seems to me that you must be faring sumptuously every

day, and the marks of comfort are all about you. You do not need the Gospel half as much as do some who never come here. Rather than be priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt fifty splendid equipages on the Sabbath day, I would have a church up to whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance. You do not need the Gospel so much as they. You have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel, for God's sake, give it to them!

Revolution! The pride of the Church must come down. The exclusiveness of the Church must come down! The financial boastings of the Church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the Church, then I say that the present mode of conducting finances is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry, *Revolution!* It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down, in one terrific crash, the arrogance of our modern Christianity.

We have tried for the last two years to preach the Gospel of a free church; and there is a great body of men and women here who have sworn by high heaven that, if God gives them strength, they will carry out that idea; and they are being successful; and they will be success-

ful. Sometimes people have said to me, "Why don't you sell your pews? You could have a magnificent salary." I suppose so! But when a man says that to me, I feel like saying to him, as Peter said to the sorcerer, "*Thy money perish with thee!*"

The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the Church life-boat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout, "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a life-boat. Those seats at the prow are one dollar apiece, these in the middle fifty cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or else flounder on a little longer till the mission-boat, whose work it is to save you penniless wretches, shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat."

The talk is, whether Protestant churches or Roman Catholic churches are coming out ahead. I tell you, Protestants, this truth plainly: that until your churches are as free as are the Roman Catholic cathedrals, they will beat you. In their cathedrals the millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side. And, until that time comes in our churches, we can not expect the favor of God, or permanent spiritual prosperity.

Revolution! It may be that, before the Church learns its duty to the masses, God will scourge it, and come with the whip of omnipotent indignation, and drive out the money-changers. It may be that there is to be a great day of upsetting before that time shall come. If it must come, O Lord God, let it come now!

In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church-building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through

painted glass, until an intelligent auditory looks green, and blue, and yellow, and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep out the fetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday.

The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a time as there was in the parish of Shotts, where five hundred souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennent preached, and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed; such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre, and warehouse, and-blacksmith-shop, and factory, and engine-house; and the auctioneer's cry of "a half, and a half, and a half," was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meeting, in which the people cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

In those days of which I am speaking, the services of the Church of God will be more spirited. The ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they are going to lose their place in their notes, will get on fire with the theme, and pour the living truth of God upon an aroused auditory—crying out to the righteous, "It shall be well with you;" and to the wicked, "Woe! It shall be ill with you." In those days the singing will be very different from what it is now. The music will weep, and wail, and chant, and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will risk it on "Windham," and "Ortonville," and "Old Hundred." Grandfather will find the place for his grandchild in the hymn-book; or the little

child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna, and together go climbing to the throne; and the angels will hear; and God will listen; and the gates of heaven will hoist; and it will be as when two seas meet—the wave of earthly song mingling with the surging anthems of the free.

O my God, let me live to see that day! Let there be no power in disease, or accident, or wave of the sea, to disappoint my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes, rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountaintop, to catch the first ray of the dawn, and with flying feet bring the news to this people. And, oh! when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the King's chariot, may we all be ready, with arches sprung, and with hand on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreaths all twisted for the way; and when Jesus dismounts, let it be amidst the huzza! huzza! of a world redeemed.

Where and when shall that revolution begin? Here, and now. In your heart and mine. Sin must go down; our pride must go down; our worldliness must go down, that Christ may come up. *Revolution!* "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." Why not now let the revolution begin? Not next Sabbath, but now! Not to-morrow, when you go out into commercial circles, but now!

Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was sitting with many mighty men, drinking wine. A messenger came in, bringing a letter informing him of a conspiracy to end his life, and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but, instead of opening it, put it into his pocket, and said to the

messenger who brought it, "Business to-morrow!" The next day he died. Before he opened the letter, the Government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. To-night I put into the hand of every man and woman in this house a message of life. It says, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Do not put away the message and say, "This business to-morrow." *This night* thy soul may be required of thee!

WINE FOR THE WEDDING.

“Thou hast kept the good wine until now.”—*John ii., 10.*

IF the hard brow ever relaxes, it is at the wedding. The nature cold and unsympathetic thaws out under the glow, and the tears start as we hear the bride's dress rustling down the stairs, and the company stands back, and we hear in the timid “I will” of the twain the sound of a lifetime's hopes, and joys, and sorrows. We look steadily at them, but thrice at her to once at him, and say, “God bless her, how well she looks!”

We cry at weddings, but not bitter tears; for when the heart is stirred, and smiles are insipid, and laughter is tame, the heart writes out its joy on the cheek in letters of crystal. Put on the ring! Let it ever be bright, and the round finger it incloses never be shrunken by sorrow. May they get old together, helping each other on in the path of life; and coming up to the marble pillar of the grave and parting, one going this side, and the other going that, may they meet again just beyond it, to find that the marble pillar was only the door-post of Heaven. When the wedding is done, and the carriage rolls to the door, and the trunks are heaved to their places, and the door goes shut with a bang, and the driver gathers up the reins, we all come out on the steps and give them three times three for a good starting.

We come to-day to a wedding. It is in common life. No carriages roll to the door, no costly dress rustles on the carpet, no diamond head-gear, but a marriage in com-

mon life—two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hot-house. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a good cry all alone.

Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water-pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then waves his hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first-rate wine. When God makes wine, he makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water-pots: wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says, "Why, this is really better

than any thing we have had ! Thou has kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle ! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle :

"The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed."

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has *sympathy with housekeepers*. You might have thought that Jesus would have said, "I can not be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of heaven and earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household ? Have you to make a very close calculation ? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably ? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret ; but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor ! Pray in the hall ! Pray in the nursery ! Pray in the kitchen ! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about ; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that he will take care of you and feed you, oh ye of little faith.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said, "Yes ; you seem very poor." He says, "I am very poor." She says, "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God

is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face, and said, "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust him, and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God, and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of house-keeping, go to him: he will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women in this house this morning weak, and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed his first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ *does things in abundance*. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and he gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine.

It is just like him! doing every thing on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves, he makes them by the whole forest-full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does he go forth to make flowers, he makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grape-vine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiræ—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every

brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does he go forth to create water, he pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river-full, a lake-full, an ocean-full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption, it is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean-full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, Heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry, "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears;" and Jesus will say, "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven?" Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark further, Jesus *does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs*. He might have sat down in that wedding and said, "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself, "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are

many little children, where for two years the piano has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas, for the folly! Parents saying, "We will have no Christmas-tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing up stairs! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make every thing consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Be glad they can not appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of Greenwood, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken. Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding his own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is *not impatient with the luxuries of life*. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the

wine, it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that he wants us to eat Graham bread, and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden-plated harness as certainly as when we go afoot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a frescoed ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you can get wine made out of water, drink as much of it as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud-hovel and a Brooklyn house? What is the difference between the rough bear-skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has *no impatience with festal joy*, otherwise he would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, he sup-

plied it; and so, I take it, he will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be, simply, a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say, "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say any thing like that. He would say, "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink, there is no robe too costly for him to wear. There is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaven. Though tribulation, and trial, and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark, again, that *Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity*. He knew the wine was giving out before

there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did he not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way; and when he did come in, at the hour of extremity, he made first-rate wine, so that they cried out, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

In a Christian home, in Poland, great poverty had come, and on the week-day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt, with his family, and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer, there was a tap on the window-pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden, and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said, "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said, "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said,

"I will be a Stoic, and will not care;" but before you had got through making the resolution, it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to his disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes, and the stimulants, and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say, "You must go." No one to hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say, "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I can not wade through to the other side," he will say, "Take hold of my arm;" and we will take hold of his arm, and then he will put his foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry, "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle, and come to the head, and our soul cries out, "Lord Jesus Christ, I can not hold thine arm any longer!" Then Jesus will turn around, throw both his arms about us, and set us on the beach, far beyond the tossing of the billow. Jesus in the last extremity!

That wedding scene is almost gone now. The wedding-ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife; and the Lord will after a while come to fetch her

home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the king, and the bridegroom will say to the bride, "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" and then he shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say, "That is Jesus the bridegroom! But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the bride! the weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther, having come up from the Bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the Queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that holy light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast, "*Thou hast kept the good wine until now!*"

MONEY, AND THE BLESSING.

“Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”—*Malachi* iii., 10.

LONG, consuming drought had come upon the land. The leaves crumpled and fell. The ground cracked open. The cattle stood with swollen tongue, moaning for drink. What is the matter? I will show you. Come into the big room in the Temple where the offerings are kept. The meat is gone. The frankincense is gone. The room is almost empty, although it was the business of the people to keep that room full of offerings. “Fill that room,” says God, “and I will stop the drought. Do you not believe it? Try me. Do it, and I will send you such crops that your barns will not hold them.” They brought the offerings, and one day there came a cloud on the sky. Somebody said, “I think it will rain!” “No,” said another, “we have been deceived too often. The nation must die.” The cloud grew, and it became very dark. Then there was the plash of something on the cheek, and the man put out his hand and said, “Why, it rains!” Now there is a great dash. The water rushes in torrents. The land is soaked. Fertility takes the place of barrenness, and what to do with the unprecedented harvest they knew not. A great amount of it must have rotted in the fields, because there was no room to receive it.

Well, my friends, while the past year in this church was

far from being a drought, it was a drought compared with the blessing we might have had. The nigh two hundred souls received ought to have been two thousand. One-half of our prayers failed. One-half of our hymns were not blessed. One-half of our sermons fell dead. What was the matter? We were behind in offerings. We lacked, as all the churches of the land did, in proper generosity. But last Sabbath we heard the voice of God, and brought our tithes into the store-house.

A grander thing seldom happens. In a time of great commercial depression, when many of our merchants are losing money, and our laborers are out of employ, a call was made upon the people for twenty-one thousand dollars to sweep off the floating debt incurred in putting up this building—a debt which for the last year has been to us a nuisance and a curse. It seemed a mighty thing to do. Had we not gone out in the spirit of prayer to God, the effort would have been a disgraceful failure. The result made me thankful to God, and proud of you. The Christian Church, north, south, east, and west, will clap their hands when they hear of it. The last impediment is gone out of the track. No more running, Sabbath by Sabbath, against an unpleasant dollar question. We have proved not only that a free church can be well supported, but that it can be built.

“The year of jubilee is come :

Return ! ye ransomed sinners, home.”

Many of you gave until *you felt it*. There will, for a while, be less luxury on your table, and fewer comforts in your wardrobe. But it will all be paid back again. We keep a record of your subscriptions ; but

God keeps a better account, and he will pay it all back, dollar for dollar.

People do not understand that passage—"Cast thy bread upon the waters." Sometimes the Nile overflows its banks, and the people throw the seed on the water. As the water subsides, the seed strikes into the ground and comes up. Hence the allusion, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will come back after many days." What you sow you will reap. Ye who gave a thousand dollars will get back two thousand at least. Ye who gave five hundred dollars will get back a thousand dollars at least. Ye who gave ten dollars will get back twenty dollars at least. Ye who gave a dollar will get back two dollars at least. Do you doubt it? The promise of the text was a promise of temporal blessing. If a man brought the value of one bushel of wheat to the Temple, I think he got the value of five bushels afterward. Or if he brought the value of one sheep, I think he got the value of five sheep afterward. For what you gave God last Sabbath, he will give you, before long, better clothes, more food, richer investments, higher wages, a larger income. And if, at the end of 1872, we are both living, and you will say that you are a farthing poorer for what you gave, come to me, and I will see that you are refunded.

No; you are already repaid in the joy of the thing consummated. Any thing that happens to the old homestead happens to you; and is not this your Father's house? When that is honored, you are honored. There was a time when this place was just like any other building; but now to thousands of you it is a home. Every inch of it is sacred, and you can not speak of it without tears in your eyes, and deep emotion in your heart. Here you will be

comforted when trouble comes. Here you are to be strengthened when temptation assaults. Here your children are to be offered in baptism; and from this room some of you are to see carried out your beloved dead.

Oh, consecrated place!

“It is a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclosed by grace,
Out of the world’s wide wilderness.”

But I make a higher application of my text to-day: “Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” In other words, give the money, and I will give an overwhelming religious influence.

The first thing that I expect, as the result of last Sabbath’s work, is the personal conversion of every man, woman, and child who made a contribution—beginning with our dear friends who are members of the Board of Trustees, and who are hard workers for the church but not professors of religion—I expect to see them immediately harvested for God. They will *have* to come in. It can not be that men who have toiled and contributed as they have shall miss the blessing that comes from the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost. Then there are a great many here who are among the most generous, who have come in fresh from the world. Last Sabbath they made their first considerable investment for God. Some of them have for the first time felt the disposition of self-denial for a religious object. That God who moved upon their hearts

to give will move upon their hearts *to believe*. They will pray to-night. Ay! ay! they pray now. They have seen enough of this world to know that it is a poor portion, and they want the Lord Almighty this day to fill them with his presence and salvation. Yea, there are Christian people here who brought their gifts. A new era has dawned upon them. Their doubts are to be gone. Their tongues are to be loosened. The twilight of their souls is to become a noonday.

We have brought the gifts into the store-house. Now look out for the opening of the heavens! The first blessing that will come will be one of *prayer*. Be early next Friday night at the prayer-meeting, or you will not get in. There will be scores of persons there whom you never saw there before, and the room will be like the vestibule of eternity. Week before last we met, and prayed to God for twenty-one thousand dollars. God answered our prayer, and gave us the money. Shall we ever doubt him again? I am not looking for a blessing that comes and lasts only five or six weeks, but for one that will last ten years. What is prayer? A rolling over on the tongue of a few cold formalities? No; it is a flinging of all our sins, wants, sorrows, and expectations right down at the feet of an all-sympathetic God.

“O Thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.”

The wood of the cross was not a thin pole that you could clasp with one hand or two hands, but a beam. The only way that we can clasp the cross is by throwing both our arms around it in one imploration for mercy. A whole

church membership at prayer! Tell me what they can not get. The lightnings are snails when compared with the feet of Christ as he comes to the cry of his children.

“Were half the breath that’s vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.”

The spirit of prayer poured out will be continuous. Some of these men who do business on Water Street, Wall Street, Broadway, Fulton Street, and Atlantic Street, will be praying while putting up the goods, praying while assorting the samples, praying while they are looking into the money-safe.

Prayer is the chalice in which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb up to pick the grapes hanging over the wall of heaven. It is the fire that warms the frigid soul. It is the ship that carries away our wants, and comes back with a return cargo of Divine help. Archimedes said, if he could only find a fulcrum for his lever, he could move the world. Ah! we have found it! Prayer is the lever. The divine promise is the fulcrum. Pushing down on such a lever, we move not only earth, but also heaven.

Earnest prayer is always answered. No wonder that Havelock went from victory to victory. If his army was to march at six o’clock, he would rise at four and spend the two hours in prayer. Get out of that man’s way who has been on his knees before God. He is a thunder-bolt swung by the arm of the Lord omnipotent. The figure 0 stands for nothing; but put the figure 1 beside it, and it becomes considerable. We are nothing. We are naught. But when Christ stands beside us, it augments us tenfold.

Yea, it gives us infinite advantage. Whatever you want, ask for. Is it for a revelation from heaven upon your soul? Implore it; and the place will be so bright you will have to shut your eyes because of the effulgence. Is it for the salvation of your son John, or Henry, or Frank—or of your daughter Mary, or Helena, or Jane, or Esther? Implore it. Put their very name into your prayer; and that son or that daughter will begin to feel a shaking at the gates of the soul. Is it your husband or your wife that you want saved? Now cry to God, and to-night you will kneel together. Yea, before night you will kneel together at the same altar. Is it for the conviction and conversion of three thousand souls on the spot? It shall be done. We have faith to ask for ten souls, or for twenty souls. Who here dare ask for three thousand souls? God can save three thousand just as easily as he can one.

Another blessing that will fall from the open windows will be a *spirit of work*. The vast majority of the Christians in our church have done nothing for God. I expect them now to take their places. They will hardly be able to wait until the Sabbath-school bell rings, or they will be found going about visiting the sick and the troubled. Every body here will be asking somebody else to be saved. Sometimes it will be by letter; sometimes face to face; sometimes in the church-aisle; sometimes on the way to the ferry; sometimes at the restaurant, at the noon-day meal. Not a Christian here but will be anxious about somebody else. Those church-members will say, "The way is clear now. The time that we used to spend in talking about whether the church would be a financial success, we will now spend in talking about Christ and heaven." This Christian will say, "Here I am, forty years old. I do not

know that I have ever been the means of saving a soul. Let me start now." And you will wonder where he is going so rapidly down the street looking so earnest. He is going for a soul. Before night an arrow will fly from his bow, and another soul will be conquered for the King. I just want in this church two hundred men and women on fire with prayer and Christian zeal; and with such a regiment I could storm the city for Christ and heaven.

This church was never in such a fair way for a blessing as now. Our experiment of a free church has proved successful. There is no more need of discussing that. Our style of architecture is no more a novelty, for churches all over the land are copying it. We will waste no more time about that. Let us all concentrate now upon one object. So far as I am myself concerned, I consecrate the remaining years and days of my life to the conversion of souls in the old-fashioned way—by repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I will preach nothing else. I will work for nothing else. I shall take no food, no sleep, no recreation, except such as will make me stronger for this work. Every faculty of my mind I marshal for this assault, and every passion of my soul I enlist in the cause. I want to care nothing for the flowers of the field, save so far as I may twist them into a garland for my Lord; or for music, save as it may lift me up into sympathy with high Gospel themes; or for friendship, save as it may give me a better opportunity of finding my way to the hearts of men. Most damnable will it be for you and me if, with such a grand field to work in, and the windows of heaven open to pour the blessing, we are indolent or unbelieving.

I think, from what I saw last Sabbath, and from what I feel now, that this winter of 1871 is to be the most mem-

orable of all our lives. Are you all ready for the blessing? Yea, Lord, we wait for it. God, in the text, places himself on trial. He says, "Prove me. Take your human scales and weigh me, the Infinite One. Bring the tithes into the store-house, and see if I will not pour out a blessing." We have brought the tithes. Now, Almighty God, let the blessing come! Let the ripe corn feel the sharp edge of the sickle! Let the parched field feel the rain in its face! O Lord, revive thy work! "In the midst of the years, make known! In wrath, remember mercy!"

But it may be that still further means are to be used, and that this morning's call is to be decisive for some soul. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God. The judgment is coming. Eternity is coming. Your last hour for repentance is coming—nay, it may have already come. Why not listen, and live? The heart of the eternal God yearns for you. You have brought your money, now bring your heart. Celebrate our deliverance as a church from financial embarrassment by having the debt of your soul to Christ settled. God has been calling many a long day for your soul. When your child died, he called; when you were sick, he called. Through every bright day, and every dark night, and every harvest-home, and every spring morning, and every autumnal withering, he called, and called, and called. Hear him. Now forsake your sin. Fly for refuge. What is that I hear? Tramp! Tramp! It is the coming on of your eternal destiny. What you mean to do, do now. What crash is that I hear? It is the jarring shut of the door of mercy against a soul that may never be saved. The alarm-bell of the Gospel strikes. Fly! Fly while you may!

Let all the Christian people who brought their money now bring their prayers. That is a part of the offering that must be brought into the store-house. That is all that God is waiting for. People wonder that the sermon of Jonathan Edwards on the text, "Their feet shall slide in due time," made such a wonderful impression, that the people held on to the pillars of the church lest their feet slip into perdition. They do not know the fact that the night before a company of Christians had spent the whole night in prayer for a blessing.

People wondered that the sermon of John Livingston, in Scotland, should have brought five hundred souls to Christ. They did not know that Mr. Livingston and his people spent the previous night in prayer. If we have these wrestling Jacobs, we shall have these prevailing Israels.

Let your first thought in the morning be a prayer, and your last at night a prayer; and standing at your counter, send up a prayer; and going down the street, drop on every hand a prayer. God is ready to hear. Angels are ready to fly. The Spirit is ready to give. Pray! Pray! Pray! Oh for such days as M'Cheyne saw in Dundee; as Baxter saw at Kidderminster; as Whitefield saw on the London commons! You say that those days of blessing were accompanied by persecution. We answer that if it be necessary that persecution come with the blessing, then let it come. Let the sword strike, and the fagots kindle. At all risks, and at all hazards, Lord God, give us the blessing.

GREEN PASTURES.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—*Psalm xxiii.*, 1.

WHAT with post and rail fences, and our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan, and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old-time shepherd. Such an one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out-of-doors twelve hours the day, and oftentimes waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars, or the torrents, or the sun, or the flowers, had any thing to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who afterward took his seat in the brilliant circle with Wilson and Lockhardt, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer, and was overheard to say, "O Lord, it has seemed good in thy providence to take from me the staff of my right hand at the time when to us sand-blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it; and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it, thou mayst ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd-boy, is watching his father's sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have heard much, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." David, the shepherd-boy, was beautiful, brave, musical, and poetic. I think often he forgot the sheep in his reveries. There

in the solitude he struck the harp-string that is thrilling through all ages. David, the boy, was gathering the material for David the poet, and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man, he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds'-nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man, he said, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunder-storm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man, he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David, the boy, had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man, and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "*The Lord is my shepherd.*"

If God will help me this morning, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture-grounds, and the shepherd's flocks.

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAID.

It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and besoiling work to put on splendid apparel. The pot-

ter does not work in velvet; the sewing-maid does not put on satin while toiling at her duties; the shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amidst the storms, and the rocks, and the nettles: he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it.

I know the old painters represent a halo around the babe Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas-eve in Judea. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it: one for the neck, and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two rag-pickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash-barrel. No; in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besoiled and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No; it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way, and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet, and gathers them up in the towel to dry them.

The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged-work, hard work; and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment, of our flesh. The storms were to beat him, the crowds were to jostle him, the dust was to sprinkle him,

the mobs were to pursue him. Oh, Shepherd of Israel! leave at home thy bright array. For thee, what streams to ford, what nights all unsheltered! He puts upon him the plain raiment of our humanity; wears our woes; and while earth and heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation, wraps around him the shepherd's plaid.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK.

This was a rod with a curve at the end, which, when a sheep was going astray, was thrown over its neck; and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray, the shepherd would often use it as a sort of a crutch, leaning on it; but when the sheep were out of the way, the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; and had it not been for the Shepherd's crook, we would have fallen long ago over the precipices.

Here is a man who has been making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says, "After a while I shall be independent of all the world. Oh, my soul, eat, drink, and be merry." Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh no. God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids; he calls them coughing, wheezing nuisances. After a while sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh no. With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pas-

tures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children, and Death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer the other day, coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife, and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain, and instantly, he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled, and all gentle appliances fail. Then there comes some giant trouble, and, black-handed, lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows together in one regiment of ten companies, and put them under Colonel Breakheart. Then I will ask, Which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories? Certainly that under Colonel Breakheart.

In the time of the war, you may remember, at the South

and North the question was whether the black troops would fight; but when they were put into the struggle on both sides, they did heroically. In the great day of eternity it will be found out that it was not the *white* regiment of joys that gained your greatest successes, but the *black troops* of trouble, misfortune, and disaster. Where you have gained one spiritual success from your prosperity, you have gained ten spiritual successes from your adversity.

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A ploughman comes along and seizes the sheep, and tries to pacify it; but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along, puts down his grist, and caresses the sheep, and it seems as if it would die of fright. After a while some one breaks through the thicket. He says, "Let me have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep, and it is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shepherd. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the Shepherd's crook. It is never used on you, save in mercy, to pull you back. The hard, cold iceberg of trouble will melt in the warm Gulf Stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret: "The bruised reed he will not break." Do you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised; but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away, and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away.

He mends and restores. "The bruised reed he will not break."

"When, in the o'erhanging heavens of fate,
The threatening clouds of darkness dwell,
Then let us humbly watch and wait;
It shall be well; it shall be well.

"And when the storm has passed away,
And sunshine smiles on flood and fell,
How sweet to think, how sweet to say,
It has been well, it has been well."

THE SHEPHERD'S DOGS.

They watch the straying sheep, and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog—from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian Hills. Our Shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose whole work it is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians, and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears, worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They can not bite us if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you, the quicker you will get to the gate. The bloody muzzle of the papacy hounded fifty million Protestants into glory.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them; sometimes a red mark, some-

times a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark, and sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a *red* mark—the mark of the cross. “Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

THE SHEPHERD’S PASTURE-GROUNDS.

The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer, and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out-of-doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep-cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones, in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture-ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains, and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun-gilt Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration; and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want, and bereavement, and we say, “Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?” But, blessed be God, the Lord’s sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises; green pastures beside still waters; long sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep’s mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover-top from the very narrowest spot. And so God’s sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. Rich pas-

ture, fountain-fed pasture, for all the flock of the Good Shepherd.

“The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,”

THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

The time of sheep-shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheep-fold. Good news I have to tell you to-day, in that our Lord the shepherd has a sheep-fold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in—so high that the joys can not get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago! Millions of children in heaven! Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long-metre psalms there! They will be in the majority, and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting! If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when, to the gladness of children on earth, is added the gladness of childhood in heaven?

It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather

let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheepfold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say there is a river between this and that. I know it; but that Jordan is only for the sheep-washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow-white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd!

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure. The night of their sin howls with jackals; they are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills, a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

The historian tells us that when Moscow was burning there was a party dancing in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine. They knew not it was there. The flames came on, and Carnot said, "Let us have one dance more;" and they shouted all through the palace, "One dance more!" The music played, the feet bounded, the laughter rang. But suddenly, through the smoke, and fire, and thunder of the explosion, death and eternity broke in. Alas! if any of my hearers keep on in the dance of worldliness and sin, heedless of the warning until the terror of eternity explode upon their souls, and the foundations give away, and they drop into the burning!

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd!

THE BATTLE OF THE PITCHERS.

“And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp, and all the host ran, and cried, and fled.”—*Judges vii.*, 20, 21.

THAT is the strangest battle ever fought. God had told Gideon to go down and thrash the Midianites, but his army is too large; for the glory must be given to God, and not to man. And so proclamation is made that all those of the troops who are cowardly, and want to go home, may go; and twenty-two thousand of them scampered away, leaving only ten thousand men. But God says the army is too large yet; and so he orders these ten thousand remaining to march down through a stream, and commands Gideon to notice in what manner these men drink of the water as they pass through it. If they get down on all-fours and drink, then they are to be pronounced lazy and incompetent for the campaign; but if, in passing through the stream, they scoop up the water in the palm of their hand and drink, and pass on, they are to be the men selected for the battle. Well, the ten thousand men march down in the stream, and the most of them come down on all-fours, and plunge their mouths, like a horse or an ox, into the water and drink; but there are three hundred men who, instead of stooping, just dip the palm of their hands in the water and bring it to their lips, “lapping it as a dog lappeth.” Those three hundred brisk, rapid, enthusiastic men are chosen for the campaign.

They are each to take a trumpet in the right hand and a pitcher in the left hand, and a lamp inside the pitcher, and then at a given signal they are to blow the trumpets, and throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps. So it was done.

It is night. I see a great host of Midianites, sound asleep in the valley of Jezreel. Gideon comes up with his three hundred picked men, and when every thing is ready, the signal is given, and they blow the trumpets, and they throw down the pitchers, and hold up the lamps, and the great host of Midianites, waking out of a sound sleep, take the crash of the crockery and the glare of the lamps for the coming on of an overwhelming foe; and they run, and cut themselves to pieces, and horribly perish.

The lessons of this subject are very spirited and impressive. This seemingly valueless lump of quartz has the pure gold in it. The smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth. God's mint coins no small change.

I learn in the first place, from this subject, *the lawfulness of Christian stratagem*. You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when, and in a way they were not expected—sometimes falling back to draw out the foe, sometimes breaking out from ambush, sometimes crossing a river on unheard-of rafts; all the time keeping the opposing forces in wonderment as to what would be done next. The Northern troops beat their life out in the straightforward fight at Fredericksburg, but it was through strategy they got the victory at Lookout Mountain.

You all know what strategy is in military affairs. Now I think it is high time we had this art sanctified and spiritualized. In the Church, when we are about to make a Christian assault, we send word to the opposing force when we expect to come, how many troops we have, and how many rounds of shot, and whether we will come with artillery, infantry, or cavalry, and of course we are defeated. There are thousands of men who might be surprised into the kingdom of God. We need more tact and ingenuity in Christian work. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched.

For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You can not hook men into the kingdom of God by the horns of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms. Here is a man armed upon the subject of the perseverance of the saints; he does not believe in it. Attack him at that point, and he will persevere to the very last in not believing it. Here is a man armed on the subject of baptism; he believes in sprinkling or immersion. All your discussion of ecclesiastical hydropathy will not change him. I remember, when I was a boy, that with other boys I went into the river on a summer day to bathe, and we used to dash water on each other, but never got any result except that our eyes were blinded; and all this splashing of water between Baptists and Pedobaptists never results

in any thing but the blurring of the spiritual eye-sight. In other words, you never can capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

I think that the finest of all the fine arts is the art of doing good, and yet this art is the least cultured. We have in the kingdom of God to-day enough troops to conquer the whole earth for Christ if we only had skillful manoeuvring. I would rather have the three hundred lamps and pitchers of Christian stratagem than one hundred thousand drawn swords of literary and ecclesiastical combat.

I learn from this subject, also, that *a small part of the army of God will have to do all the hard fighting*. Gideon's army was originally composed of thirty-two thousand men, but they went off until there were only ten thousand left, and that was subtracted from until there were only three hundred. It is the same in all ages of the Christian Church; a few men have to do the hard fighting. Take a membership of a thousand, and you generally find that fifty people do the work. Take a membership of five hundred, and you generally find that ten people do the work. There are scores of churches where two or three people do the work.

It is the business of the Lay College to correct that fault; and instead of having three hundred, we will have thirty-two thousand, all armed for God. But in the mean time, we must mourn that there is so much useless lumber in the mountains of Lebanon. I think, of the ten million membership of the Christian Church to-day, if five millions

of the names were off the books, the Church would be stronger. You know that the more cowards and drones there are in any army the weaker it is. I would rather have the three hundred picked men of Gideon than the twenty-two thousand unsifted host. How many Christians there are standing in the way of all progress! I think it is the duty of the Church of God to ride over them, and the quicker it does it, the quicker it does its duty.

Do not worry, oh Christian, if you have to do more than your share of the work. You had better thank God that he has called you to be one of the picked men, rather than to belong to the host of stragglers. Would not you rather be one of the three hundred that fight, than the twenty-two thousand that run? I suppose those cowardly Gideonites who went off congratulated themselves. They said, "We got rid of all that fighting, did not we? How lucky we have been; that battle costs us nothing at all." But they got none of the spoils of the victory. After the battle the three hundred men went down and took the wealth of the Midianites, and out of the cups and platters of their enemies they feasted. And the time will come, my dear brethren, when the hosts of darkness will be routed, and Christ will say to his troops, "Well done, my brave men, go up and take the spoils! Be more than conquerors forever!" and in that day all deserters will be shot!

Again: I learn from this subject, that *God's way is different from man's, but is always the best way*. If we had the planning of that battle, we would have taken those thirty-two thousand men that originally belonged to the army, and we would have drilled them, and marched them up and down by the day, and week, and month, and we

would have had them equipped with swords or spears, according to the way of arming in those times; and then we would have marched them down in solid column upon the foe. But that is not the way. God depletes the army, and takes away all their weapons, and gives them a lamp, and a pitcher, and a trumpet, and tells them to go down and drive out the Midianites. I suppose some wiseacres were there who said, "That is not military tactics. The idea of three hundred men, unarmed, conquering such a great host of Midianites!" It was the best way. What sword, spear, or cannon ever accomplished such a victory as the lamp, pitcher, and trumpet?

God's way is different from man's way, but it is always best! Take, for instance, the composition of the Bible. If we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have twenty or thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own stand-point and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible, which now I can lift in my hand—instead of the Bible that the child can carry to school this afternoon—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesi-

astical controversy which has arisen. God's way is different from man's, but it is best, infinitely best.

So it is in regard to the Christian's life. If we had had the planning of a Christian's life we would have said, "Let him have eighty years of sunshine, a fine house to live in; let his surroundings all be agreeable; let him have sound health; let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow, or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much, I would let every man have as much money as he wants, and roses for his children's cheeks, and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if a man must be cut, and hit, and pounded just in proportion as he is useful. His child falls from a third-story window, and has its life dashed out; his most confident investment tumbles him into bankruptcy; his friends, upon whom he depended, aid the natural force of gravitation in taking him down; his life is a Bull Run defeat. Instead of twenty-two thousand advantages, he has only ten thousand—ay, only three hundred—ay, none at all. How many good people there are at their wits' end about their livelihood, about their health, about their reputation. But they will find out it is the best way after a while; God will show them that he depletes their advantages just for the same reason he depleted the army of Gideon—that they may be induced to throw themselves on his mercy.

A grape-vine says, in the early spring, "How glad I am to get through the winter! I shall have no more trouble now! Summer weather will come, and the garden will be very beautiful!" But the gardener comes, and cuts the vine here and there with his knife. The twigs begin to fall, and the grape-vine cries out, "Murder! what are you

cutting me for?" "Ah," says the gardener, "I don't mean to kill you. If I did not do this you would be the laughing-stock of all the other vines before the season is over." Months go on, and one day the gardener comes under the trellis, where great clusters of grapes hang, and the grape-vine says, "Thank you, sir; you could not have done any thing so kind as to have cut me with that knife." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." No pruning, no grapes; no grinding-mill, no flour; no battle, no victory; no cross, no crown!

So God's way, in the redemption of the world, is different from ours. If we had our way, we would have had Jesus stand in the door of heaven and beckon the nations up to light, or we would have had angels flying around the earth proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ. Why is it that the cause goes on so slowly? Why is it that the chains stay on, when God could knock them off? Why do thrones of despotism stand, when God could so easily demolish them? It is his way, in order that all generations may co-operate, and that all men may know they can not do the work themselves. Just in proportion as these pyramids of sin go up in height will they come down in ghastliness of ruin.

Oh, thou father of all iniquity! If ye can hear my voice above the crackling of the flames, drive on thy projects, dispatch thy emissaries, build thy temples, and forge thy chains; but know that thy fall from heaven was not greater than thy final overthrow shall be when thou shalt be driven disarmed into thy fiery den; and for every lie thou hast framed upon earth thou shalt have an additional hell of fury poured into thine anguish by the vengeance of our God; and all heaven shall shout at the overthrow,

as from the ransomed earth the song breaks through the skies, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!" God's way in the composition of the Bible, God's way in the Christian's life, God's way in the redemption of the world, God's way in every thing—different from man's way, but the best.

I learn from this subject, that the overthrow of God's enemies will be sudden and terrific. There is the army of the Midianites down in the valley of Jezreel. I suppose their mighty men are dreaming of victory. Mount Gilboa never stood sentinel for so large a host. The spears and the shields of the Midianites gleam in the moonlight, and glance on the eye of the Israelites, who hover like a battle of eagles, ready to swoop from the cliff. Sleep on, oh army of the Midianites! With the night to hide them, and the mountain to guard them, and strong arms to defend them, let no slumbering foeman dream of disaster! Peace to the captains and the spearmen!

Crash go the pitchers! up flare the lamps! To the mountains! fly! fly! Troop running against troop, thousands trampling upon thousands. Hark to the scream and groan of the routed foe, with the Lord God Almighty after them! How sudden the onset, how wild the consternation, how utter the defeat! I do not care so much what is against me, if God is not. You want a better sword or carbine than I have ever seen to go out and fight against the Lord omnipotent. Give me God for my ally, and you may have all the battlements and battalions.

I saw the defrauder in his splendid house. It seemed as if he had conquered God, as he stood amidst the blaze of chandeliers and pier mirrors. In the diamonds of the

wardrobe I saw the tears of the widows whom he had robbed, and in the snowy satin the pallor of the white-cheeked orphans whom he had wronged. The blood of the oppressed glowed in the deep crimson of the imported chair. The music trembled with the sorrow of unrequited toil. But the wave of mirth dashed higher on reefs of coral and pearl. The days and the nights went merrily. No sick child dared pull that silver door-bell. No beggar dared sit on that marble step. No voice of prayer floated amidst that tapestry. No shadow of a judgment-day darkened that fresco. No tear of human sympathy dropped upon that upholstery. Pomp strutted the hall, and Dissipation filled her cup, and all seemed safe as the Midianites in the valley of Jezreel. But God came. Calamity smote the money market. The partridge left its eggs unhatched. Crash went all the porcelain pitchers! Ruin, route, dismay, and woe in the valley of Jezreel!

Alas for those who fight against God! Only two sides. Man immortal, which side are you on? Woman immortal, which side are you on? Do you belong to the three hundred that are going to win the day, or to the great host of Midianites asleep in the valley, only to be roused up in consternation and ruin? Suddenly the golden bowl of life will be broken, and the trumpet blown that will startle our soul into eternity. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night, and as the God-armed Israelites upon the sleeping foe. Ha! Canst thou pluck up courage for the day when the trumpet which hath never been blown shall speak the roll-call of the dead, and the earth, dashing against a lost meteor, have its mountains scattered to the stars, and oceans emptied in the air? Oh, then, what will become of you? What will become of me?

If those Midianites had only given up their swords the day before the disaster, all would have been well; and if you will now surrender the sins with which you have been fighting against God, you will be safe. Oh, make peace with him now, through Jesus Christ the Lord. With the clutch of a drowning man seize the cross. Oh, surrender! Surrender! Christ, with his hand on his pierced side, asks you to.

LEFT-HANDED MEN.

"But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left-handed : and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon the king of Moab."—*Judges iii.*, 15.

EHUD was a ruler in Israel. He was left-handed, and, what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it seven hundred left-handed men ; and yet, so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand, that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's-breadth, and not miss.

Well, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer-house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer-house was a place surrounded by flowers, and trees, and springing fountains, and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer-house, and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left-handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger, and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of right amidst the mount-

ains of Ephraim ; and a great host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all thine enemies perish ! So, O Lord, let all thy friends triumph !

I learn first, from this subject, *the power of left-handed men*. There are some men who, by physical organization, have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand ; but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand, which compelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left-handed men ! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement ; while many a man, with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an all-consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left-handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their door-step, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises ; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right-handed men, worse than useless—while many a man, with large heart and little pulse, has, out of his limited means, made poverty leap for joy, and started an influence that overspans the grave, and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end : Amen.

Ah me, it is high time that you left-handed men, who

have been longing for this gift, and that eloquence, and the other man's wealth, should take your left hand out of your pockets. Who made all these railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches, and schools, and asylums? Who has done the tugging, and running, and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left-handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehud, the first time he took a sling in his left hand, could throw a stone a hair's-breadth, and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty, and be not discouraged if, in your first attempts, you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim, and the next time you will strike the centre. The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick, he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends the plane over a board, or drives a bit through a beam, he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhyme, he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rookh," or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if, in your first efforts at doing good, you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade.

There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said, "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can

help men to moral eye-sight, and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left-handed men, to the work! Take the Gospel for a sling, and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook; take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle, he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do, they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried, "We are the men! we are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to his service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and trials, and misrepresentations; but afterward there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresentations, if you can have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out, "We are the men! We are the men!"

I learn also from this subject *the danger of worldly elevation*. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of people who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them; yet, although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mont Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens; but I think, if our eye-sight were only good enough, we could see a Babel in many a door-yard. Oh, the struggle is fierce. It is store against store, house against house, street against street, nation against nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs, and chandeliers, and mirrors, and houses, and lands, and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead; for I have seen swine root up grave-yards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore-trees to watch him as he passes, and, as he goes along on the shoulders of the people, there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing-press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry, "Down with the traitor! down with him!"

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine, and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amidst wreaths, and tapestry, and folded banners, a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer-hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belshazzar was no worse, perhaps, than hundreds of people in Babylon, but

his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in. It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments;" but this thing may be said of you and of me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

I learn further from this subject that *death comes to the summer-house*. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amidst all the flower-leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window; in the tinkle and dash of the fountains; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree-branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality; but when the weather is pleasant, and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer-house. He is blind, and can not see the leaves. He is deaf, and can not hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, Death, *there* is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway, give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has

done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, *there* is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff, and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah! Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed, and from the aged man ready for the skies, and comes to the summer-house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amidst this waving grass, and under this sunlight sifting through the tree-branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go, and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. *Death in the summer-house!*

Here is a father in mid-life; his coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there, and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household, and say, "I can not think of any thing happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must

be kept shut. The death-watch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper, and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! *Death in the summer-house!*

Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, “Grandmother’s come!” Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you, you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table, nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently, you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. *Death in the summer-house!*

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in; nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall; or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heaven-

ward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead to-night all bright thoughts and congratulations, and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them the "Gate of Tears." Oh, I stand to-night at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond. The sound that comes from that other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. *We* are the dead—we who toil: we who weep: we who sin—*we* are the dead. How my heart aches for human sorrow! this sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! this last look of faces that never will brighten again! this last kiss of lips that never will speak again! this widowhood and orphanage! oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone!

After the sharpest winter, the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird, and brook, and bloom, and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you

know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it; and as the waters roll up, they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of his feet we might all follow and be illumined!

There was a gentleman in a rail-car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage-bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits. They refused a pardon, they carry their chains. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

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Dr. Talmage is a star of commanding lustre in the pulpit of the North. His living thoughts and burning words, on the wings of the lightning and by the agency of the press, are borne to millions who have never heard his voice nor seen his face.—*Daily Sun*, Atlanta, Ga.

Not a single page of his books can be designated as superfluous or tiresome.—*St. Louis Republican*.

We doubt not that Dr. Talmage has gained greater celebrity than any man of his age.—*Christian Advocate*, Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. Talmage preaches twice every Sunday to immense audiences. Every seat up to the rafters is filled. His manner is so impassioned, his style so original, and his figures so vivid and startling, that he holds his hearers spell-bound to the end, and he moves them to tears or smiles at will.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

We thought last evening, as we looked over Mr. Talmage's audience, now hushed so that we could hear the clock's solemn ticking keeping time to the speaker's utterances—people seemingly afraid to breathe, lest they might lose a word—we thought to ourselves, here is the perfection of oratory; here is dominion, absolute and undisputed. The attempt to do any thing but listen to those sentences—now short, sharp, and ringing, and now drawn out with a plaintiveness that will linger after his voice has died away—is so vain that it needs only to be mentioned and tried to show his power.—*Free Press*, Easton, Pa.

Almost exactly such criticisms as are brought against him were brought against Luther, and against Whitefield and Wesley. But as in them all, so in Mr. Talmage, there are elements of power that the critics of words and phrases can not comprehend. Mr. Talmage is a genuine pulpit orator; and his oratory is none the less effective because it does not conform to pulpit canons. He wins his battles, as did Napoleon, by his violation of all rules. These sermons give a hint of the moral power that lies behind Mr. Talmage's burning eloquence and gives it force.—*Christian Weekly*.

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If ministers would more generally break away from the staid niceties and etiquetrical mannerism of religious service, and cry aloud, using every opportunity and every available means to arrest the attention of the people, all the while, like Talmage, preaching the primitive Gospel of Jesus—telling the “old, old story,” it would be far better for the Church in all its branches.—*Pittsburg Recorder*.

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Besides performing all the functions of a minister and pastor, Mr. Talmage conducts his "Lay College," and writes from four to five columns a week for his *Christian at Work*. Within five years he has built two immense and costly churches—the second replacing the first, which was destroyed by fire. Mr. Talmage works steadily on at the same high pressure, without giving the slightest evidence of fatigue.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

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